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The Golden Book Magazine

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VOLUME V
Number 27

MARCH
1927

THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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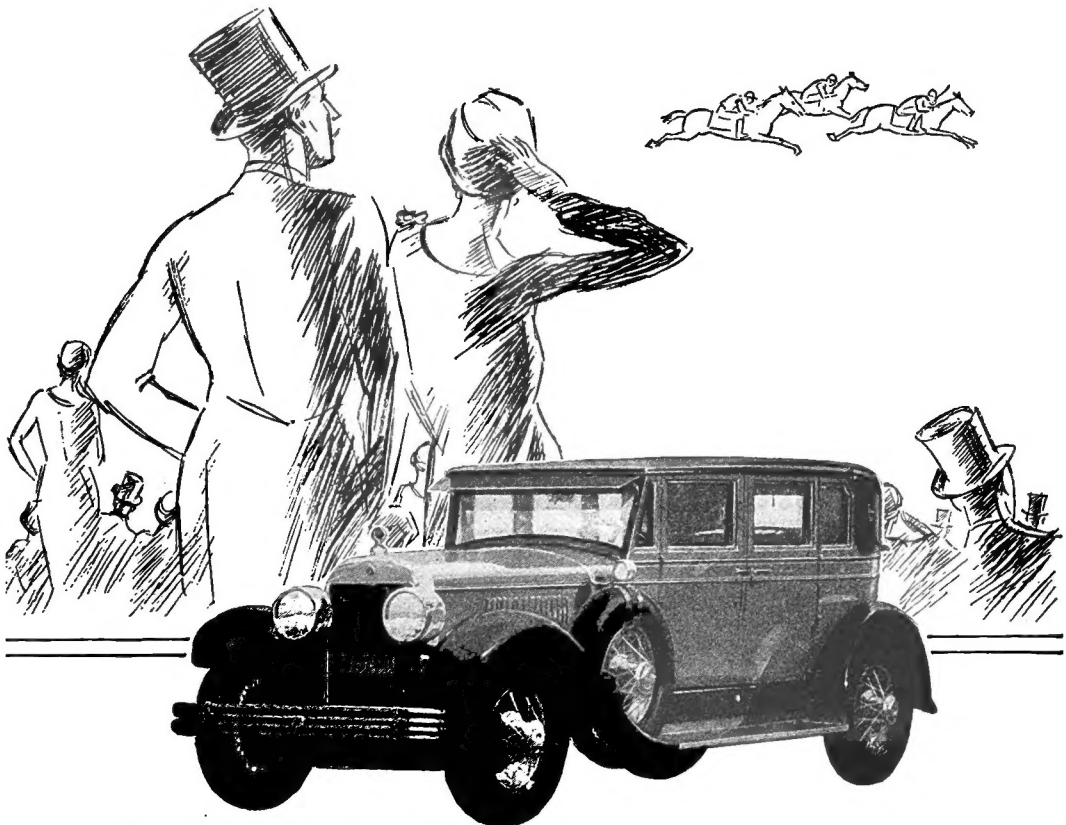

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Some Persons of Importance

"Well," snapped the oracle, "half de time life ain't nothin' but a see-saw, nohow—Love on one een' an' Labor on de yether." . . .

"I got a plenty to do widout see-sawin'."

"Hush, gal!" laughed granny. "Hush, I say. You keeps sech an even balumps you don' know you on it. But you lucky so long as Love don' jump off. I sho would be proud to see you swap een's for a while, dough."

MRS. RUTH McENERY STUART was born in central Louisiana five years before the opening of the Civil War. As a child, she spent much time with friends on plantations where the Emancipation Proclamation had made little difference in the old relations between slave cabins and "Big House"; and through these early years she came to know the negroes with an intimacy impossible to those of a later generation.

That "befo' de wah" relation of white mistress and plantation slaves was one almost impossible to comprehend for a dweller north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Only fifteen years ago, I sat on the wide verandah of an old South Carolina plantation house, the "ground" floor of which stood, on brick stilts, six or eight feet in the air. It was a sunny morning in December. The big orange tree to the south almost hid the overgrown tangle which was once a prized garden. To the east were big cypresses and the river. In the almost fierce blue of the sky a fiercer hawk screamed so that his hunger-call momentarily drowned the polished conversational graces of the mocking-bird in the orange tree.

My hostess, who had come to this home as a bride nearly half a century before,—fresh from her triumphs as a young belle in Charleston—was telling, as she worked, tales of the old days, and the war terrors, and the bitter struggle to run the place, and the impossibility of getting labourers, even in an emergency.

And all morning a procession of negro men and women and children came awkwardly up the steps to consult "old Miss" about their troubles: Unc' Lige had a powerful misery in de back—would Miss Bessie give him some rubbin' lin'ment for it?; dat Marks in de sto' he done take de cow—what I gwine do widout de cow?; Jinny she say she ain' got nuffin to mek de baby a dress w'en it come—won't Miss Bessie sen' jes' a teeny scrap of sump'n?; Mose, he in de lock-up agin, yes ma'am, seem lak he cain' he'p gittin' drunk,—but Calline she say dey ain' nuffin in de house to eat, not even col' taters.

Every plea was heard; where anything could be done, the responsibility for doing it was taken.

And then I heard the ever-youthful lady tell how her first official act as plantation mistress, at eighteen, had been to go and sit with old dying Uncle Eph'um who wasn't willing to pass away till he'd seen his "new mist'is"—and how she realized that she had suddenly acquired a family of two hundred black children of all ages. for whose bodies and minds and souls she was largely responsible.

And *I* realized as never before that, leaving aside all other considerations, the Southern women who carried through that job were far more enslaved than the negroes in their charge.

Mrs. Stuart knew all about this life and these people; she understood the black men and women of that epoch as one understands a child one watches all day; and the lively sense of humour which marks her tales was always touched with sympathy. The negroes themselves would ask her to come and talk to them, saying that the fun in her stories never hurt.

One feels this lovable attitude through every one of her writings, whether of Louisiana blacks or Arkansas poor whites. And it certainly adds something to the simplicity with which she relates the anecdotes and incidents that had come to her from actual observation.

There is no pretence of literary style; but there is something more essential—warm,

(*Continued on page 6*)

MARKED *with a clear beauty* Forever

OOL and shadowy is the setting this last, strange resting place. lected perhaps years ago when ur personal grief seemed far. t now—a silence is in the trees, d under the trees a greater si-nce. And with your memories a deep-felt wish to mark the ace with a beauty everlasting.

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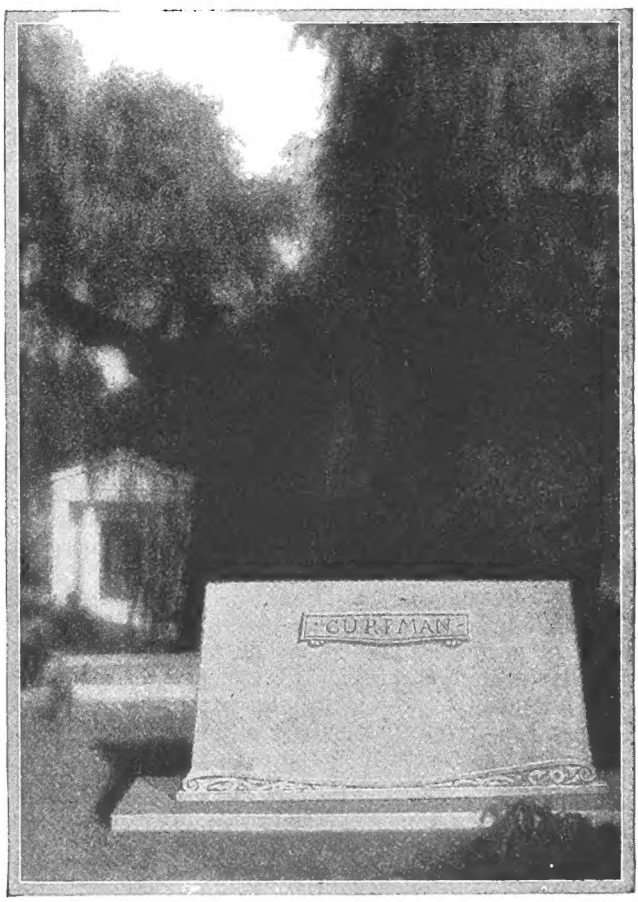

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(*Continued from page 4*)

living, real human nature, with its amusing quirks and odd twists, that have ever outdone the most careful constructions of external imagination.

Mrs. Stuart married in 1879 and lived for some years in southern Arkansas; in 1891 she came to New York, found a ready market for her writings, and had almost a score of volumes to her credit when she died in 1917.

"The Taking of the Redoubt" is always held up to young writers as a perfect model of the short story of its class,—a clear, swift, vivid presentation of a dramatic incident, so that the whole thing takes place before one's eyes.

George Saintsbury said:

> For myself, I have never known which to admire most—the variety of effect which Mérimée produces; the economy of means by which he produces it; or the absolute perfection of the effect produced. Except by mere paradoxers of the school just glanced at, who find it too definite and clear, *L'Enlèvement de la Redoute* has always been confessed to be a *ne plus ultra*. It is in race-horse condition; not an ounce of flesh on it that can hamper or drag its progress, not a muscle wanting in development to carry it at swiftest and surest toward the goal.

There are, of course, "nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays," and "every single one of them is right"—if it *is* right. But any one interested in literary craftsmanship can study this little tale in the certainty that of its kind it's perfection.

Per Hallström is one of the group of writers who began to give new life to Swedish literature in the nineties—like von Heidenstam, Selma Lagerlöf, Fröding, Oscar Levertin, and Pelle Mollin. These authors soon demonstrated that there was pulsing life and even romance beneath the gray and sordid superficial "realism" which marked the period of revolt from older unrealities.

Hallström was born at Stockholm in 1866. He studied engineering, and went to America when only twenty-two to spend a couple of unhappy years as chemist in a Chicago factory. Then came a taste of life as a government official in Sweden again, a period of thinking and writing in Florence, and some experience as dramatic critic on a Stockholm paper.

For twenty years now he has been settled in a small town near Stockholm, concentrating on his careful writing—short and long stories, essays, a volume of travel, and a polished comedy of modern life, "Erotikon." Elected to the Swedish Academy in 1908, he is one of the Committee which awards the Nobel prize for literature.

Frequently one gets the most penetrating glimpse of an individuality from its criticism of another person, particularly of a great personality. The aim of Hallström himself is suggested by these striking sentences from his essay on Shakespeare:

> Here, as in the world of reality, the universe re-echoes in the individual fate, hangs upon it by a thousand slender threads. The drama is not isolated upon a stage; it moves past like a stream, where wind and waves have come from far and have farther yet to go.

Many of his tales cut deep into the underlying pathos and tragedy of the human struggle; but "Don Juan's Rubies," of course, displays him in a mood of lighter, satirical humour.

The crimes against taste and art committed by many small imitators of Auguste Rodin (imitating as usual the artist's external experiments, whimsies, unimportant tags)—these can not obscure the fact that he re-vitalized sculpture, that he was perhaps *the* great art figure of the nineteenth century. "A great, inspired sculptor, ranking with three or four of the world's best," is the phrase of an encyclopædist striving to avoid "over-enthusiasm."

The writings of such a man have a peculiar value, when he happens to have also the gift of literary expression: he is describing from the inside, with the knowledge of a craftsman, with the glow of a fellow-creator. Rodin's most important book, "The Cathedrals of France," is almost essential to anyone trying to comprehend that marvelous flowering of

(*Continued on page 8*)

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(*Continued from page 6*)

Gothic art; the conversations collected by Paul Gsell under the title of "Art" are full of passionate conviction, and of a feeling that seems to start at the very roots of artistic impulse; and the little essay on the Venus of Melos, repeated here, can hardly fail to give one a new comprehension of this immortal work.

Maurice Baring has done an astonishing amount of work, and good work, to remain so little known as he seems to be on this side of the ocean. Seven or eight books by him have been issued here, including one volume of his delightful "Diminutive Dramas"; yet he has made almost no impact on the general public —though a few people have found rare quality in his humorous reconstructions of antique characters.

To begin with, he is Wing-Commander Hon. Maurice Baring, O. B. E., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, fourth son of the first Lord Revelstoke. He had six years in the diplomatic service after leaving Cambridge; served as war correspondent in Manchuria, Russia, the Balkans, and during the World War; and rose from temporary Lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps to Personal Secretary to General Trenchard, and Staff Officer of the Independent Air Force.

His first book appeared in 1899. Since that time he has published nearly fifty volumes —poems, essays, history, travels, translations, and such finished and searching dialogues as the two volumes of "Diminutive Dramas" (1910 and 1919). He is now fifty-two years old, and one feels as if a writer of such powers and such application could hardly fail to do something even more notable than what he has already produced.

Arthur Symons describes Ernest Dowson as having "a look and manner of pathetic charm, a sort of Keats-like face, the face of a demoralized Keats," and with a curious contrast "of a manner exquisitely refined and an appearance generally somewhat dilapidated."

Born in 1867, in a country home of Kent, Dowson found himself with a family tradition toward letters. His great-uncle, Alfred Domett, was Browning's "Waring,"

> Having first within his ken
> What a man might do with men:
> And far too glad, in the even-glow,
> T mix with the world he meant to take
> Into his hand, he told you, so—
> And out of it his world to make,
> To contract and to expand
> As he shut or oped his hand.

And Domett was not only Prime Minister of New Zealand, but a poet whose verse (published while Dowson was a child) was highly thought of.

Never very strong, taking no care of himself, shy, morbid and proud, Dowson increased the unhappiness of his life by a sort of passion for new sensations, which led him from hashish experiments to the company found in cabmen's night eating-shelters. Most of his life was spent in Paris, Brittany or Normandy; his sensitiveness and irregular habits finally resulted in his being found one January day of 1900 ill, half-starved, and almost penniless, in a miserable inn, by a friend almost as poor as himself. This friend took him to the bricklayer's cottage in a muddy little suburb where he himself was living, and took care of him till his death six weeks later.

A couple of volumes of verse, a book of stories (and some others not collected), and two novels in collaboration with Arthur Moore are all Dowson left—most of them coloured with sadness, disappointment and renunciation. But there is a subtlety, a true distinction, and at times a starry radiance amid the sordid grayness, which make his work notable. That one poignant outcry to Cynara—"*Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cynaræ*"—reprinted here last year, would be sufficient in itself to stamp him as a rare poet.

"No one ever worshiped beauty more devoutly," says his biographer-friend. And I cannot imagine an anthology of English poetry which could omit him.

(*Continued on page 10*)

DIDO, *stopping on Africa's north shore ostensibly to bury her late lamented, bargained for as much ground as was surrounded by a bull's hide. Then cutting the hide into hair-like thongs, she circled enough territory to build the city of Carthage. Measurement in those days was what you made it. But the basis of modern industry and modern life demands that instruments of measurement be scientifically accurate*

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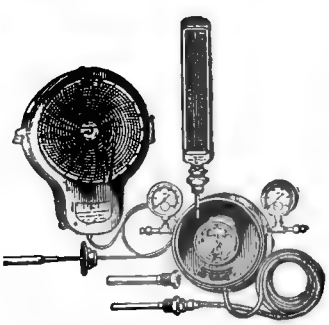

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(*Continued from page 8*)

Hugh (Seymour) Walpole is the eldest son of the Bishop of Edinburgh—himself the author of many theological and religious works. He was born, I believe, in New Zealand in 1884, his father being then incumbent of St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral at Auckland. His first novel, "The Wooden Horse," appeared in 1909, and there have been nearly twenty since then, the last, "Harmer John," a striking tale, last season, of a cathedral town and its reaction to a simple, almost Christ-like, man who believed in his fellow-men and women.

Mr. Walpole has for some years lectured all over the United States. He is distinctly a writer who counts; while he deals in real life, while his narratives move along to the pitch of tragic intensity, he always manages to give one a feeling of perspective: inextricable puzzle as life is at times, it is worth-while if lived in worth-while ways.

Several readers have written, with concern or scorn, about the statement in these January pages that Jerome K. Jerome dramatized the "Passing of the Third Floor Back" for David Warfield, and got it before Belasco. All point out that it was Forbes-Robertson who introduced the play.

Quite true. Yet the facts were taken direct from Mr. Jerome's own account in his recent pleasant volume of recollections, "My Life and Times."

The explanation came by the merest chance, at lunch the other day, from a man who declared he saw the correspondence.

The play *was* written specifically for Warfield, and Belasco contracted for it before it was done, paying a thousand dollars in advance. But when Mr. Warfield read it he could not see himself in the part, and would have none of it. So the advance was forfeited; the rejected drama was offered to Forbes-Robertson; the latter promptly accepted it, and made an enormous success in the part. H. W. L.

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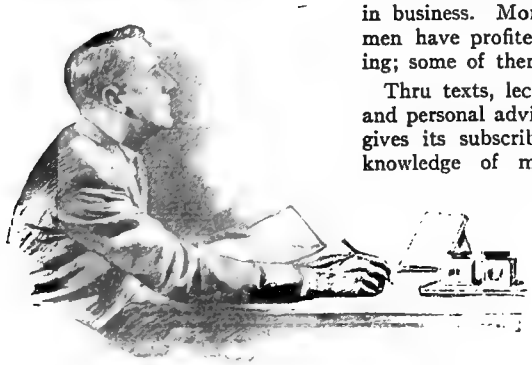

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Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

Lincoln and Greeley—At a Crisis

"Lincoln came in without seeing me, threw himself down in a chair, unbuttoned his vest, put his feet on the mantel, and groaned as if he were weary beyond words. A second after, the door from his office burst open, and a huge, bald-headed man half sidled, half loped into the room. He looked about until he caught sight of the President. Then he shouted, 'See here, Lincoln, we've got to finish, so's I can get back to New York. More light! Must have more light!' He lighted the gas and shuffled over to the President and stood by his chair as if he wanted to bite him.

"The President showed those nice white teeth of his. They always surprise me so in his sallow face. 'Greeley,' he said, 'why don't you read Artemus Ward when your nerves get bad?'

"Greeley—yes, that's who it was—was furious. 'Have you no sense of decency?' he shrieked.

"'I never asked myself that,' said Lincoln and you should have seen his gray eyes twinkle. 'But at least, I've never followed you into the privacy of your sitting room to tell you how little you know.'

"Greeley stuck out his lower lip like a child that's had its hands smacked. But the President didn't seem to notice. He went right on with what he had to say. 'Didn't it ever strike you as interesting, Greeley, that a couple of pretty poor sticks like you and me should have reached positions of such power? Came up from about the same conditions, both of us from poor folks, starved for an education, both of us—sort of pulled ourselves up by our boot straps. Never'll lose the marks of the fight, either of us. No manners, no enjoyment of lots of the fine things better educated folks admire. But here we are, trying to lead millions of people who've been better trained than either of us. Reckon we're tarred with the same stick, Greeley. Now you go home to the *Tribune* and try to get off my back long enough for me to try to get far enough ahead of the people so's they won't trample me to death!'

"Well, do you know, Tom, Greeley stood there bursting to talk, and he didn't dare do so! He gasped and puffed, and he turned around, and went out of the room without a word."

Forever Free. Honoré Willsie Morrow.

Your Part in Good Government

It may be that a wisely reformed primary system will still operate in an unsatisfactory manner. But even should that be true no just ground for disappointment will exist. No mere change in the legal mechanism will serve to usher in a political millennium. The direct primary represents simply a stage in the progressive adjustment of political mechanisms to the changing needs of our developing civilization. In such an evolutionary process there is

(*Continued on page 14*)

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(*Continued from page 12*)

rarely a sharp turn backward, as a return to the convention would be. When the primary has had its day some new and more highly refined mechanism for registering political opinion will capture the fancy of the electorate—perhaps non-partisan nominations, perhaps proportional representation, perhaps a device yet undreamed of. There is no need to despair of the future of our civic society—if only the citizen will vigorously participate in its activities, using the intelligence that he possesses and the knowledge that can be imparted to him by sound political education. Only his whole-hearted co-operation is required to assure the ushering in of a new day of civic competence and political righteousness. *The Chicago Primary of 1926. A Study in Election Methods.*

CARROLL HILLWOODDY.

TYRANNY OF THINGS

Pia sat at the telephone. First she complained to the dairy of the inferior quality of the milk; next, because it was Sunday, she asked to be connected with the home of the upholsterer and asked him why he had delayed repairing the sofa in the dining room. He had had the material in his shop for two weeks and had promised either to come himself on Friday or to send his assistant. She was annoyed, finally, and hung up the receiver.

She looked thoughtful. All these things, fences, water pipes, washing machines, stoves, coal, milk cans, kitchen tiles, sofa coverings, besieged her. And each thing had its special claim upon her. She could not rest; she could not think. Always something, craving attention or help, appeared before her eyes. The house was stuffed full of these things. They hung or lay or stood in every room. People were generally of the opinion that man needs things. But this opinion seemed utterly foolish and perverse; in reality, the matter stood quite differently. It is the things which shamelessly and impudently and importunately stand in need of man, and demand and misuse his strength and his time, as seems fitting to them.

Books demand to be dusted; door-knobs demand to be polished; carpets demand to be beaten. Cupboards demand to be set in order; beds demand to be supplied with linen; floors demand to be swept, and stockings to be darned, and garden paths to be covered with pebbles, and flowers to be watered. And in all these processes there was neither spirit nor reason. It did not suffice to grant these demands once or to grant them ten times. All things came again and again with their insolent and equally implacable demands. And if you pretended to be deaf or took refuge in some excuse, the result was dirt and disorder and increased trouble and a bad conscience.

Wedlock. JACOB WASSERMANN.

THE PRISONER'S ONE GLIMPSE OF HOPE

"Mammy can sing you a heap of songs herself," Hen said. "You could learn a heap from Mammy."

"I already know all Mammy knows. And I want better. And more. I want more than songs. And I want better than Bangum and the Boar and Mary Go and Call and Lady Nancy Belle. Better than any you'd name."

"Nancy Belle is a good piece," Nannie said, "and Sweet William too."

"I want better. It's a good piece enough but I want songs I never yet heard. There must be better songs, a hundred maybe, songs to tell you all you want to know about the world."

"Sweet William is like a story book. Sing Sweet William, Mammy."

"I want better songs," Dick said. "I already know Sweet William. And I want books to know and read over and over. I aim to have some of the wisdom of the world, or as much as ever I can get a hold on. There's a heap of wisdom in books, it's said, all the learnen of the world, and that's what I want to have, or as much as ever I can. I couldn't bear not to. I couldn't bear to settle down in life and not."

The strangeness of Dick's want bewildered Ellen and saddened her until her contemplation passed into a remote rapture. This strange want rendered her speechless while the children sat on by the fire or stole away one by one to their beds, for she felt

(*Continued on page 16*)

"all you do is throw money away!"

THAT'S what Mrs. Tinker said to her husband, the outrageous, lovable Plutocrat from America, when he scattered gold over Africa . . . "Well," he answered, "it always works, don't it?"

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THE PLUTOCRAT

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Doubleday, Page & Co.

(*Continued from page 14*)

her own being, in Dick, pushed outward against the great over-lying barrier, the enveloping dark. His want startled her with its determination and its reach, coming upon her as something she knew already, had always known, now enhanced and magnified, unappeased. She continued to sit beside the fire long after they were gone, trying to penetrate the thought, her eyes on the embers. Finally she went to her bed, lying down beyond Jasper, with the curious sadness still about her.

The Time of Man. ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS.

THE PLAINT OF AN EPHEMERID

"How soon it all ran out! And I suppose
They, they up there, the old contriving powers,
They knew it all the time—for someone knows
And waits and watches till we pluck the flowers,
Then leaps. So soon—my store of happy hours
All gone before I knew. I have expended
My whole wealth in a day. It's finished, ended.

"And nothing left. Can it be possible
That joy flows through, and when the course is run,
It leaves no change, no mark on us to tell
Its passing? And as poor as we've begun
We end the richest day? What we have won,
Can it all die like this? . . . Joy flickers on
The razor edge of the present, and is gone."

Dymer. CLIVE HAMILTON.

MR. SULLIVAN JOSHES

Society attended en masse. Mrs. Eldridge McW. McWeedum came as Louis XIV. She wore the customary powdered wig, bobbed after the fashion of the period, and a gown of genuine crystal trimmed with window shades which were pulled down. Mrs. May McWeedum Gansevoort, third wife of E. McW. McWeedum, also came as Louis XIV. *On dit* that the third Mrs. McWeedum heard at the last moment that her successor in the affections of that ever-popular bachelor, Mr. McWeedum, was going as Louis XIV, and so decided, as a prank, to go as the same Louis XIV, only in a costume that would make the fourth Mrs. McWeedum feel like thirty cents. She wore a gown of simple plate glass, with blue velvet curtains and no shades. On seeing her rival, the other Mrs. McWeedum was exceedingly angry and caused quite a scene when she made the master of ceremonies mount the platform and announce that the Louis XIV represented by her was in no way connected with the Louis XIV represented by the other Mrs. McWeedum.

Among the prettiest of the débutantes present was Mrs. Hawthorne, grandmother of the Duchess of Margate, she that was Cornelia Hawthorne-Hawthorne. The dowager Mrs. Hawthorne's costume was the sensation of the ball. She came as Mary Queen of Scots from the neck up. From the neck to the waist she was Madame de Maintenon. From the waist to the knees she was Paul Revere. One leg came as Ninon de l'Enclos, and the other leg was the Lost Dauphin. Her shoes, done in the modern Gothic style, represented the advance in modes of canal transportation from the time of 1817, when Mrs. Hawthorne opened the Erie Canal by breaking a bottle of champagne on Governor Dewitt Clinton's bow, to the Panama Canal, which she opened nearly a hundred years later by breaking the mate to the first bottle on President Roosevelt's bow.

Mrs. Hawthorne was awarded first prize, a safety razor and a pair of cuffs, by the committee on awards, which consisted of Whitney Warren, Condé Nast, Ambrose Glutz, Frank Crowninshield, Neysa McMein, Whitney Warren, Condé Nast, Neysa McMein, and the late Dr. Elwood Speering, author of "Why Human Beings Behave Like Damn Fools."

The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite. FRANK SULLIVAN.

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(*Continued on page 16d*)

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How The Outstanding Book Is Chosen Each Month

This is a reply to a criticism sometimes advanced against the "Book-of-the-Month Club" idea. The Book-of-the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important book each month—Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. The book selected each month is sent to all subscribers, who pay the same price (no more) that the publisher himself charges. Many thousands of intelligent readers have now subscribed to this service. It has, however, met with an interesting criticism. It is: "I don't want any one to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

HAVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding o read any book? You hear it raised by a friend. Or you see an dvertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some ritic, whose account of it excites our interest. You decide you *must* ead that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always ecommendation, *from some source*, hat determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely ree, but you exercise your choice mong recommended books.

Observe what follows, after you re thus influenced, quite legitiately, to read a certain book. ometimes—but sometimes only—ou go right out, buy it and read . More often, however, if you are ne average person your fine intenon goes to seed. In the end—all o frequently—you miss reading altogether; you confess sadly to meone that you "never got ound to it."

Now, what would be the differce, were you a Book-of-the-onth Club subscriber? Strange say, upon analysis, you will find at in practice *you would be enabled exercise a greater liberty of choice* d above all you would actually the books—without fail—that u decide to read. How?

How the "Book-of-the-Month" is chosen

All the new books each month e submitted for consideration y the publishers. Usually, each onth, the choice narrows among om twenty to thirty books. A py of each one of these books is read by each member of the Selecting Committee. There is no discussion. Each one reads the books independently, and gives them a rating in the order *in which he himself prefers them*. The book which emerges with the highest total rating becomes the "book-of-the-month" and is forthwith sent out to Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers.

What is the effect of this method of independent voting? You will readily admit that a book so chosen is *likely* to be one well worth reading. Certainly, it will have as strong a recommendation behind it as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources. The chances are all in favor of its being a book *that you would not care to miss reading*.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not infallible, and they would be the last ones to consider it so. Their choice simply represents a sensible method of arriving at one outstanding book each month—and it works! The books they choose *are* outstanding; but nobody compels you to like them, nor even to read them. Your own taste is considered, for you, quite as sacred as theirs.

Your Choice is Widened

Therefore, when the "book-of-the-month" is sent to you—*at the same time a list of other important new books*, which received a high rating in the vote of the judges, is sent with it.

And, in any one month, if the book you receive does not meet your particular taste in reading *you may exchange it for anyone of the other new books*, which are described for the very purpose of enabling you to make a choice. The ultimate result, therefore, is that you can actually, in practice, exercise a *wider* and more *discriminating* choice among the new books than you now do, under your present haphazard method of reading. More important still, you find that you *actually obtain* the books you intend to read.

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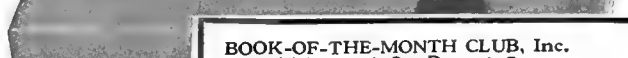

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(*Continued from page 16*)

of her attributes or charms which are so conspicuous that any fool can see them. You discover some subtle traits that others have overlooked and dwell on those. That's what I have done habitually with the celebrities I have been called upon to discuss as a newspaper critic, and that's why they have taken me to their hearts. "I saw your little bird," one painter said to another who had put it in to emphasize the solitude of a scene, and you may be sure that this pleased the artist more than a string of adjectives would have done.

My wife aided me in the search for "birds," especially in the case of great French artists like Renaud or Muratore (the pages on Renaud in this volume are mostly by her) and that's why the greatest of the great were always glad to come and lunch with us or invite us to lunch or dine with them, and why I have plenty of personal gossip and new anecdotes to offer

The site of Harvard being my first unpleasant surprize, the second was the kind of people I met—or most of them—during my first weeks in Cambridge. My Oregon diaries are full of glowing visions of the marvelously civilized humans I should meet in Boston and Cambridge, all of them highly educated, bright, sympathetic, and *enthusiasts for the best music*—for was not Boston reputed the musical center of America? Imagine my indignation on finding that no one I met cared any more for music than he or she did for Chinook Indians; and that in Boston during August and September, the only musical entertainment offered was an occasional organ recital!

Monstrous! Unbelievable! Had I been unjust to my "uncivilized" neighbours in Oregon? Were the Bostonians, musically speaking at any rate, just as wild and woolly?

My Adventures in the Golden Age of Music. HENRY T. FINCK.

MEN, WOMEN AND LOVE

Mrs. Penethen put out her hand and drew Maude toward her. The girl came reluctantly.

"Be more loving, Maude. Don't be hating everybody so. Hating never did any one any good that I ever heard of. Yes, wriggle away from your old mother. She won't try to keep you. I've learnt my lesson. You can't keep anyone in the world if they don't want to stay—no, not though you break your heart trying."

"Oh, the soul!" Maude broke in impatiently. She had been standing close at her mother's side, her head cocked a little like a bird on the alarm. "That's all right, mother, when you're old, but I'm young and I want to have some fun. I know I'm the prettiest girl in the town, and every one else knows it. I won't be pretty always. I know that. No one ever is. And I want to dance, and have men look at me as though they could eat me, and then tell them I don't like them. I'm all right, mother. I can look after myself. There isn't a man in the place can touch me if I don't want him to."

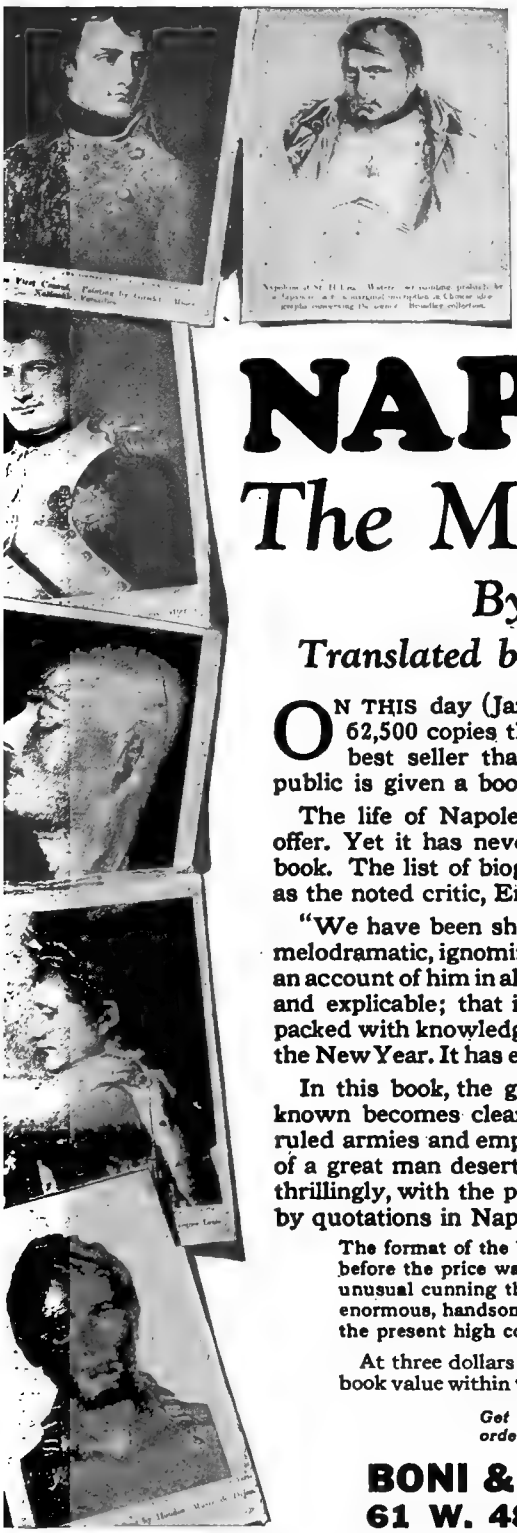
One beautiful conception, one fine thought, one gracious kindliness—how interminably long these things lasted, irritating all the cynical souls, exasperating those who would see life truly as it is, encouraging the sentimentalists in their false and cowardly dreams! Life as it is! How difficult! If it would only stand still for one moment to allow one to survey it properly. "Now, life! Stand still, can't you? How can I photograph you if you are always moving?" Life as it isn't! Some hope there. Daily bread for the poets at least.

I've noticed in life that when two humans live together, one of fine material and the other of base, there's never any doubt of which way the issue goes. The baser metal always wins. There's something bed-rock in complacent selfishness which nothing can wear away.

Next day they were reconciled. It had been their first quarrel and it was over, but everything was not quite as it had been. Her power over him had been questioned; she would not rest now until she had completely asserted it. To assert your power completely over another human being is to condemn two souls to permanent imprisonment.

". . . I will give up anything to her, everything I have——"

(*Continued on page 18*)



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Harry Salpeter, N. Y. World.

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Translated by Eden *and* Cedar Paul

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In this book, the greatest career of ambition the world has ever known becomes clear to us; the astounding story of the man who ruled armies and empires and could not master a woman; the failure of a great man deserted by his own brothers—Emil Ludwig writes it thrillingly, with the pace of a novel, but supported in each statement by quotations in Napoleon's own words.

The format of the book does justice to its fine quality. In his review, written before the price was reduced from $5 to $3, Mr. Ernest Boyd wrote: "With unusual cunning the publishers have appealed to cupidity by producing an enormous, handsome tome for about one-third of what its dimensions and the present high cost of reading would lead one to expect."

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(Continued from page 16d)

"Except what you think to be right," sa Mrs. Penethen.

"Yes," he answered. "I'm not wor Maude's having if I lose that."

"I don't think women care much," M Penethen said. "What they want is to ha a man, all of him, head to toe. Most wome I believe, would rather have a man of po character and have all of him, than a man good character and only a bit of him. I dor know. It's hard to say. But what I'm afra of with Maude is that she'll get into one her tantrums and fly off and find herself e gaged to somebody else before her heac clear, and then still be too proud to cor back to you again."

He stopped and stood there in the sunlig bareheaded. She saw that he was dreadful troubled.

"Oh, Mrs. Penethen," he said, "I mustr lose her. I mustn't. Life without her wou be such pain. Oh, help me not to lose he You're her mother. Tell her. Advise her."

Harmer John. HUGH WALPOLE.

AN EXPLANATION OF MR J. P. MORGAN'S SUCCES

King Solomon, the world's wisest rul ordered his affairs by the counsels of t astrologers. Napoleon, the world's most su cessful general, considered himself an age of planetary forces, and met his Water only when he defied the warnings of t astrologers. And J. Pierpont Morgan, t world's biggest financier, drove the wor before him because he had astrology behi him. Of course, I have had no person experience with Solomon, or Napoleon. B I do know about the late J. P. Morgar belief in astrology, because—well, because taught it to him.

I read his horoscope many times, a furnished him during the last years of his l a regular service, explaining the changi position of the planets and their probat effect on politics, business, and the sto market. No further proof of his interest the science is required beyond the fact th he renewed this service from year to year.

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As a traveller, I have noted that everything is con- uously on sale but books. Candy and cosmetics, elry and automobiles—these come and offer them- es to every American. But if he wants to buy a book, must go hunting for it, as his ancestors had to go hunting for the more elusive kinds of game.

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Carl Van Doren

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eph Wood Krutch Elinor Wylie
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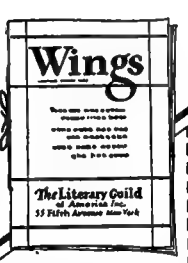

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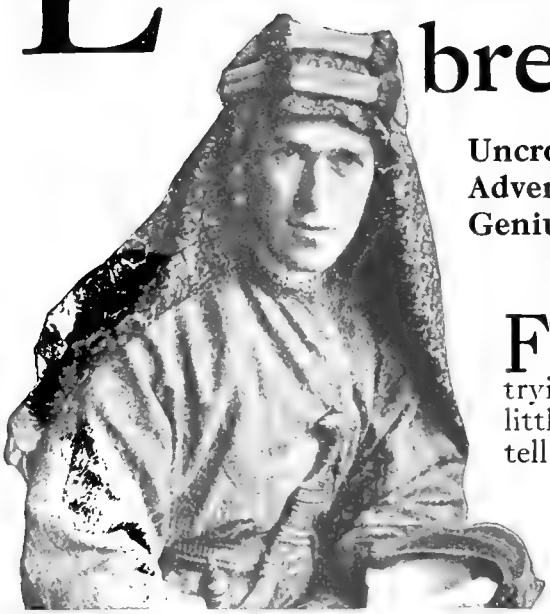

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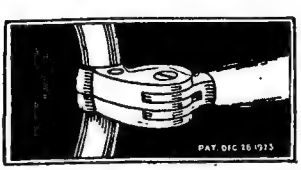

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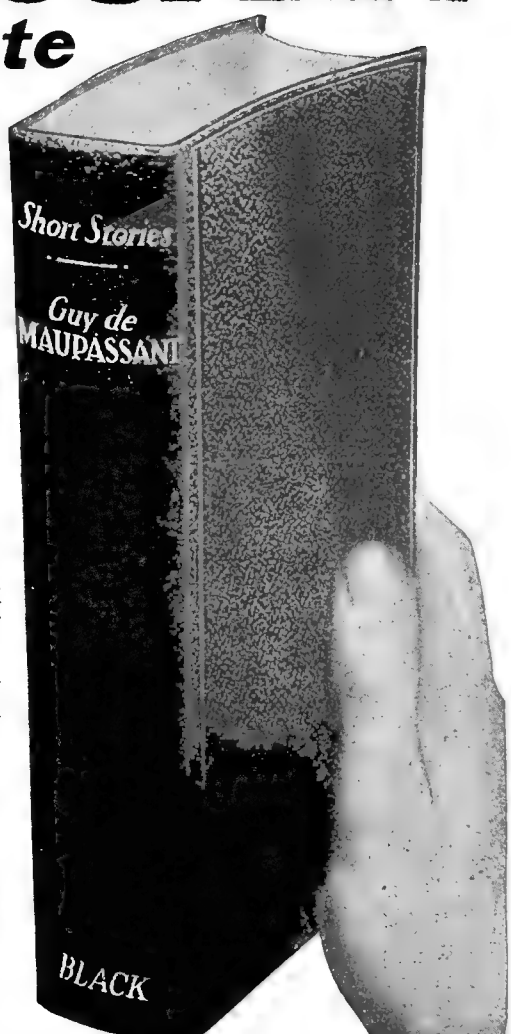

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She fainted. As her eyes closed, as all consciousness left her, she thought she felt a firey touch upon her lips, a kiss more burning than an executioner's branding-iron.

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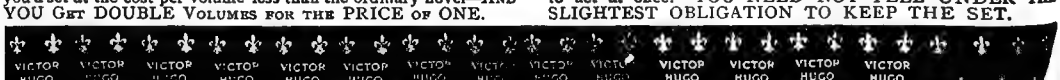

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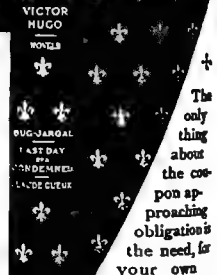

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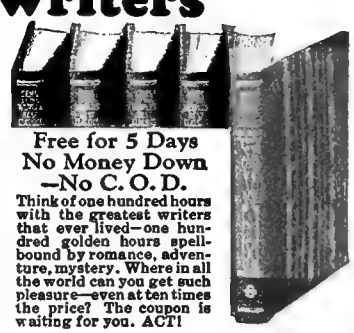

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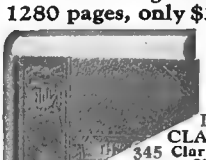

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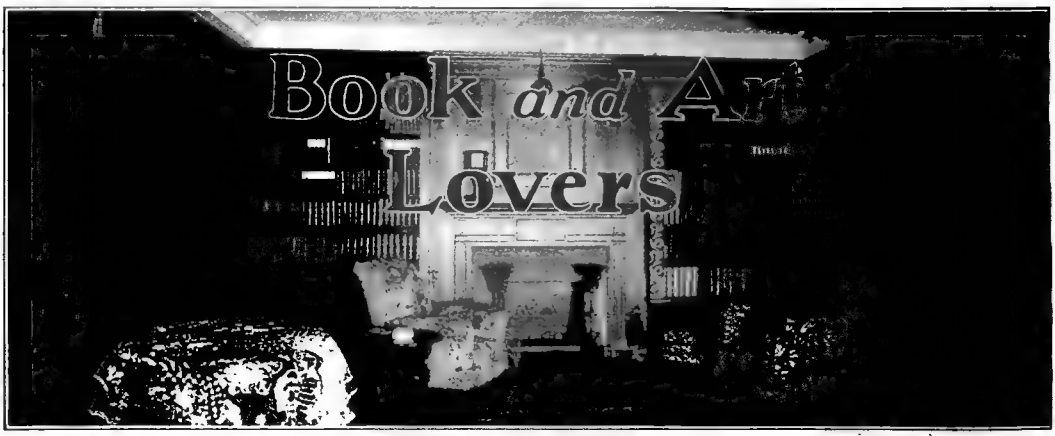

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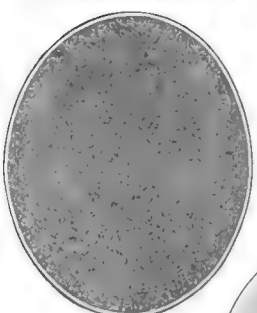
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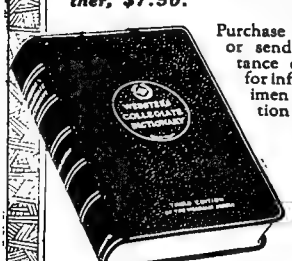

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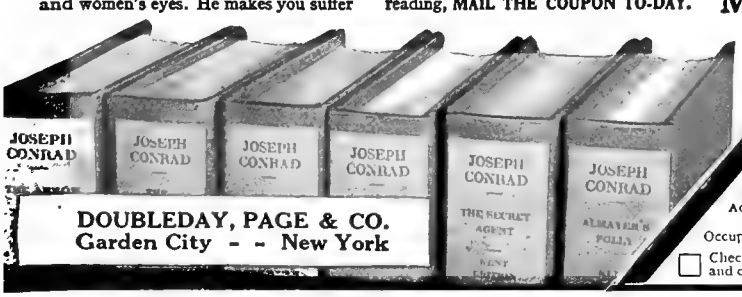

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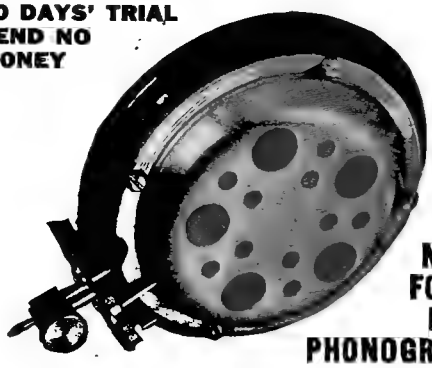

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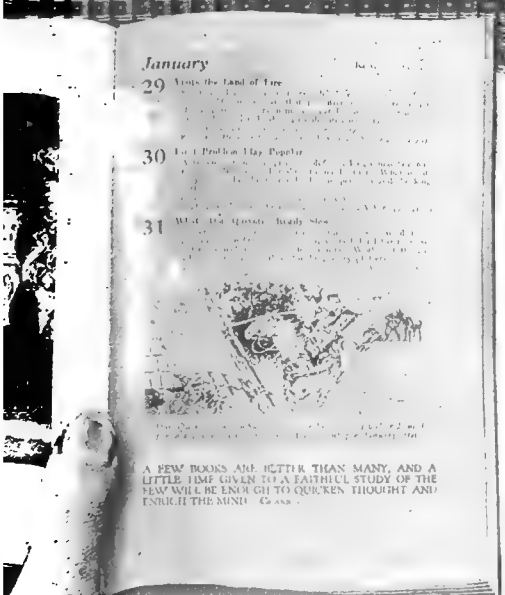
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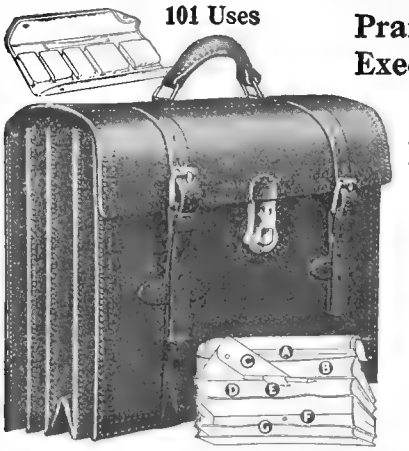

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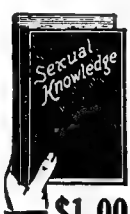

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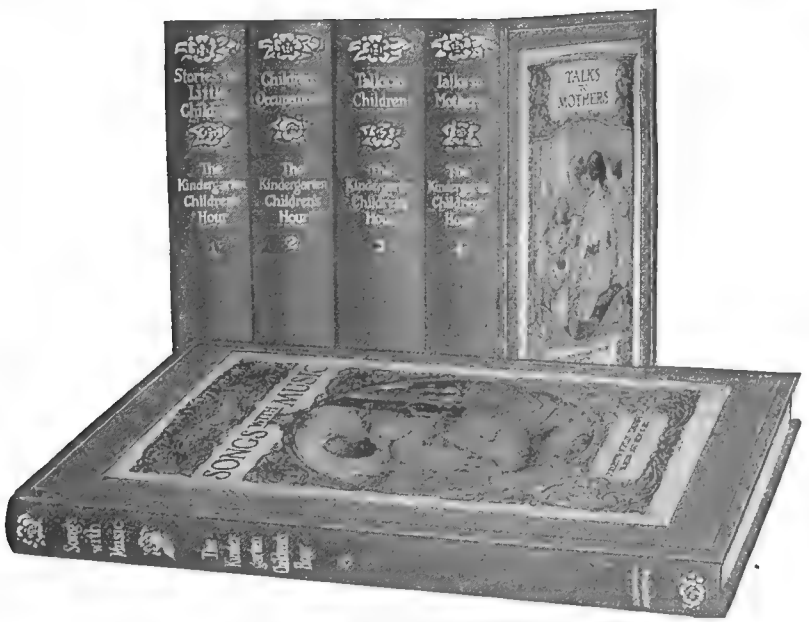

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G.B.-3

They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French

— but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply

WE had dropped into Pierrot's for dinner — Pierrot's, that quaint French restaurant where the waiters speak nothing but French. Jack Lejeune, who boasted a smattering of French, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Now tell me what you want to eat," announced Jack grandly, after we were seated, "and I'll 'parley' with the waiter."

With halting French phrases and much motioning of hands, Jack translated our orders to the waiter. Finally Jack turned to me.

"What's yours, Fred?" he asked.

"Virginia ham and scrambled eggs," I replied.

Jack's face fell. He knew that my order would be difficult to translate into French. However, he made a brave effort.

"Jambon et des——et des——" but Jack couldn't think how to say "scrambled eggs." He made motions as if he were scrambling eggs in a frying pan, but the waiter couldn't get what he was driving at.

"I'm afraid you'll have to order something else, Fred," he said finally. "I can't think of the word for 'scrambled eggs.'"

Everybody smiled—everybody except me. With great ceremony I beckoned to the waiter. "I'll explain my order to the waiter," I said. A chuckle ran around the table.

"Fred can't speak French, can he?" I heard a girl whisper to Jack.

"No—he never spoke a word of French in his life," came the answer. "But watch him. This will be funny. He'll probably give an imitation of a hen laying an egg."

A Tense Moment

The waiter addressed me. "Qu 'est-ce-que vous voulez, Monsieur?" he asked.

There was a pause. All eyes were on me. I hesitated—prolonged the suspense as long as possible. Then in perfect French I said to the waiter: "Donnez-moi, s'il vous plaît, du jambon aux œufs brouillés—jambon de Virginie."

The effect on my friends was tremendous. The laughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. In order to heighten the effect, I continued for several minutes to converse in French with the waiter. I asked him all sorts of questions—what part of France he was from—how long he had been in America, and many other queries. When I finally let the waiter go, everybody started firing excited questions at me.

"Fred! Where did you learn to speak French like that?" "Why didn't you tell us you could talk French?" "Who was your teacher?"

"Well, fclks," I replied, "it may sound strange, but the truth is I never had a teacher. And just a few months ago I couldn't speak a word of French."

"Quit your kidding!" laughed Jack. "You didn't develop that knowledge of French in a few months. I thought it took years to learn to talk like that."

"I have been studying French only a short while," I insisted. And then I told them the whole story.

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Jack nodded. "That's that famous Language Institute over in London, isn't it?"

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The Horse and the Oyster

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Illustration by T. S. Sullivant

A VERY prancy horse, discovering an oyster on the sea-shore, thought to show off a little and make the oyster envious.

After he had done some surprising leaps and curvetings, he went up to the oyster, and, with a toss of his head, said:

"There! what do you think of that?"

"You must excuse me," answered the bivalve, "but I have been blind from birth, and missed the whole show."

IMMORAL:

Of what use is a dress suit in the Desert of Sahara?

MARCH

Boston, 15th December, 1717.

ON THE twentieth of the last February there came on a snow, which being added unto what had covered the ground a few days before, made a thicker mantle for our mother than what was usual. And the storm with it was, for the following day, so violent as to make all communications between the neighbours everywhere to cease. People, for some hours, could not pass from one side of the street to another.

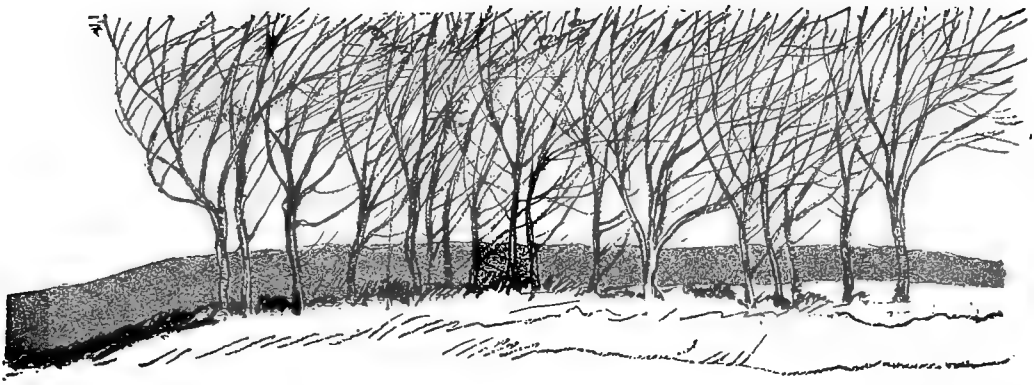
On the twenty-fourth day of the month came Pelion upon Ossa. Another snow came on, . . . with a storm so famous that Heaven laid an interdict on the religious assemblies throughout the country on the Lord's Day, the like whereunto had never been seen. . . Vast numbers of cattle were destroyed in this calamity, whereof some there were of the stronger sort, were found standing dead on their legs, as if they had been alive, many weeks after when the snow melted away. And others had their eyes glazed over with ice at such a rate, that being not far from the sea their mistake of their way drowned them there. One gentleman on whose farm were lost above eleven hundred sheep, . . . writes me word that no less than eight and twenty days after the storm, the people pulling out the ruins of above an hundred sheep out of a snow bank which lay sixteen foot high drifted over them, there was two found alive which had been there all this time, and kept themselves alive by eating the wool of their dead companions. When they were taken out they shed their own fleeces, but soon got into good case again.

A man had a couple of young hogs which he gave over for dead, but on the twenty-seventh day after their burial, they made their way out of a snow bank, at the bottom of which they had found a little tansy to feed upon. Hens were found alive after seven days; turkeys were found alive after five and twenty days, buried in the snow and at a distance from the ground, and altogether destitute of anything to feed them.

The wild creatures of the woods, at the outgoing of the evening, made their descent as well as they could in this time of scarcity for them, towards the sea-side. A vast multitude of deer, for the same cause, taking the same course, and the deep snow spoiling them of their only defense, which is to run, they become such a prey to these devourers, that it is thought not one in twenty escaped. . . It is incredible how much damage is done to the orchards, for the snow freezing to a crust as high as the bows of the trees, anon split them to pieces. The cattle, also, walking on the crusted snow a dozen feet from the ground, so fed upon the trees as very much to damnify them. . . Cottages were totally covered with the snow, and not the very tops of their chimneys to be seen. . .

These odd accidents would afford a story. But there not being any relation to Philosophy in them, I forbear them.

COTTON MATHER.



1 March, various and wild, with wind-cracked cheeks,
By wilder Welshmen led, and crowned with leeks. CHURCHILL.

2 The flying sky is dark with running horses,
And the sky is full of the past.
MASEFIELD.

3 "I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice though not in theory."
JANE AUSTEN.

4 No man shall dare to perform on dishonourable instruments, such as hurdy-gurdies, bagpipes, and triangles, which beggars use for collecting alms, so that the noble art of music is brought into contempt by them.
EMPEROR FERDINAND III (1653).

5 If the cock moult before the hen,
We shall have weather thick and thin;
But if the hen moult before the cock,
We shall have weather hard as a block.
OLD PROVERB.

6 So to the 'Change, and there bought 32*s.* worth of things for Mrs. Knipp, my Valentine, which is pretty to see how my wife is come to convention with me, that, whatever I do give to anybody else, I shall give her as much, which I am not much displeased with. PEPYS.

7 Daffodil Day falls about this season, as London citizens find to their cost. . . . Lincolnshire children of a generation ago, when hawking Lent Lilies, would sell them only for pins, on account of a pretty conceit that it was unlucky to exchange the golden flowers for silver. And, in Devonshire, to bring a single daffodil into the house means terribly bad luck for ducklings. MARCUS WOODWARD.

8 Let not the wife of your bosom possess a special style of her own; let her not hurl at you in whirling speech the crooked enthymeme! Let her not know all history; let there be some things in her reading which she does not understand. I hate a woman who is for ever poring over the "Grammar" . . . let husbands at least be permitted to make slips in grammar!
JUVENAL.

9 Art silent? None can meddle with thee. When thou once hast spoken, thou must prove it then. SA'DI (DOLE).

10 He that would have a short Lent, let him borrow money to be repaid at Easter. *Poor Richard* (FRANKLIN).

11 Handsome you are, and valorous;
You have a scholar's brain:
But in your family, my boy,
No elephants are slain.
Panchatantra (RYDER).

12 About this time umbrellas are generally carried inside out; and ladies' dresses are worn higher up than at any other period of the year. *Punch.*

13 Gray hills, gray skies, gray lights,
And still, gray sea—
O fond, O fair,
The Mays that were,
When the wild days and wilder nights
Made it like heaven to be. HENLEY.

14 Fear not a revolution which will constrain you to live five years in one. Don't be so tender about making an enemy now and then. — The finished man of the world must eat of every apple.
EMERSON.

15 Living in retirement beyond the World,
Silently enjoying isolation,
I pull the rope of my door tighter
And stuff my window with roots and ferns.
My spirit is tuned to the Spring-season:
At the fall of the year there is autumn in my heart.
Thus imitating cosmic changes,
My cottage becomes a Universe.
LU YÜN (WALEY).

16 Some men speak of having been wet to the skin once as a memorable event in their lives, which, notwithstanding the croakers, they survived. THOREAU.

17 St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
HENRY BENNET.

18 In Biblical days those ladies who violated the proprieties were stoned. They are still, but the stones come from Kimberley. EDGAR SALTUS.

19 I judge that the flowers of lavender quilted in a cap and dayly worn are good for all diseases of the head that come of a cold cause, and that they comfort the braine very well. WILLIAM TURNER.

20 There is nothing easier to deceive than a good man. He that never lies, easily believes; and he that never deceives, confides too much. GRACIAN.

21 The world is naught but ourselves.
GEORGE MOORE.

22 The first it shall be wind and weet;
The next it shall be snaw and sleet;
The third shall be sic a freeze
Shall gar the birds stick to the trees.
Complaynte of Scotland.

23 It is only women who know something about life, whether through experience or through the confidences of some one else, who pay any attention to a man's age. REMY DE GOURMONT.

24 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To shop in crowds the draggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
SWIFT.

25 The marigold received the Latin name of Calendula because it was in flower on the calends of nearly every month. It has been called Marygold for a similar reason, being more or less in bloom at the time of all festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the "gold" having reference to its golden rays, likened to the rays of light around the head of the Virgin. At *Candlemas*, in warm climates, the old last year's plants will show a few flowers. Even in England a few flowers appear about *Lady-tide.* FORSTER.

26 O Spring—
Thou art the self-same thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund: but I am no more
The thing I was. FANSHAWE.

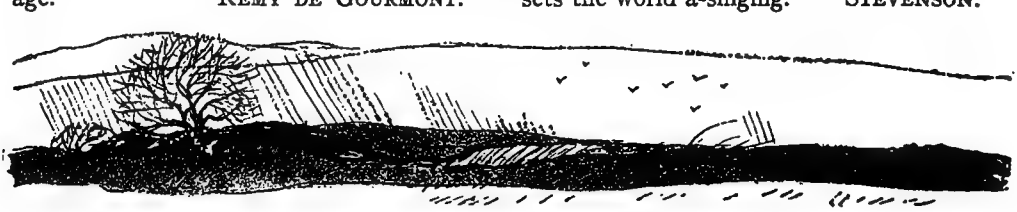
27 Prudence—is control of your impulses—but you must have impulses before you can control them.
JOHN ERSKINE.

28 Psychical pain is more easily borne than physical, and if I had my choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth, I should choose the former. HEINE.

29 Human nature would be too wretched, if it was as common to commit enormities as to believe them. VOLTAIRE.

30 Methinks this northern spring is fair—
These fields made golden with the flower of March,
The throstle singing on the feathered larch,
The cawing rooks, the wood doves fluttering by.
WILDE.

31 Let him feign never so carefully, there is not a man but has his pulses shaken when Pan trolls out a store of ecstasy and sets the world a-singing. STEVENSON.



The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME V MARCH, 1927 NUMBER 27

"Petty Larceny"

By RUTH McENERY STUART

PERHAPS it is rather startling—Petty Larceny—as a name for a girl. And yet, taken as we usually take names, with no idea of any special meaning, it is not half bad. Indeed, it is even good, which is to say, primarily, it has phonetic quality, is euphonious to a pleasing degree, and its first part, Petty, makes an attractive diminutive, rather suggestive of affection. On the plantation, where alone the name was known, Petty stood wholly as a term of endearment.

Petty was a fascinating maid of twenty or thereabouts—"sort o' molasses-candy colour an' sweeter yit," so one of her numerous admirers once described her,—and it wouldn't have mattered much if her name had been Dolores Vobiscum, like that of one of her friends who lost her mind: she would instantly have become Dolly the adorable, and been just as captivating as now.

Her father, a stolid old negro known as King David, had served as janitor at the court-house in a remote county for several years in his early manhood; and during that time, as he went about his duties with no thought beyond the manual responsibilities of his office, certain bits of court vernacular fell from time to time unheeded into his ignoring mind, and simply lay there, like leaves in a dovecote, which either lie and rot or perchance sometimes serve in the forming of a nest, for simple availability and fitness.

Old King David had always been a man of a few words, and the unusualness of his slender vocabulary, enriched in so exceptional a way, gave him an enviable reputation for wisdom in a community the highest tribute of which was paid to the incomprehensible.

For instance, when once in a quarrel with a neighbour whom he had accused of some offense, no matter what, he clenched his argument and won the lasting respect of a number of witnesses by exclaiming:

"What's dat you say, nigger? Ef you talk like dat, I'll prove a' alibi on you in de face o' Constitutional Jewish prudence."

No one knows certainly by what associa-

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tion the old man had connected the term "petit larceny" with his child, or that there was any special connection. It may have been only like the leaf blown into the dove-cote, taken to serve. However, the writer is inclined to believe—from slight circumstantial evidence, which is often worse than no evidence at all—that in some mystical way he had associated the name with the divinity whose statue, done in plaster, stood over the court-house door—her whom we all know, who stands ever blindfolded and bearing a pair of scales in her hands.

This may be an idle fancy, and yet, what else could he have meant when, one day, seeing Petty playing blindman's-buff with the other children when she was about twelve, he exclaimed, laughing:

"Now, ef somebody'd loan'd Petty a pair o' weighin'-scales, she'd look perzac'ly like her own statute."

Be this as it may, he was more than satisfied with the name, as was every one else on the place. The mother, born and reared in the shadows of even sub-suburban life, on a plantation remote from the world of thought or suggestion, took it with artless delight not unmixed with pride, recognizing it as one of a noble family, the acquaintance of which her lord had made in a broader life than hers.

Stealing was stealing on Sugar Bend plantation, and vigilance committees didn't trouble themselves much with terms. Of course, there have been occasional cases where culprits, taken in some offense, had been carried for trial to court, thirty miles away; but these were rare, and were generally for simple "American crimes," such as horse-stealing or fighting.

As she had merged into handsome womanhood, Petty's father made an effort to have her called Larceny, and for a time it seemed as if the more dignified name, shortened to Larcene, would carry the day; and so it might have done but for the girl's unfailing winsomeness, which made Petty or even "Pet for short" peculiarly fitting.

Petty wore gowns of yellow and red and pink, and she sewed ruffles of one colour upon another with long and careless stitches wherever about her flounce-loving person there seemed a place, and she was as pretty and straight as a yellow flag.

Going to the field, she always had a man with her, with gangs of malcontents within easy range, keeping her in sight; and until her twentieth year, when she finally made her choice, scarcely twice in succession was she seen with the same man.

She would have been surrounded, of course, but for plantation etiquette, which requires that one at a time shall have his chance with a maid, and while this opportunity lasts the rest must stand off.

Everybody knew that little yellow Phil, the fiddler, had loved her to despair all his life, and yet—perhaps because he had loved her humbly without hope for so long, and, too, partly because every able-bodied buck on the place was his confident rival—every one was surprised at her choice. Still, many were glad, just out of kindly sympathy with the lesser man. For love of Petty, Phil had worn black-and-blue eyes at frequent intervals for years; had even carried his arm in a sling for her sake, a serious matter for a fiddler.

Phil always got whipped in every encounter in love's cause, and yet he never seemed to have any sense of fear, at least where Petty was concerned. At the ghost of an insinuation reflecting upon her, he would light into a six-footer with the fire and recklessness of a bantam rooster challenged by a cock of the walk.

It is probable that the little man was as much surprised as any one else when Petty finally accepted him. Certainly he acted quite as a man out of his mind, and when he was fiddling at a dance a few days after his engagement, he actually grew so nervous while he watched her take the "Cincinnati" step and then "mosey" down the center of the room that he lost his time, and finally "broke down in a regular giggle," and had to begin all over again, to the hilarious delight of the older men and the mocking derision of his recent rivals.

"De princip'lest trouble wid a' ingaged fiddler," Phil chucked as he played, "is dat he don't nuver git a chance sca'cely to dance wid 'is gal hisself; but he can worry her pardner an' make him come to any time he chooses." Saying which, he one time played so fast that Petty's fat partner "tumbled all over himself" and fell sprawling.

Phil had as little money as any young man in the county, and as slight financial prospects. A fiddler need never starve on a Southern plantation,—that is, if he fiddles well enough,—but neither may he grow rich.

True, he easily earns his three dollars a night, with an occasional five, while the labourer in the field is glad to get his dollar a day; but the fiddler, as a rule, is in requisition only on Saturday nights, at best, and so, unless he has some sub-trade, living comes hard.

Phil had no sub-trade. He was, as he was fond of boasting, "jes a nachel fiddlin' fiddler, f'om de ground up." Indeed, he so loved his art—there are arts the practice of which in certain conditions reduces them to trades—that he often said:

"Ef de Lord'll on'y gimme a stiddy job at fiddlin' when I git to heaven, 'stid o' tacklin' a clumsy ole harp, I know I'll soon be able to play for de angels to fly by." Indeed, with this thought in mind, he had even evolved out of his imaginative genius several racy compositions which, with onomatopoetic instincts, he called "flip-flap wing-pieces," which were so suggestive that one, listening, might close his eyes and fancy himself floating away as in a dream of flying.

It is hard on a fellow to be engaged to be married and to have no money. It is hard even on a Southern plantation, where money counts for so little and most available things are virtually free—most, but not all.

Even while he enters this vestibule of Hymen's temple, no matter how remote and primitive the edifice, a man finds himself feeling for his pocket-book.

Engagement periods at the Bend were trinket-times and treating-times, and while the last was simply a matter of ginger-pop and persimmon beer, with a merry-go-round on a holiday, the trinket business was more serious. As to the ring, Phil was fortunate enough to have one on hand, an heirloom in which he took no little pride. First,—a fact which greatly distinguished it,—it was of pure gold, and it had been given by his father to his mother as a pledge of good faith and affection in lieu of the ceremony which a strained situation forbade.

Phil had often told the story as he showed the ring. It seems that, in their courting days, his parents had quarreled, and during a brief estrangement a clever rival had 'married his daddy offhand," as Phil expressed it; whereupon she who was afterward his mother, instantly, and for all time, relented. It was too late then for a wedding, of course; but the mother was apparently not one to worry over trifles, as she is quoted as boasting that all her rival got was a "paper citi*f*icate," and that so long as she had the man and the ring, she was satisfied.

As to the marriage certificate, she, after a while, remarked:

"She's welcome to de paper one. Hit's dead stock. I got mine, an' it's *live prop'ty*—de spittin' image of its daddy; and dat's all de citi*f*icate I wants."

This bit of character discovers to us a somewhat romantic vein in both parents which it is well for us to remember if we would follow Phil's life with leniency and affection.

His father died while he was still a little chap, and his mother, after a few months of rank weeds and of wailing in the wilds of widowhood—a prerogative freely accorded her by popular sympathy, which declared her to be "de on'iest widder dat had a right to tote a weed"—suddenly darted into another romance with an ardour worthy of love's first kindling. The new "stepfather-man" was decided in his antipathy to reminiscent children, and so, after a brief conflict between conjugal duty and parental love, the woman decided not to hazard her boy's welfare by taking him among strangers. She preferred to "loan him out" to friends who had known his people. So she did, and the boy had stayed "loaned out" all his days. She had probably foreseen that this would be the case, as, in going, she had given him his father's ring,—and hers,—with the parting injunction to keep it all his life "to show dat he was honest-born."

Petty, of course, knew about the ring, and that she would now become its proud owner by inheritance—and, indeed, this was the one thing in her marriage in which she felt confessed pride; and when at last she was able to pass her shapely hand around to let her friends see it,—put on with a wish, it could not be removed,—she would smilingly declare:

"Oh, yas, it's de reel thing."

The design was the old favourite,—two hands clasped,—and Phil honestly regarded it as a mascot. He told Petty so, and that its motto was, "Whom I jine together let not man or woman put asunder." He knew that the one woman who had tried it once had gotten only "paper satisfaction."

So Phil had lived about in various homes as he grew up, and once, for a brief period, even in the cabin where hung a certain hated document, deep in cotton plush and cheap gilding.

On his mother's departure, "the other woman" had made what he called "step-mammy motions" toward him, and would have taken him for good. He refused to go near her for a long time; but finally realizing that, after all, there was a sort of relationship which might, perhaps, as well be happily interpreted, or, possibly, only because he liked her picnic pies, he tried it—for less than a week.

It was said that he was actually sitting

at her board and with his mouth so full of apple-pie that he got more coppery in the face than the provocation would have warranted, when she unwittingly referred to his father as her beloved husband, whereupon Phil retorted hotly:

"Husban'! Don't you say husban' to me! Ef you do, I'll smash up dat ole paper citi*f*icate, an' turn you back into a' ole maid, whar you b'longs."

Of course he could not remain after this. When he had related the incident to his friends, there were many who thought him very forbearing not to have destroyed the paper then and there, and he declared that he would have done so "ef she hadn't 'a' been a lady and he in her house." And then he added: "Anyhow, I couldn't 'a' had de heart to do it, bein' as it's all she's got."

Phil's peculiar orphanage and his exceptional aloneness had placed him on the welcome list in almost any home on the plantation. He was a fair kindling-splitter, a milker, and, in a dilettante way, a gardener, so that he could make good his "keep" without having often to draw upon an inadequate purse. Of course, too, the family with whom he stayed always had free music, morn, noon, and night.

Once or twice he had had to change his quarters because of the conversion to religion of his host or hostess, who could not, of course, harbour the devil's instrument after having forsworn his majesty himself.

So he had changed his last home before going to live with old Aunt Cynthy Crow, with whom he was staying at the time of his engagement. Aunt Cynthy was a hopeless cripple from rheumatism, being unable so much as to rise from her chair; and when she heard that her friend Betty Bent, recently reclaimed from sin, had said that she had hated to send Phil away, but she could not seek God with her heart in the cabin while the devil kept tantalizing her feet, she chuckled in reply:

"I'd be so tickled to git my ole daid foots into trouble, wid fiddle or devil or whatever, dat ef Phil'll come an' wake 'em up for me, I'll find 'im for his pains."

To "find him" was to board him, of course; and, although Phil did not take this generous offer more literally than it was meant, he made a very economical arrangement with the old woman, who was a pensioner on the bounty of her former master, and was only too glad of the chance service of Phil's willing hands, as well as of the diversion of his music.

Never was happier combination than that of the lonely old cripple and the lightweight fiddler, Phil Phillips. Mirth and melody ever follow the rosined bow, and merriment, if it does not mock, is, the world over, a grateful antidote for pain.

The cabin which for years had been a favourite resort for condoling decrepitude, became, through the cheerful invitation of the strings, love's trysting-place and a constant scene of gaiety and fun. Most of the mothers on the place were pleased to have it so, too, knowing the value, through its antithesis, of the resident chaperon. It was the anxious mother of several daughters who was heard to remark to God one night, as she knelt in prayer beside her bed:

"Yas, Lord, Sis' Cynthy is fiddle-proof herself, an' she'll keep a stiddy watch on de chillen, an' 'stribute Scripcher to 'em 'twix' de fiddle-strings—in po'tions."

Perhaps old Cynthy was the only person on the place who was grieved that Phil was to be married, and for natural, if selfish, reasons. It saddened her inexpressibly to contemplate a return to the somber, pain-filled days, with only the questionable solace of her contemporaries.

Phil and Petty, having loved these many years,—Petty, it seems, suddenly discovered this to have been true of herself as well as of Phil,—were of one mind as to an early marriage, though the maid was a trifle coy on the subject, as will appear from her answer to her romantic lover when he begged that she promised to walk to church with him at the first robin's call.

"No, I ain't gwine do it, Phil. I ain't gwine to walk up de aisle till I kin wear a bunch o' sweet-pea blossoms."

Whereupon Phil, doubling with laughter, howled that it was "allus a close race 'twix' de robins an' de peas," and they held hands in the narrow path, refusing Indian file while they made the Indian tracks, one after another, and life was all a dream of bird-song and flower for them.

They agreed, however, that either bird-call or blossom might sound the wedding-bell: and that very night Phil set a trap for robins and put it, baited with crumbs, up on Aunt Cynthy's roof; and the girl thought it wouldn't hurt to sow peas in a box, even if they didn't sprout until the ground thawed out in the garden.

This was while the fields seemed as hard as flint in the black lands; and although there was a good while to wait, Phil began to feel as care-impressed as a real family man when he realized the many demands

for money that would come even in the fast-shortening interval. Yet, although he had scarce silver dimes enough to jingle in his pocket, he would have danced with joy any morning to discover a premature robin in his trap, and he always climbed and peeped, quite prepared for the lesser miracle in his realization of life's greatest.

And, too, if God noticed a sparrow, even for its own sake, why not make a robin to order for love's cause, if need be? As he thought of all the trials of the waiting season, he often longed for a hurried wedding, which would save a lot of trouble; and, once over—well, they could manage some way, money or no money, as others were doing daily.

But no pea sprouted and bloomed in a night, and the robin's song awaited its season, and, as the weather grew milder, dances were more sparse; and the little fiddler began to wish, for the first time in his life, for "some sort o' workin' trade," and he looked askance at his beloved fiddle and said disputatious and disloyal things that a darkey's fiddle could never answer in its legitimate vocabulary, which is made only of words of mirth and jollity.

So, pressed by present circumstances and a sense of future need, Phil bethought him of a few simple, odd ways of earning odd sums, and was able to put trifling amounts by, against the demands of the wedding.

For one thing,—and an eccentric thing it seemed on the surface,—he began to sell his chickens. He had always raised chickens on shares with the family with whom he stayed. It would seem that the chickens would have been more useful to him in his housekeeping than the small sums they might bring, but "things are not what they seem." A great line, that!

It was said that when Phil started to sell his chickens he never got done selling, and that the same was true of his potato-patch. It may not have been a fact that he robbed the potato-hills of the fields through which he passed on his peddling rounds, but there was no one who doubted that he sold chickens of breeds unknown to his own yard and Cynthy's.

This is a hard thing to say of a young man, and would even now be withheld by his partial chronicler but for the light of subsequent events. Circumstantial evidence, which is often of the devil and utterly misleading in itself, has yet some value in corroboration. Held in abeyance, it does occasionally help the cause of truth.

Phil was greatly excited when, one night, as he was on his way to see Petty, he met a man who had come all the way across Cockleburr Bayou to tell him that there was a letter in the post-office for him. He was so nervous over it, having never before received a letter in his life, that he thought it best not to tell Petty, lest she, too, might share his dread of impending news.

Of course, he thought first of his mother, and from that a number of contingencies emerged. There had been ample time for the growth of "a whole step-family" since his parents' departure under conditions most favourable. He even had a fear that his mother might be coming back, and somehow he wondered if possibly she would wish to recover the ring, the only thing she had ever given him.

It was noon next day when the little fellow got back and, with the letter in his pocket, hurried to his lady-love.

He was grinning so when they met that he could not for the life of him get his lips together to call her name, and after several abortive efforts to say "Petty," which insistently became "Fetty," he was obliged to compromise.

"H-h-honey," he gasped, from away down his throat, "what you reckon I got?"

"A robin?" laughed Petty.

This, for some reason, helped his articulation, so that he was able quite clearly to reply:

"Better'n dat, Petty; better'n dat!"

And when she frowned and coquettishly turned away, he added, while he seized both her hands:

"Listen at dis: I got a fifty-dollar job! Dat what I got! I got a letter—here it is—a letter f'om de president o' Pompton College down heah at Yaller Briar Wells, an' dey wants me to come an' fiddle for 'em at dey anniversal hops, every night o' de beginnin'—de *commencement*, I mean to say. What you got to say to *dat?* An' dey offer me fifty dollars cash down, in hand—good specious payment!"

The annual college commencement at the close of the spring term was the social event of several counties, and to play at one of the Pompton hops would be great honour for a resident of Sugar Bend. It was no wonder the little fiddler was fairly beside himself.

The only trying feature in it was his having to leave Petty for a short time; but this was easily borne, in view of their common advantage. It was bad to go, but the going was a great affair. Twenty-odd miles by road in his own little wagon, in which he

carried his trunk and fiddle, and which he hoped to bring back loaded with housekeeping goods, was a journey needing considerable preparation; and so intimately was it associated with his romance that it was commonly spoken of on the place as "Phil's weddin' trip." To this, however, he laughingly objected: "Hit ain't to say a weddin' trip. Hit's on'y jes a little journey in search o' my marri'ge po'tion."

Under the influence of her emotional appeal, Petty was easily induced to stay with old Cynthy during Phil's absence, and it was even arranged that they should make their home with her, or that she should stay with them, turning her pension into the general housekeeping fund, when they should be married, Phil and the fiddle and young company, she declared, having "clair sp'iled her for lonesome livin'."

The poor little college town to which Phil went to make his fortune was to his rural vision a great metropolis. From the time his delighted eyes had rested upon the great globes of colour in the apothecary's window, and had taken in the papier-mâché grotto which appeared to supply the soda-fountain, he never experienced the least loss of ardour in his admiration of city ways and magnificence.

Petty's special request as they parted had been for "a bureau wid a swingin' lookin'-glass in it, dat'll gimme my hat one minute an' tip over an' scoop up my foots de next. Dat, an' a little hand-glass to glimpse my back hair, 'll make me b'lieve I'm all but white." So she had said at the house and repeated at the stile to which she rode beside her lover as he went away.

He bought the bureau out of his first earnings, and had it moved to his room in the servants' quarters, and the little key, which fitted all the drawers alike, was soon swinging to his silver watch-chain, where it daily grew in importance, as gewgaws for the absent girl were constantly added to its charge.

Besides his regular fee, Phil made a few odd dollars for extra service. He was a real genius with his fiddle, and was constantly in requisition.

With such inspiration always at hand, a dance was never out of place, if only there were dancers and available space. In the mornings on the broad verandas, under the trees at afternoon tea—any time when there were a half-dozen young people together—the fiddler would be invited to earn the price of some bit of tinsel or a gay ribbon for his lady.

His fiddling had made a great hit. Everybody was talking about it, even the old professors. "Why—why, that little nig-nigger!" said one of the portliest of these one evening as he mopped his purple face after a desperate race with death through the mazes of a Virginia reel. "Haven't d-d-done such a thing in f-f-f-forty years. Why, he'd m-m-make a chair dance if it wasn't dead wood."

It was inevitable that the familiar intercourse involved in such an engagement as Phil's should lead him into temptation; that is, assuming that temptation and opportunity are, for some, virtually synonymous, as seems pitifully true.

Sweet soap was one of Phil's failings, and he liked to think of it in connection with Petty. It was easy to slip a cake into his pocket now and then as he passed the washstands, and to deposit it in the bureau; it was easy to do this many times, and to add a pretty silk handkerchief or a bottle of smelling-stuff, and, after a time, occasionally, even a trifling bit of jewelry. He always left the handsome articles undisturbed—watch-chains, which sometimes seemed fairly to tug at his sleeves, and jeweled rings, though he did once get off with a fine coat belonging to a fellow of about his own size.

These peculations were comparatively slight, and always effected in the face of great opportunities, with both valuables and money in sight. There were always rolls of bills lying about with the pipes and tobacco—not great bills, in a little Southern college, but good green dollars, with an occasional V for affluent expression.

Phil selected the times when these were most in evidence, for refutation, to take the little things he dared; and consequently, although articles were often missed, it was a long time before he was even suspected. At last, however, one of the fellows set a trap—a fellow who had himself a fad for fine soap, and had lost several cakes, as well as a locket.

The trap was successful, and the result was really sad. It spoiled a whole evening for the boys, who had all grown fond of the little fiddler and had heard somewhat of his story. They knew he was to be married, and had even proposed to chip in to buy a little present for his wedding.

They didn't say anything to him that night, although every fellow counted his small belongings and put his money out of sight. Indeed, they did not speak of it at all, beyond the circle, though they expressed an intention of doing so the next day. Un-

fortunately, however, the thing got out, and one of the boys—one who had lost a shoe-buttoner or something—had him arrested.

There was probably never in any sore strait a more surprised and frightened young culprit than was poor Phil the day he was seized and taken to the court-house. He had never been in such a place before, and it was an awful experience.

There were several cases ahead of his when he got in, and he had time to sit and think.

The very imposing elevation of the judge's seat was disconcerting, and the impressive "your honour" with which he was addressed struck new terror through Phil's already cringing soul. It was a judgment-day experience.

When, at last, his case was called and he stepped forward, his knees knocked together so that he came near falling. He had been guilty of things long ago at home, and had had dim but frightful visions of exposure and arrest, all somewhat like the present, but falling short of the real thing, which, was indeed, aggravated by contrast with his recent notable experiences. He had had a good time and had been well treated, and he was not a bad fellow at heart.

The black giant, the sheriff's deputy who had arrested him, and who even now towered beside him, had told him frankly that he had been "ketched stealin'," and so he realized dimly, or thought he did, what was before him. He knew precisely where each stolen article lay hidden, and he realized that the little key hanging plainly on his fob, and which had been so satisfactory an accomplice, would easily "turn State's evidence" and go far to convict him if it were brought into the case; but he was glad to remember that none of what he called the "joolry pieces" were in the bureau. Fearing that it might be opened during his frequent absences, he had kept the small incriminating things taken especially for Petty, prudently, or imprudently, about his person.

So, while he awaited his turn, he had thought fast, and it had soon seemed best to deny everything and then to offer his key, trusting to explain away such trifles as would be found.

A man had a right to suppose that gentlemen wouldn't take account of trifles such as these, but if they really wanted them he would insist upon returning them. It is true, there was the coat; but it was not in the bureau. It hung behind a door in a closet, and, unless it had been missed, would not be found. Or, if it came to the worst, even the coat might be disposed of by a judicious game of bluff. How easy to gather up two coats instead of one in a hurry, and how possible unconsciously to take both home on one's arm, on a warm night when the overcoat was superfluous!

The situation had its weak points, certainly, but it might have been worse.

Indeed, there were many features in it which appeared providential, and the little man in his extremity even had the effrontery to thank God, as he stood there, that he had been given foresight to keep the jewelry out of the bureau.

He thought that he had the case fairly well in hand while he waited, and that in assuming the lofty height of injured innocence he might yet walk out a free man.

But there was something in the atmosphere of the place which sickened him and made his head swim, and the longer he stood and waited, the sicker he felt, so that when, out of the stillness following the peremptory gavel, he heard his own name called, "Phil Phillips!" in a tone which sounded sepulchral and far away, he turned gray and then even green where the blue fright showed through the yellow of his skin, around his mouth and nostrils, and about the edges of his hair.

Still, he had life enough to know that he must answer, and inexperience enough to reply, in a vibrant metallic voice:

"Yas, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onour, dat's me."

The judge, a benignant old man, turned a smiling face upon the little fellow as, with a twinkle in his eye, he replied:

"Yes, I see you are there."

Then, turning to the officer beside the prisoner, he asked:

"Who has been getting this young man into trouble? He got me into trouble last night. So stiff this morning I can hardly walk. What is the charge?"

"Petit larceny." The reply, prompt and clear at Phil's side, rang through the court-room.

A bombshell exploding in his soul could hardly have transformed Phil as did this artless reply.

He was no longer a poor prisoner begging for mercy. Judge nor bench nor ceremonial had place in his consciousness now. He was instantly himself again—Petty's lover provoked to wrath, the fighting bantam of Sugar Bend.

He did not hesitate. For a second the

great six-footer beside him did not know what had hit him. So sudden was the plunge that it seemed as if the entire little man, all in a tense tangle, had landed in his face; and then, tooth and nail, as a catamount grasps and tears, so he tore right and left. Before any one had time to realize what was doing, or to interfere, the two were rolling on the floor together, and there was blood in sight and fur flying.

When, after several minutes of this fierce tussle, the greater man was at last able to hold his antagonist at arm's-length and several others helped to get him away, it was necessary for the officer to carry his bruised and bleeding visage out for repairs.

All this took several minutes, and when the small man was next observed he was wiping the puffy mass which ought to have been a face and trying to button the fragment of a coat so that it would cover his shoulders.

Seeing that the big man had gone, and that the court was coming again into something like order, he turned up to the judge the single eye that seemed to remain,—the other being quite lost to sight in a fine protective swelling,—and, bowing respectfully, he said:

"'Scuse me, please, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onour, but I was 'obleeged to whup him." This brought down the house, of course. Even the judge shook with laughter at the pluck of him.

"Dey's some things no gen'leman won't stand," he went on. "An', now, ef deze gen'lemen'll leggo my arms, dey'll see I kin practise manners an' behaviour—when I ain't insulted."

"What do you mean by insult, you—you little game-cock, you?" The judge spoke with an effort at severity, but with a weakening of his voice. Still, the dignity of the court was at stake. "I wish you to know that the officer was only doing his duty, and you shall pay for this, sir."

"I'll pay whatever you say, yo' 'oner'ble 'onour, *ef I kin*. I know de man done his juty when he fotched me heah, an' I walked beside him peaceable. But ef you don't know what he done to insult me, sir, *I* knows it, an' *he* knows it—an' I don't think he's likely to do it ag'in. I'm heah to stan' for my own actions, an' I don't want nobody else tangled up wid it. Dey ain't no ladies mixed up in dis case, an' ef anybody fetches 'em in, dey's *boun' to be blood!* Dis is been a fair man-to-man fight, an' ef you'll please, sir, pass it over an' tek up de case de way it stood befo' my trouble, I'll answer fair an' square. De man dat's jes stepped out a minute, he tol' me dat I was accused o' pickin up some little odds an' ends, I b'lieve; an' ef dat's so, I'm heah to answer."

At this, amid the cheers of the crowd, always ready to espouse the cause of the plucky under dog, the judge cleared his throat and, calling for order, resumed the case in due form.

"I'll be jiggered if I won't do it for you," he said, looking down at the prisoner while he called for the plaintiff.

In answer, a young man came forward smiling, and as he looked down into the one tiny peep-hole that answered for an eye, but which held all that was needed of inquiry and intelligence, and then at the benign visage of the judge, he said, with unfeigned apology:

"The fact is, your honour, a number of the fellows have been missing little things,—all trifles,—and finally some one took a shoe-buttoner off my bureau, and—well, a day or so ago I missed a locket with my girl's picture in it. I thought I wouldn't mention this, but, really, now that the thing's out, I'd like to say that if he'll give me the picture, he can have the buttoner and any old thing besides; that is, of course, *if* he has it—and there seems to be no one else, and we found out he was taking things. He bit on a bait, you see, and so we've caught him."

Turning now to Phil, he added:

"You hear what I say? If you just give me back the locket with the picture in it, I'll let you go—so far as I'm concerned."

This was informal, but the law gangs an easy gait at such centers of justice as Yellow Briar Wells. Just exactly this innovation had not occurred before, probably, yet that there was nothing unusual in the spirit of it was evinced by the quiet way in which it was received.

When the young man had done, the judge regarded the prisoner with kindly inquiry over his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Well, you have heard the charge," he said evenly. "What do you say, prisoner?"

Phil hesitated. The truth was, he was in momentary terror lest the man who had gone out should return. He felt that he evidently knew something about Petty, but how much Phil could not even surmise.

The locket, with Phil's own tin-type replacing the girl's picture (which had gone up in smoke and been forgotten), was by this time probably in Petty's possession, for it had been sent to her by mail on the

same day it was missed. The man could scarcely know of this; and yet, what is more dangerous than the witness who "knows something"? In the interrogation point lies an endless tragedy of doubt.

After about a half-minute's silence—it seemed much more—Phil turned his face up to the judge. He had made several peculiar motions with his arms, as if vainly struggling to gesticulate, or he was perhaps threatened with a fit. And now he gasped:

"Would you please, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onour, let one o' de co't gyards come an' pull off my coat? I'd tek it off myse'f, but I got a sort o' crick down de spine o' my back. I allus hates to whup a big man."

When two grinning black fellows had gotten the fragmentary garment off, with many an ejaculatory protest of pain from the wearer, Phil ran his fingers along the armhole lining and presently brought out a small scarf-pin; then, from farther along, a collar-button and a pocket-comb.

As he held them up toward the judge, his shirt-sleeve, riddled to the elbow, fell away, leaving his thin arm bare.

"Heah's a few little trinkers I picked up heah an' dar, but I ain't got no locket, jedge. I wush to Gord I did have it. Of co'se, I don't reckon I ought to took deze, but ef you'll look at 'em you'll see dey ain't gold or diamonds. I did pick up a watch dat I seen layin' roun' loose beggin' to be stole one night, but I took it home, an' foun' out it was pyore gol',"—a lie, this,—"an' so I brung it back de nex' mornin'. I don't want nobody's riches. I's jes a plain man. But de fact is, I was riz up right in de midst o' sech gran' gen'lemen,—jedges an' lawyers an' juries—an' *jedges*, you know, jedge,—an' I been used to jes helpin' myse'f to any little left-overs; an' ef I wouldn't pick 'em up, dey'd give 'em to me. I knowed deze heah quality-college yo'ng men didn't keer nothin' about such little trinkers as deze, an' I was 'feard dey mought forgit to give 'em to me,—dey all so took up wid dey valedictrums—an'—an' de yo'ng ladies,—an' so I jes' gethered 'em up an' hid 'em whar nobody couldn't find 'em, tell I could git a chance to ax for 'em. But, of co'se, ef dey wants 'em, heah dey is."

He turned and bravely looked around the court-room and up along the galleries.

"That's my scarf-pin. Pass it along," came from a voice in the back row.

"Yes, and my cuff-buttons," said another. And now, first a single voice and then two and three together cried:

"Where's my soap?"

"My soap?"

"And *mine?*"

"And *my* soap?"

"And my shaving-brush?"

"And *my* soap?"

At this the bruised mass which did duty as a face took on a pitiful grin while its owner giggled:

"Lord have mussy! '*Soap!*' Who'd 'a' thought it? An' quality gen'lemen at dat!" Then to the judge: "Maybe I is gethered a few cakes o' soap, yo' 'oner'ble 'onour, f'om night to night—an' I'll 'splain out how I come to do it, an' ef dey wants 'em back, all right. You see, hit's purty hot, fiddlin' in de rooms, an' my hand hit sweats, an' dat's bad medicine for bofe bow an' strings, an' so I'd slip out oncet in a while an' wash my hands; an', of co'se, arter I uses a gen'leman's soap, I got too much respec' for 'im to leave it for 'im to sile his hands wid. But, as I say, hit's all whar dey kin git it. Is dey anything else de gen'lemen done missed?" He had turned and was facing the gallery again. It was a great bluff. Indeed, his knees were hardly strong enough for it, for they quaked pitifully while he bravely faced the audience. He was thinking of the coat and trusting to luck, which seemed to be with him, that it had not been missed.

"How about that locket?" The judge leaned over the railing and eyed him with telling scrutiny as he put the question.

"Dis heah's a confession, jedge, yo' 'oner'ble 'onour. Hit ain't no denial. Nobody didn't ax me about dem little things I jes passed in. I say I ain't got no locket or no lady's picture. I nuver gits mixed up wid de ladies, nohow, an' ef I was to see a lady's po'trait settin' on a pianner, for ninstance, I wouldn't dast to no mo' 'n s'lute it as I passed by. But ef dat's all, won't you please, sir, pass my sentence, please, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onour, an' for Gord's sake, mek it a light one, or tu'n me loose? S'posin' you take de vote, jedge, 'mongst deze gen'lemen, an' ef dey wants me seized an' sol' for debt—*or whatever*—let 'em sesso."

The judge assumed a look of mock solemnity as he glanced about the court.

"Let 'im go," laughed a voice in the gallery.

"Turn 'im loose, judge," said another.

"Keep my soap to wash your conscience with."

"And mine, too."

"No, you can bring back mine. It's green, and smells like violets," cried a

changing voice in the front row, at which there was laughter.

"Oh, but let 'im off, judge; he's sick," the boy continued.

"I keep thinking about that locket," pursued the judge, this time addressing the owner of the missing article.

"Well," he replied, "if he hasn't got it, he hasn't, that's all; and I don't believe he has. It's possible that a fellow I know has it. Let him go, judge. I withdraw the complaint."

"Well," the old justice straightened himself until he seemed to Phil, standing below him, a mile high—"well, that's all very well, so far as the charge is concerned, but I have a little business with the prisoner. on my own account. My court is not exactly a place for free fights, and so I fine you, sir, twenty-five dollars, or imprisonment for ten days, whichever you say."

"Well, of co'se, I'll take de twenty-five dollars, ef you please, sir."

"You don't take it—you pay it, you idiot!"

"Pay what, for Gord's sake? Pay twenty-five dollars? Why, jedge, I ain't got but three comin' to me, an' I got to go home. I can't pay what I ain't got. But—but—" a light came into his manner—his face was a closed book—"I tell yer what I'll do; I'll *play* it out for yer. I'll fiddle for yer tell I draps, howsomever, whensomever, wharsomever you say, sir."

This brought down the house.

In the midst of the laughter, the judge took out his watch.

"It's dinner-time, boys, and I'm hungry," he said, rising. "I'm going over to the hotel, and you fetch him along and give him his fiddle——"

He turned to Phil.

"And when I've got enough music I'll say go, and when I say go, *you git!* Do you hear? Light out o' this town by the first train. D' you hear, I say?"

"Yas, sir; oh, thanky, sir, yo' 'oner'ble 'onour, thanky."

It was long past midnight when the little fiddler mounted the seat of his wagon and started on his homeward drive, the bureau, with its treasures untouched, lying face downward in the wagon-bed behind him, its glass resting upon a pile of hay.

He started in his rags, and drove pretty fast until he reached a barn a few miles out where he found entertainment for himself and beast, and where he slept the sleep of the vanquished and the weary.

Taking the journey by easy stages, doing a little cautious peddling in the twilights en route,—robbing Peter to pay poor Paul,—he was three whole days on the way, and they were days of needed healing and recuperation, too.

His face had not been quite normal when he left home, so its battered state would prove less startling than it might have been. It would be accepted as a matter of course. His friends were used to it.

Indeed, the days of hiding in which he slept whenever his way led across a clearing, and the nights of easy travel, interspersed with snatches of rest, all supplementing a fortnight of ease and high living, brought him out so wonderfully that when he drove into the plantation gate, late the third night, the jubilant song with which he announced his return was but a spontaneous expression of his own exuberance.

Petty met him at the stile where he had left her—where, indeed, she had waited for two nights.

"Well, heah I is, Sugar-pie, bureau an' all," he chuckled as, leaning down, he drew her up beside him.

"An' you sho looks fine—an' feels slick. Sto' clo'es shows out, even in de moonlight." She was passing her hand along his sleeve, her left hand over his left sleeve—on her left, his position making this come natural.

"Yas," he replied; "dis coat purty nigh broke me, dat's a fac'. Hit takes fine feathers to mate wid a fine bird. But wait tell you see what I got for my sweetness in de bureau back in de wagon. I tell yer I got yo' trousseau, so dat when you turns out you'll wake up de plantation."

"I bet you spent all you made. How much money is you brung home, anyhow?"

"Not much, *to* be sho; but you know hit takes money to live like a gen'leman, an' I knowed you wouldn't want me to——"

"Of co'se not. I wants you to stand wid de best. So you got de bureau, is you—wid a tip-over merror?"

"Yas, an' dat ain't all. What's de matter wid me, forgittin' de princip'lest thing I brung you! Look heah, gal."

As he spoke, he leaned forward, lifted a small basket from under the seat, and laid it upon her lap.

"Heah's you' robin-bird, Sugar. Found 'im waitin' in de woods, huntin' for me. What you say to dat?"

In leaning over, his face had brushed a bunch of flowers upon her shoulder.

"Bless goodness! *Sweet peas!* Well, I'll be doggoned!" he chuckled. "How long'll it take to make de weddin' cakes?"

"Aunt Cynthy ain't done nothin' but whup up de cake-batter on 'er lap ever sence de peas begin to bud, a week ago Sunday. Dey all ready. But you better turn dis robin loose. He's all but smothered."

"Yas, I reckon he is—an' I 'spec' he's got *his* pardner back yonder in de woods, too, an' I knows how he feels. But he'll know de way back."

As she lifted the lid, the bird rose, and, with a great cry, darted backward into the night.

Dear March

By EMILY DICKINSON

DEAR March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat—
You must have walked—
How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March, come right upstairs with me,
I have so much to tell!

I got your letter, and the bird's;
The maples never knew
That you were coming,—I declare,
How red their faces grew!
But, March, forgive me—
And all those hills
You left for me to hue;
There was no purple suitable,
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? That April?
Lock the door!
I will not be pursued!
He stayed away a year, to call
When I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come,
That blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

Sharon's Choice

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

UNDER Providence, a man may achieve the making of many things—ships, books, fortunes, himself even, quite often enough to encourage others; but let him beware of creating a town. Towns mostly happen. No real-estate operator decided that Rome should be. Sharon was an intended town; a one man's piece of deliberate manufacture; his whim, his pet, his monument, his device for immortally continuing above ground. He planned its avenues, gave it his middle name, fed it with his railroad. But he had reckoned without the inhabitants (to say nothing of nature), and one day they displeased him. Whenever you wish, you can see Sharon and what it has come to, as I saw it when, as a visitor without local prejudices, they asked me to serve with the telegraph-operator and the ticket-agent and the hotel-manager on the literary committee of judges at the school festival. There would be a stage, and flags, and elocution, and parents assembled, and afterwards ice-cream with strawberries from El Paso.

"Have you ever awarded prizes for school speaking?" inquired the telegraph-operator, Stuart.

"Yes," I told him. "At Concord in New Hampshire."

"Ever have a chat afterwards with a mother whose girl did not get the prize?"

"It was boys," I replied. "And parents had no say in it."

"It's boys and girls in Sharon," said he. "Parents have no say in it here, either. But that don't seem to occur to them at the moment. We'll all stick together, of course."

"I think I had best resign," said I. "You would find me no hand at pacifying a mother."

"There are fathers also," said Stuart. "But individual parents are small trouble compared with a big split in public opinion. We've missed that so far, though."

"Then why have judges? Why not a popular vote?" I inquired.

"Don't go back on us," said Stuart. "We are so few here. And you know education can't be democratic, or where will good taste find itself? Eastman knows that much, at least." And Stuart explained that Eastman was the head of the school and chairman of our committee. "He is from Massachusetts, and his taste is good, but he is total abstinence. Won't allow any literature with the least smell of a drink in it, not even in the singing-class. Would not have 'Here's a health to King Charles' inside the door. Narrowing, that; as many of the finest classics speak of wine freely. Eastman is useful, but a crank. Now take 'Lochinvar.' We are to have it on strawberry night; but say! Eastman kicked about it. Told the kid to speak something else. Kid came to me, and I——"

A smile lurked for one instant in the corner of Stuart's eye, and disappeared again. Then he drew his arm through mine as we walked.

"You have never seen anything in your days like Sharon," said he. "You could not sit down by yourself and make such a thing up. Shakespeare might have, but he would have strained himself doing it. Well, Eastman says 'Lochinvar' will go in my expurgated version. Too bad Sir Walter cannot know. Ever read his *Familiar Letters*? Great grief! but he was a good man. Eastman stuck about that mention of wine. Remember?

"'So now am I come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.'

"'Well,' thought I, 'Eastman would agree to water. Water and daughter would go, but is frequently used, and spoils the metre.' So I fiddled with my pencil down in the telegraph-office, and I fixed the thing up. How's this?

"'So now am I come with this beautiful maid
To lead but one measure, drink one lemonade.'

"Eastman accepts that. Says it's purer. Oh, it's not all sadness here!"

"How did you come to be in Sharon?" I asked my exotic acquaintance.

"Ah, how did I? How did all our crowd at the railroad? Somebody has got to sell tickets, somebody has got to run that hotel, and telegraphs have got to exist here. That's how we foreigners came. Many travellers change cars here, and one train usually misses the other, because the two companies do not love each other. You hear lots of language, especially in December. Eastern consumptives bound for southern California get left here, and drummers are also thick. Remarks range from 'How provoking!' to things I would not even say myself. So that big hotel and depot has to be kept running, and we fellows get a laugh now and then. Our lot is better than these people's." He made a general gesture at Sharon.

"I should have thought it was worse," said I.

"No, for we'll be transferred some day. These poor folks are shipwrecked. Though it is their own foolishness, all this."

Again my eye followed as he indicated the town with a sweep of his hand; and from the town I looked to the four quarters of heaven. I may have seen across into Old Mexico. No sign labels the boundary; the vacuum of continent goes on, you might think, to Patagonia. Symptoms of neighbouring Mexico basked on the sand-heaps along Sharon's spacious avenues—little torpid, indecent gnomes in sashes and open rags, with crowning-steeple straw hats, and murder dozing in their small black eyes. They might have crawled from holes in the sand, or hatched out of brown cracked pods on some weeds that trailed through the broken bottles, the old shoes, and the wire fences. Outside these ramparts began the vacuum, white, gray, indigo, florescent, where all the year the sun shines. Not the semblance of any tree dances in the heat; only rocks and lumps of higher sand waver and dissolve and reappear in the shaking crystal of mirage. Not the scar of any river-bed furrows the void. A river there is, flowing somewhere out of the shiny violet mountains to the north, but it dies subterraneously on its way to Sharon, misses the town, and emerges thirty miles south across the sunlight in a shallow, futile lake, a *ciénaga*, called Las Palomas. Then it evaporates into the ceaseless blue sky.

The water you get in Sharon is dragged by a herd of wind-wheels from the bowels of the sand. Over the town they turn and turn—Sharon's upper story—a filmy colony of slats. In some of the homes beneath them you may go up-stairs—in the American homes, not in the adobe Mexican caves of song, woman, and knives; and brick and stone edifices occur. Monuments of perished trade, these rise among their flatter neighbours cubical and stark; under-shirts, fire-arms, and groceries for sale in the ground-floor, blind dust-windows above. Most of the mansions, however, squat ephemerally upon the soil, no cellar to them, and no staircase, the total fragile box ready to bounce and caracole should the wind drive hard enough. Inside them, eating, mending, the newspaper, and more babies, eke out the twelvemonth; outside, the citizens loiter to their errands along the brief wide avenues of Sharon that empty into space. Men, women, and children move about in the town, sparse and casual, and over their heads in a white tribe the wind-wheels on their rudders veer to the breeze and indolently revolve above the gaping obsoleteness. Through the dumb town the locomotive bell tolls pervadingly when a train of freight or passengers trundles in from the horizon or out along the dwindling fence of telegraph poles. No matter where you are, you can hear it come and go, leaving Sharon behind, an airy carcass, bleached and ventilated, sitting on the sand, with the sun and the hot wind pouring through its bones.

This town was the magnate's child, the thing that was to keep his memory green; and as I took it in on that first walk of discovery, Stuart told me its story: how the magnate had decreed the railroad shops should be here; how, at that, corner lots grew in a night; how horsemen galloped the streets, shooting for joy, and the hasty tents rose while the houses were hammered together; how they had song, dance, cards, whiskey, license, murder, marriage, opera—the whole usual thing—regular as the clock in our West, in Australia, in Africa, in every virgin corner of the world where the Anglo-Saxon rushes to spend his animal spirits—regular as the clock, and in Sharon's case about fifteen minutes long. For they became greedy, the corner-lot people. They ran up prices for land which the railroad, the breath of their nostrils, wanted. They grew ugly, forgetting they were dealing with a magnate, and that a railroad from ocean to ocean can take its shops some-

where else with appalling ease. Thus did the corner lots become sand again in a night. "And in the words of the poet," concluded Stuart, "Sharon has an immense future behind it."

Our talk was changed by the sight of a lady leaning and calling over a fence.

"Mrs. Jeffries," said she. "Oh, Mrs. Jeffries!"

"Well?" called a voice next door.

"I want to send Leola and Arvasita into your yard."

"Well?" the voice repeated.

"Our tool-house blew over into your yard last night. It's jammed behind your tank."

"Oh, indeed!"

A window in the next house was opened, a head put out, and this occasioned my presentation to both ladies. They were Mrs. Mattern and Mrs. Jeffries, and they fell instantly into a stiff caution of deportment; but they speedily found I was not worth being cautious over. Stuart whispered to me that they were widows of high standing, and mothers of competing favourites for the elocution prize; and I hastened to court their esteem. Mrs. Mattern was in body more ample, standing high and yellow and fluffy; but Mrs. Jeffries was smooth and small, and behind her spectacles she had an eye.

"You must not let us interrupt you, ladies," said I, after some civilities. "Did I understand that something was to be carried somewhere?"

"You did," said Mrs. Jeffries (she had come out of her house); "and I am pleased to notice no damage has been done to our fence—this time."

"It would have been fixed right up at my expense, as always, Mrs. Jeffries," retorted her neighbour, and started to keep abreast of Mrs. Jeffries as that lady walked and inspected the fence. Thus the two marched parallel along the frontier to the rear of their respective territories.

"You'll not resign?" said Stuart to me. "It is 'yours till death,' ain't it?"

I told him that it was.

"About once a month I can expect this," said Mrs. Jeffries, returning along her frontier.

"Well, it's not the only case in Sharon, Mrs. Jeffries," said Mrs. Mattern. "I'll remind you of them three coops when you kept poultry, and they got away across the railroad, along with the barber's shop."

"But cannot we help you get it out?" said I, with a zealous wish for peace.

"You are very accommodating, sir," said Mrs. Mattern.

"One of the prize-awarding committee," said Stuart. "An elegant judge of oratory. Has decided many contests at Concord, the home of Emerson."

"Concord, New Hampshire," I corrected; but neither lady heard me.

"How splendid for Leola!" cried Mrs. Mattern, instantly. "Leola! Come right out here!"

Mrs. Jeffries had been more prompt. She was already in her house, and now came from it, bringing a pleasant-looking boy of sixteen, it might be. The youth grinned at me as he stood awkwardly, brought in shirtsleeves from the performance of some household work.

"This is Guy," said his mother. "Guy took the prize last year. Guy hopes——"

"Shut up, mother," said Guy, with entire sweetness. "I don't hope twice——"

"Twice or a dozen times should raise no hard feelings if my son is Sharon's best speaker," cried Mrs. Jeffries, and looked across the fence viciously.

"Shut up, mother; I ain't," said Guy.

"He is a master of humour recitations," his mother now said to me. "Perhaps you know, or perhaps you do not know, how high up that is reckoned."

"Why, mother, Leola can speak all around me. She can," Guy added to me, nodding his head confidentially.

I did not believe him, I think, because I preferred his name to that of Leola.

"Leola will study in Paris, France," announced Mrs. Mattern, arriving with her child. "She has no advantages here. This is the gentleman, Leola."

But before I had more than noted a dark-eyed maiden who would not look at me, but stood in skirts too young for her figure, black stockings, and a dangle of hair that should have been up, her large parent had thrust into my hand a scrap-book.

"Here is what the Santa Fé *Observer* says"; and when I would have read, she read aloud for me. "The next is the Los Angeles *Christian Home*. And here's what they wrote about her in El Paso: 'Her histrionic genius for one so young'—it commences below that picture. That's Leola." I now recognized the black stockings and the hair. "Here's what a literary lady in Lordsburg thinks," pursued Mrs. Mattern.

"Never mind that," murmured Leola.

"I shall." And the mother read the letter to me. "Leola has spoke in five cultured cities," she went on. "Arvasita

can depict how she was oncored at Albuquerque last Easter-Monday."

"Yes, sir, three recalls," said Arvasita, arriving at our group by the fence. An elder sister, she was, evidently. "Are you acquainted with 'Camill'?" she asked me, with a trifle of sternness; and upon my hesitating, "the celebrated French drayma of 'Camill,'" she repeated, with a trifle more of sternness. "Camill is the lady in it who dies of consumption. Leola recites the letter-and-coughing scene, Act Third. Mr. Patterson of Coloraydo Springs pronounces it superior to Modjeska."

"That is Leola again," said Mrs. Mattern, showing me another newspaper cut—hair, stockings, and a candle this time.

"Sleep-walking scene, 'Macbeth,'" said Arvasita. "Leola's great night at the church fair and bazar, El Paso, in Shakespeare's acknowledged masterpiece. Leola's repetwar likewise includes 'Catherine the Queen before her Judges,' 'Quality of Mercy is not Strained,' 'Death of Little Nell,' 'Death of Paul Dombey,' 'Death of the Old Year,' 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' and other standard gems suitable for ladies."

"Leola," said her mother, "recite 'When the British Warrior Queen' to the gentleman."

"No, momma, please not," said Leola, and her voice made me look at her; something of appeal sounded in it.

"Leola is that young you must excuse her," said her mother—and I thought the girl winced.

"Come away, Guy," suddenly snapped little Mrs. Jeffries. "We are wasting the gentleman's time. You are no infant prodigy, and we have no pictures of your calves to show him in the papers."

"Why, mother!" cried the boy, and he gave a brotherly look to Leola.

But the girl, scarlet and upset, now ran inside the house.

"As for wasting time, madam," said I, with indignation, "you are wasting yours in attempting to prejudice the judges."

"There!" said Guy.

"And, Mrs. Mattern," I continued, "if I may say so without offence, the age (real or imaginary) of the speakers may make a difference in Albuquerque, but with our committee not the slightest."

"Thank you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Mattern, bridling.

"Eastern ideas are ever welcome in Sharon," said Mrs. Jeffries. "Good-morning." And she removed Guy and herself into her house, while Mrs. Mattern and Arvasita, stiffly ignoring me, passed into their own door.

"Come have a drink," said Stuart to me. "I am glad you said it. Old Mother Mattern will let down those prodigy skirts. The poor girl has been ashamed of them these two years, but momma has bulldozed her into staying young for stage effect. The girl's not conceited, for a wonder, and she speaks well. It is even betting which of the two widows you have made the maddest."

Close by the saloon we were impeded by a rush of small boys. They ran before and behind us suddenly from barrels and unforeseen places, and wedging and bumping between us, they shouted: "Chicken-legs! Ah, look at the chicken-legs!"

For a sensitive moment I feared they were speaking of me; but the folding slat-doors of the saloon burst open outward, and a giant barkeeper came among the boys and caught and shook them to silence.

"You want to behave," was his single remark; and they dispersed like a Sunday-school.

I did not see why they should thus describe him. He stood and nodded to us, and jerked a big thumb towards the departing flock. "Funny how a boy will never think," said he, with amiability. "But they'll grow up to be about as good as the rest of us, I guess. Don't you let them monkey with you, Josey!" he called.

"Naw, I won't," said a voice. I turned and saw, by a barrel, a youth in knee-breeches glowering down the street at his routed enemies. He was possibly eight, and one hand was bound in a grimy rag. This was Chicken-legs.

"Did they harm you, Josey?" asked the giant.

"Naw, they didn't."

"Nor troubled your hand any?"

"Naw, they didn't."

"Well, don't you let them touch you. We'll see you through." And as we followed him in towards our drink through his folding slat-doors he continued discoursing to me, the newcomer. "I am against interfering with kids. I like to leave 'em fight and fool just as much as they see fit. Now them boys ain't malicious, but they're young, you see, they're young, and misfortune don't appeal to them. Josey lost his father last spring, and his mother died last month. Last week he played with a freight-car and left two of his fingers with it. Now you might think that was enough hardship."

"Indeed, yes," I answered.

"But the little stake he inherited was gambled away by his stinking old aunt."

"Well!" I cried.

"So we're seeing him through."

"You bet," said a citizen in boots and pistol, who was playing billiards.

"This town is not going to permit any man to fool with Josey," stated his opponent in the game.

"Or women either," added a lounger by the bar, shaggy-bearded and also with a pistol.

"Mr. Abe Hanson," said the barkeeper, presenting me to him. "Josey's father's partner. He's took the boy from the aunt and is going to see him through."

"How'r' ye?" said Mr. Hanson, hoarsely, and without enthusiasm.

"A member of the prize-awarding committee," explained Stuart, and waved a hand at me.

They all brightened up and came round me.

"Heard my boy speak?" inquired one. "Reub Gadsden's his name."

I told him I had heard no speaker thus far; and I mentioned Leola and Guy.

"Hope the boy'll give us 'The Jumping Frog' again," said one. "I near bust."

"What's the heifer speakin' this trip?" another inquired.

"Huh! Her!" said a third.

"You'll talk different, maybe, this time," retorted the other.

"Not agin 'The Jumping Frog,' he won't," the first insisted. "I near bust," he repeated.

"I'd like for you to know my boy Reub," said Mr. Gadsden to me, insinuatingly.

"Quit fixin' the judge, Al," said Leola's backer. "Reub forgets his words, an' says 'em over, an' balks, an' mires down, an' backs out, an' starts fresh, an' it's confusin' to foller him."

"I'm glad to see you take so much interest, gentlemen," said I.

"Yes, we're apt to see it through," said the barkeeper. And Stuart and I bade them a good-morning.

As we neared the school-master's house, where Stuart was next taking me, we came again upon the boys with Josey, and no barkeeper at hand to "see him through." But Josey made it needless. At the word "Chicken-legs" he flew in a limber manner upon the nearest, and knocking him immediately flat, turned with spirit upon a second and kicked him. At this they set up a screeching and fell all together, and the school-master came out of his door.

"Boys, boys!" said he. "And the Sabbath too!"

As this did not immediately affect them, Mr. Eastman made a charge, and they fled from him then. A long stocking of Josey's was torn, and hung in two streamers round his ankles; and his dangling shoe-laces were trodden to fringe.

"If you want your hand to get well for strawberry night—" began Mr. Eastman.

"Ah, bother strawberry night!" said Josey, and hopped at one of his playmates. But Mr. Eastman caught him skilfully by the collar.

"I am glad his misfortunes have not crushed him altogether," said I.

"Josey Yeatts is an anxious case, sir," returned the teacher. "Several influences threaten his welfare. Yesterday I found tobacco on him. Chewing, sir."

"Just you hurt me," said Josey, "and I'll tell Abe."

"Abe!" exclaimed Mr. Eastman, lifting his brow. "He means a man old enough to be his father, sir. I endeavour to instil him with some few notions of respect, but the town spoils him. Indulges him completely, I may say. And when Sharon's sympathies are stirred, sir, it will espouse a cause very warmly— Give me that!" broke off the school-master, and there followed a brief wrestle. "Chewing again to-day, sir," he added to me.

"Abe lemme have it," shrieked Josey. "Lemme go, or he'll come over and fix you."

But the calm, chilly Eastman had ground the tobacco under his heel. "You can understand how my hands are tied," he said to me.

"Readily," I answered.

"The men give Josey his way in everything. He has a—I may say an unworthy aunt."

"Yes," said I. "So I have gathered."

At this point Josey ducked and slid free, and the united flock vanished with jeers at us. Josey forgot they had insulted him, they forgot he had beaten them; against a common enemy was their friendship cemented.

"You spoke of Sharon's warm way of espousing causes," said I to Eastman.

"I did, sir. No one could live here long without noticing it."

"Sharon is a quiet town, but sudden," remarked Stuart. "Apt to be sudden. They're beginning about strawberry night," he said to Eastman. "Wanted to know about things down in the saloon."

"How does their taste in elocution chiefly lie?" I inquired.

Eastman smiled. He was young, totally bald, the moral dome of his skull rising white above visionary eyes and a serious auburn beard. He was clothed in a bleak, smooth, slate-gray suit, and at any climax of emphasis he lifted slightly upon his toes and relaxed again, shutting his lips tight on the finished sentence. "Your question," said he, "has often perplexed me. Sometimes they seem to prefer verse; sometimes prose stirs them greatly. We shall have a liberal crop of both this year. I am proud to tell you I have augmented our number of strawberry speakers by nearly fifty per cent."

"How many will be there?" said I.

"Eleven. You might wish some could be excused. But I let them speak to stimulate their interest in culture. Will you not take dinner with me, gentlemen? I was just sitting down when little Josey Yeatts brought me out."

We were glad to do this, and he opened another can of corned beef for us. "I can not offer you wine, sir," said he to me, "though I am aware it is a general habit in luxurious homes." And he tightened his lips.

"General habit wherever they don't prefer whiskey," said Stuart.

"I fear so," the school-master replied, smiling. "That poison shall never enter my house, gentlemen, any more than tobacco. And as I cannot reform the adults of Sharon, I am doing what I can for their children. Little Hugh Straight is going to say his 'Lochinvar' very pleasingly, Mr. Stuart. I went over it with him last night. I like them to be word perfect," he continued to me, "as failures on exhibition night elicit unfavourable comment."

"And are we to expect failures also?" I inquired.

"Reuben Gadsden is likely to mortify us. He is an earnest boy, but nervous; and one or two others. But I have limited their length. Reuben Gadsden's father declined to have his boy cut short, and he will give us a speech of Burke's; but I hope for the best. It narrows down, it narrows down. Guy Jeffries and Leola Mattern are the two."

"The parents seem to take keen interest," said I.

Mr. Eastman smiled at Stuart. "We have no reason to suppose they have changed since last year," said he. "Why, sir," he suddenly exclaimed, "if I did not feel I was doing something for the young generation here, I should leave Sharon to-morrow! One is not appreciated, not appreciated."

He spoke fervently of various local enterprises, his failures, his hopes, his achievements; and I left his house honouring him, but amazed—his heart was so wide and his head so narrow; a man who would purify with simultaneous austerity the morals of Lochinvar and of Sharon.

"About once a month," said Stuart, "I run against a new side he is blind on. Take his puzzlement as to whether they prefer verse or prose. Queer and dumb of him that, you see. Sharon does not know the difference between verse and prose."

"That's going too far," said I.

"They don't," he repeated, "when it comes to strawberry night. If the piece is about something they understand, rhymes do not help or hinder. And of course sex is apt to settle the question."

"Then I should have thought Leola——" I began.

"Not the sex of the speaker. It's the listeners. Now you take women. Women generally prefer something that will give them a good cry. We men want to laugh mostly."

"Yes," said I; "I would rather laugh myself, I think."

"You'd know you'd rather if you had to live in Sharon. The laugh is one of the big differences between women and men, and I would give you my views about it, only my Sunday-off time is up, and I've got to go to telegraphing."

"Our ways are together," said I. "I'm going back to the railroad hotel."

"There's Guy," continued Stuart. "He took the prize on 'The Jumping Frog,' spoke better than Leola, anyhow. She spoke 'The Wreck of the Hesperus.' But Guy had the back benches—that's where the men sit—pretty well useless. Guess if there had been a fire, some of the fellows would have been scorched before they'd have got strength sufficient to run out. But the ladies did not laugh much. Said they saw nothing much in jumping a frog. And if Leola had made 'em cry good and hard that night, the committee's decision would have kicked up more of a fuss than it did. As it was, Mrs. Mattern got me alone; but I worked us around to where Mrs. Jeffries was having her ice-cream, and I left them to argue it out."

"Let us adhere to that policy," I said to Stuart; and he replied nothing, but into the corner of his eye wandered that lurking smile which revealed that life brought him compensations.

He went to telegraphing, and I to revery

concerning strawberry night. I found myself wishing now that there could have been two prizes; I desired both Leola and Guy to be happy; and presently I found the matter would be very close, so far at least as my judgment went. For boy and girl both brought me their selections, begging I would coach them, and this I had plenty of leisure to do. I preferred Guy's choice —the story of that blue-jay who dropped nuts through the hole in a roof, expecting to fill it, and his friends came to look on and discovered the hole went into the entire house. It is better even than "The Jumping Frog"—better than anything, I think—and young Guy told it well. But Leola brought a potent rival on the tearful side of things. "The Death of Paul Dombey" is plated pathos, not wholly sterling; but Sharon could not know this; and while Leola most prettily recited it to me I would lose my recent opinion in favour of Guy, and acknowledge the value of her performance. Guy might have the men strong for him, but this time the women were going to cry. I got also a certain other sort of entertainment out of the competing mothers. Mrs. Jeffries and Mrs. Mattern had a way of being in the hotel office at hours when I passed through to meals. They never came together, and always were taken by surprise at meeting me.

"Leola is ever so grateful to you," Mrs. Mattern would say.

"Oh," I would answer, "do not speak of it. Have you ever heard Guy's 'Blue-Jay' story?"

"Well, if it's anything like that frog business, I don't want to." And the lady would leave me.

"Guy tells me you are helping him so kindly," said Mrs. Jeffries.

"Oh yes, I'm severe," I answered, brightly. "I let nothing pass. I only wish I was as careful with Leola. But as soon as she begins 'Paul had never risen from his little bed,' I just lose myself listening to her."

On the whole, there were also compensations for me in these mothers, and I thought it as well to secure them in advance.

When the train arrived from El Paso, and I saw our strawberries and our ice-cream taken out, I felt the hour to be at hand, and that whatever our decision, no bias could be laid to me. According to his prudent habit, Eastman had the speakers follow each other alphabetically. This happened to place Leola after Guy, and perhaps might give her the last word, as it were, with the people; but our committee was there, and superior to such accidents. The flags and the bunting hung gay around the draped stage. While the audience rustled or resoundingly trod to its chairs, and seated neighbours conferred solemnly together over the program, Stuart, behind the bunting, played "Silver Threads among the Gold" upon a melodeon.

"Pretty good, this," he said to me, pumping his feet.

"What?" I said.

"Tune. Sharon is for free silver."

"Do you think they will catch your allusion?" I asked him.

"No. But I have a way of enjoying a thing by myself." And he pumped away, playing with tasteful variations until the hall was full and the singing-class assembled in gloves and ribbons.

They opened the ceremonies for us by rendering "Sweet and Low" very happily; and I trusted it was an omen.

Sharon was hearty, and we had "Sweet and Low" twice. Then the speaking began, and the speakers were welcomed, coming and going, with mild and friendly demonstrations. Nothing that one would especially mark went wrong until Reuben Gadsden. He strode to the middle of the boards, and they creaked beneath his tread. He stood a moment in large glittering boots and with hair flat and prominently watered. As he straightened from his bow his suspender-buttons came into view, and remained so for some singular internal reason, while he sent his right-hand down into the nearest pocket and began his oratory:

"It is sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France," he said, impressively, and stopped.

We waited, and presently he resumed:

"It is sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France." He took the right-hand out and put the left-hand in.

"It is sixteen or seventeen years," said he, and stared frowning at his boots.

I found the silence was getting on my nerves. I felt as if it were myself who was drifting to idiocy, and tremulous empty sensations began to occur in my stomach. Had I been able to recall the next sentence, I should have prompted him.

"It is sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France," said the orator, rapidly.

And down deep back among the men came a voice, "Well, I guess it must be, Reub."

This snapped the tension. I saw Reuben's

boots march away; Mr. Eastman came from behind the bunting and spoke (I suppose) words of protest. I could not hear them, but in a minute, or perhaps two, we grew calm, and the speaking continued.

There was no question what they thought of Guy and Leola. He conquered the back of the room. They called his name, they blessed him with endearing audible oaths, and even the ladies smiled at his pleasant, honest face—the ladies, except Mrs. Mattern. She sat near Mrs. Jeffries, and throughout Guy's "Blue-Jay" fanned herself, exhibiting a well-sustained inattention. She might have foreseen that Mrs. Jeffries would have her turn. When the "Death of Paul Dombey" came, and handkerchiefs began to twinkle out among the audience, and various noises of grief were rising around us, and the men themselves murmured in sympathy, Mrs. Jeffries not only preserved a suppressed-hilarity countenance but managed to cough twice with a cough that visibly bit into Mrs. Mattern's soul.

But Leola's appealing cadences moved me also. When Paul was dead, she made her pretty little bow, and we sat spellbound, then gave her applause surpassing Guy's. Unexpectedly I found embarrassment of choice dazing me, and I sat without attending to the later speakers. Was not successful humour more difficult than pathos? Were not tears more cheaply raised than laughter? Yet, on the other hand, Guy had one prize, and where merit was so even—I sat, I say, forgetful of the rest of the speakers, when suddenly I was aware of louder shouts of welcome, and I awaked to Josey Yeatts bowing at us.

"Spit it out, Josey!" a large encouraging voice was crying in the back of the hall. "We'll see you through."

"Don't be scared, Josey!" yelled another.

Then Josey opened his mouth and rhythmically rattled the following:

> "I love little pussy her coat is so warm
> And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm
> I'll sit by the fi-yer and give her some food
> And pussy will love me because I am good."

That was all. It had come without falter or pause, even for breath. Josey stood, and the room rose to him.

"Again! again!" they roared. "He ain't a bit scared!" "Go it, Josey!" "You don't forgit yer piece!" And a great deal more, while they pounded with their boots.

"I love little pussy,"

began Josey.

"Poor darling!" said a lady next me. "No mother."

"I'll sit by the fi-yer,"

Josey was continuing. But nobody heard him finish. The room was a babel.

"Look at his little hand!" "Only three fingers inside them rags!" "Nobody to mend his clothes any more." They all talked to each other, and clapped and cheered, while Josey stood, one leg slightly advanced and proudly stiff, somewhat after the manner of those military engravings where some general is seen erect upon an eminence at the moment of victory.

Mr. Eastman again appeared from the bunting, and was telling us, I have no doubt, something of importance; but the giant barkeeper now shouted above the din, "Who says Josey Yeatts ain't the speaker for this night?"

At that striking of the common chord I saw them heave, promiscuous and unanimous, up the steps to the stage. Josey was set upon Abe Hanson's shoulder, while ladies wept around him. What the literary committee might have done I do not know, for we had not the time even to resign. Guy and Leola now appeared, bearing the prize between them—a picture of Washington handing the Bible out of the clouds to Abraham Lincoln—and very immediately I found myself part of a procession. Men and women we were, marching about Sharon. The barkeeper led; four of Sharon's fathers followed him, escorting Josey borne aloft on Abe Hanson's shoulder, and rigid and military in his bearing. Leola and Guy followed with the picture; Stuart walked with me, whistling melodies of the war—"Dixie" and others. Eastman was not with us. When the ladies found themselves conducted to the saloon, they discreetly withdrew back to the entertainment we had broken out from. Josey saw them go, and shrilly spoke his first word:

"Ain't I going to have any ice-cream?"

This presently caused us to return to the ladies, and we finished the evening with entire unity of sentiment. Eastman alone took the incident to heart; inquired how he was to accomplish anything with hands tied, and murmured his constant burden once more: "One is not appreciated, not appreciated."

I do not stop over in Sharon any more. My ranch friend, whose presence there brought me to visit him, is gone away. But such was my virgin experience of the place; and in later days fate led me to be concerned with two more local competi-

tions—one military and one civil—which greatly stirred the population. So that I never pass Sharon on my long travels without affectionately surveying the sandy, quivering, bleached town, unshaded by its twinkling forest of wind-wheels. Surely the heart always remembers a spot where it has been merry! And one thing I should like to know—shall know, perhaps; what sort of citizen in our republic Josey will grow to be. For whom will he vote? May he not himself come to sit in Washington and make laws for us? Universal suffrage holds so many possibilities.

The Good-Morrow

By

JOHN DONNE

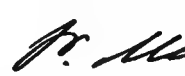
I WONDER by my troth, what thou, and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the Seaven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking soules,
Which watch not one another out of feare;
For love, all love of other sights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
Where can we finde two better hemispheares
Without sharpe North, without declining West?
What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

The Taking of the Redoubt

By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE



Translated by Emily Mary Waller and Mary Helena Dey

A MILITARY friend of mine, who died of fever in Greece some years ago, related to me one day the story of the first engagement in which he had taken part. His narrative was so striking that I wrote it down from memory as soon as I had an opportunity. It is as follows:

On the evening of the fourth of September I rejoined my regiment. I found the colonel in bivouac. At first he received me rather coolly, but, after having read General B——'s letter of recommendation, his manner changed, and he said a few kind words.

He introduced me to my captain, who had just returned from a reconnoitering expedition. This captain, whose acquaintance I had scarcely the time to make, was a tall, dark man, with a severe and forbidding expression. He had been a common soldier, and had won his commission and the cross on the battlefield. His voice was weak and hoarse, and contrasted strangely with his almost gigantic height. I was told that this strange voice was due to a ball which had pierced him through at the Battle of Jéna.

On hearing that I came from the school at Fontainebleau he shrugged his shoulders and said, "My lieutenant died yesterday." I understood that he meant to imply, "You are intended to take his place, and you are not up to it." A cutting reply rose to my lips, but I restrained myself.

Behind Fort Cheverino, which stood about two gunshots off our bivouac, rose the moon. It was large and red as it usually is when rising. But this evening it seemed to me to have an unusual splendour. For an instant the fort stood outlined in black against the shining orb, which looked like the cone of a volcano during eruption. An old soldier, near whom I was standing, remarked on the moon's colour.

"How very red it is!" he said; "it is a sign that it will cost much to take this precious fort."

I was always superstitious, and this omen, above all at such a moment, impressed me greatly. I laid myself down, but could not sleep. I got up and walked about for some time, watching the long lines of fire scattered over the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When I thought the fresh, sharp night air had sufficiently quickened my blood, I returned to the fire. I wrapped myself carefully in my cloak and closed my eyes, thinking not to open them before the morning. But sleep obstinately evaded me. Gradually my thoughts took a melancholy hue. I told myself I had not one friend amongst the hundred thousand men who covered that plain. If I were wounded I should go to the hospital, there to be treated without consideration by ignorant surgeons. All I had heard of surgical operations returned to my memory. My heart beat fast, and instinctively I arranged my handkerchief and pocket-book over my breast as a kind of cuirass. I was overcome with weariness, and I became more drowsy each moment, but at each moment some dark thought sprang up with greater force and woke me into a start.

Nevertheless weariness overcame me, and, when the reveille sounded, I was fast asleep. We fell into our ranks; the roll was called; then we piled arms again, and everything suggested that we were going to pass a quiet day.

About three o'clock an aide-de-camp arrived, bearing a dispatch, and we were ordered to shoulder arms. Our skirmishers scattered themselves over the plain; we followed them slowly, and in about twenty minutes' time we saw all the outposts of the Russians fall back and re-enter the fort.

One battery of artillery was on our right, another on our left, but both were well in

advance of us. They opened a sharp fire on the enemy, who answered briskly; and very soon the fort of Cheverino was hidden under thick clouds of smoke.

Our regiment was almost protected from the Russian fire by a ridge of earth. Since they aimed rather at our artillery than at us, their balls passed over our heads, or at the most cast earth and small stone at us.

The moment the order to advance was given us my captain looked at me so closely that I felt impelled to stroke my budding moustache two or three times with as nonchalant an air as possible. In fact, I had no fear; my only dread was that people might think me afraid. Furthermore, these inoffensive shots contributed to keep me in a calm state of mind. My vanity told me that I was really in danger, being at last under battery fire. I was delighted to find myself so cool, and I dreamed of the pleasure of relating in the drawing-room of Madame B——, Rue de Provence, the story of the taking of the fort at Cheverino.

The colonel rode past our company and said to me, "Well, you are going to get it hot at your first battle."

I smiled with a truly military air, at the same time brushing from my sleeve some dust which a ball thirty paces off had thrown up.

It was evident that the Russians had noticed the miscarriage of their balls, for they replaced them by shells which could more easily reach us in the hollow where we were posted. One that burst near by knocked off my cap and killed a man close to me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain to me, as I picked up my cap. "Now you are safe for the day."

I was acquainted with the soldier's superstition that the axiom *non bis in idem* holds good as much on the battlefield as in the court of justice. I replaced my cap jauntily.

"That's a free and easy kind of greeting," I replied as jovially as possible. This poor joke seemed excellent under the circumstances.

"You are lucky," said the captain; "you need not fear anything more, and you will command a company to-night. I know very well that a bullet for me will find its billet to-day. Each time I have been wounded the officer next to me has been grazed by a spent bullet, and," he added in a lower and half-ashamed tone, "their names always began with a P."

I took courage; most people would have done the same; most people would have been equally struck with such prophetic words. Conscript as I was, I did not think I could confide my feelings to anybody. I thought I ought always to appear cool and brave.

About half an hour after, the fire of the Russians slackened considerably; then we sallied out of our cover to storm the fort.

Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second was ordered to outflank the fort from the side of the gorge; the other two were to make the assault. I was in the third battalion.

Coming out from behind the buttress which had protected us, we were greeted by several rounds of fire, which did but little harm in our ranks. The whistling of the balls startled me: I kept looking round, thus bringing upon myself joking remarks from my more seasoned comrades.

"Upon the whole," I said, "a battle is not so very dreadful."

We advanced at the double, preceded by our sharpshooters; suddenly the Russians gave three cheers, three distinct hurrahs, then they stopped firing and became silent.

"I do not like that silence," said my captain; "it bodes no good to us."

I thought our men were a little too noisy, and I could not help inwardly contrasting their tumultuous clamour with the impressive silence of the enemy.

We quickly reached the outskirts of the fort, where the palisades had been broken and the earth thrown up by our balls. The soldiers leapt upon this newly broken ground with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" more loudly than one could have thought possible from men who had already shouted so much.

I raised my eyes, and never shall I forget the spectacle before me. Most of the smoke had risen, and was hanging like a canopy about twenty feet above the fort. Through the blue haze I could see the Russian Grenadiers, with arms fixed, like motionless statues, behind their half-destroyed parapet. I can see now each soldier, his left eye fixed on us, his right hidden by his raised gun. In an embrasure a few feet from us a man was holding a lighted fuse to a cannon.

I shuddered, and I thought my last hour had come.

"Now the fun begins," cried my captain. "Here goes!"

These were the last words I heard him speak.

A roll of drums sounded in the fort. I saw all the muskets levelled. I closed my eyes, and heard an appalling uproar, fol-

lowed by shrieks and groans. I opened my eyes, surprised to find myself still alive. The fort was again wrapped in smoke. I was surrounded with wounded and dying. My captain lay stretched at my feet: his head had been smashed by a ball, and I was covered with his brains and blood. Out of all my company there were only six men and myself left standing.

A moment of stupor followed this carnage. The colonel, putting his hat on the end of his sword, was the first to climb the parapet, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" He was soon followed by all the survivors. I cannot remember clearly what followed. I do not know how we entered the fort. We fought hand to hand in such a dense smoke that we could not see. I suppose I hit, for I found my saber covered with blood. At last I heard the shout "Victory!" and, the smoke clearing away, I saw the ground of the fort covered with blood and corpses. The guns especially were buried under heaps of dead. Scattered about in disorder stood about two hundred men in French uniform: some were loading their pieces, others wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

The colonel was lying covered with blood on a broken ammunition box near the gorge. Several soldiers crowded round him. I joined them.

"Where is the senior captain?" he asked one of the sergeants.

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders in a significant way.

"And the senior lieutenant?"

"Here is the gentleman who came yesterday," said the sergeant in a perfectly calm voice.

The colonel smiled bitterly.

"Well, monsieur, you are commander-in-chief," said he to me. "Have the gorge of the fort fortified at once with these wagons. The enemy is in force, but General C—— is coming to support you."

"Colonel," I said to him, "you are badly wounded."

"A fig for that, my lad. We have taken the redoubt!"

The King of Yvetot—By PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER

Version by W. M. Thackeray

THERE was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

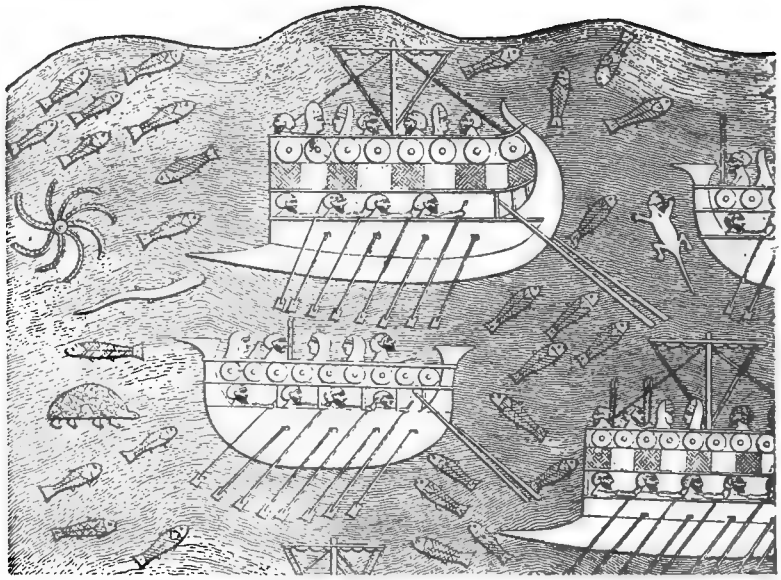
If e'er he went into excess,
'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish!—must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

Neither by force nor false pretence,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)—
"Live and let live," his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by,
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he;
And, step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

To all the ladies of the land,
A courteous king, and kind, was he—
The reason why, you'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.
Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing ha, ha, ha! and he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me.



PHŒNICIAN SHIPS ABOUT 700 B. C.

Warships with rams, and merchant vessels. From a relief in the palace of Konyunjik, built by Sennacherib

When Trade Was Young and Romantic

[There's plenty of romance in trade still—for those who can see it. But looking back at the beginnings of man the merchant, the trade lies in the romance as a fly in amber. These are just a few glimpses of those thirty centuries before Christ when (at the behest of kings, or the equally urgent command of gain) eager merchants were buzzing about the eastern Mediterranean lands—while occasionally a bolder spirit darted off into the unknown like a bee gathering honey. And to-day, if the papyrus of Rameses' proud narrative were for sale in London, a New York collector could sit in his library and telephone across the ocean to his English agent, giving him instructions for its purchase!]

CARGOES

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays. JOHN MASEFIELD.

The First Recorded Trading Expedition

[*The first voyage to Punt (The "Land of Spirits," "The God's Land"—apparently Somali Land), of which the barest fragmentary record remains, was sent by Sahure, Fifth Dynasty, 2750-2625 B. C.: about the time the Sphinx was sculptured. The following is the first complete record in writing of the Egyptian kings' expeditions to Punt for merchandise, etc. It was dispatched by Queen Hatshepsut, the wife of Thutmose III, of the Eighteenth Dynasty, 1501-1447 B. C. The record of this expedition is found carved in relief in the temple of Der-el-Bahri: a picture of "two vessels heavily laden with myrrh trees, sacks of myrrh, ivory, woods, apes; on shore and ascending the gang-planks, men carrying sacks and trees." Over the vessels the following words are inscribed:*]

The loading of the ships very heavily with marvels of the country of Punt; all goodly fragrant woods of God's-Land, heaps of myrrh-resin, with fresh myrrh trees, with ebony and pure ivory, with green gold of Emu, with cinnamon wood, khesyt wood, with ihmut-incense, sonter-incense, eye-cosmetic; with apes, monkeys, dogs, and with skins of the southern panther, with natives and their children. Never was brought the like of this for any king who has been since the beginning. (J. H. Breasted).

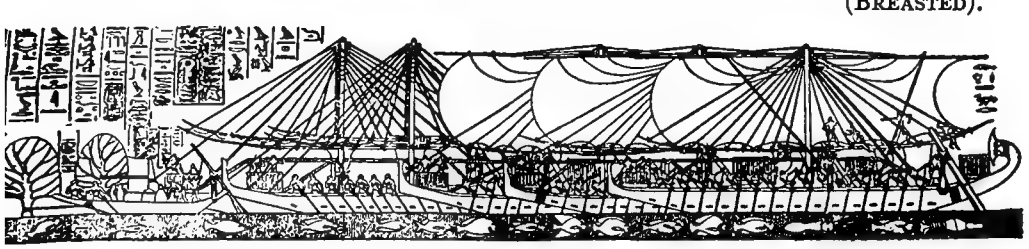
Concerning the God's Land, or Punt

All that could be recalled of this country was summed up in the facts, that it lay to the south or to the extreme east, that from thence many of the gods had come into Egypt, while from out of it the sun rose anew every morning. (Maspero.)

Two Centuries before Solomon Got Gold from Ophir

[*Rameses is addressing "the princes and leaders of the land, the infantry and the chariotry, the numerous archers, and all the citizens of the land of Egypt." This address is transcribed from the Harris Papyrus, the longest papyrus extant (133 feet.) It was compiled at the death of Rameses III by his son. It was found by the natives at Thebes in 1855, and offered for sale to Mr. A. C. Harris, who purchased it and gave it to the British Museum.*]

I hewed great galleys with barges before them, manned with numerous crews, and attendants in great number; their captains of marines were with them, with inspectors and petty officers, to command them. They were laden with the products of Egypt without number, being in every number like ten-thousands. They were sent forth into the great sea of the inverted water (*Red Sea and Indian Ocean*), they arrived at the countries of Punt, no mishap overtook them, safe and bearing terror. The galleys and the barges were laden with the products of God's-Land, consisting of all the strange marvels of their country: plentiful myrrh of Punt, laden by ten-thousands without number. Their chief's children of God's-Land went before their tribute advancing to Egypt. They arrived in safety at the highland of Coptos (*at the end of Red Sea, where barges were unloaded, land transport to the Nile began*); they landed in safety, bearing the things which they brought. They were loaded, on the land journey, upon asses and upon men; and loaded into vessels upon the Nile, at the haven of Coptos. They were sent forward down-stream, and arrived mid festivity, and brought some of the tribute into the royal presence like marvels. Their chief's children were in adoration before me, kissing the earth, prostrate before me. I gave them to all the gods of this land, to satisfy the two serpent-goddesses every morning.
(Breasted).



The Egyptian Fleet Leaving for Punt

From a relief in the Der-el-Bahri Temple

Where Some of Solomon's Glory Came From

And king Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom.

And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon.

And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to king Solomon.

And when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon, concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions.

And she came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones; . . . there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon.

And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug trees, and precious stones.

And the king made of the almug trees pillars for the house of the Lord, and for the king's house, harps also and psalteries for singers: there came no such almug trees, nor were seen unto this day.

And king Solomon gave unto the queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, besides that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty: so she turned, and went to her own country, she and her servants.

Now the weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred threescore and six talents* . . . .

Once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks. I Kings.

They Called it "Black-mail" 2,500 Years Later in Scotland

Historians have been at a loss to know what Solomon could give in exchange for the gold of Ophir and the costly gifts of the Queen of Sheba. Mr. K. T. Frost (*Expos.-Times*, Jan. 1905) shows that by his command of the trade routes Solomon was able to balance Phœnicians and Sabæans against each other, and that his Ophir gold would be paid for by trade facilities and protection of caravans. Robert A. S. Macallister (*Britannica*).

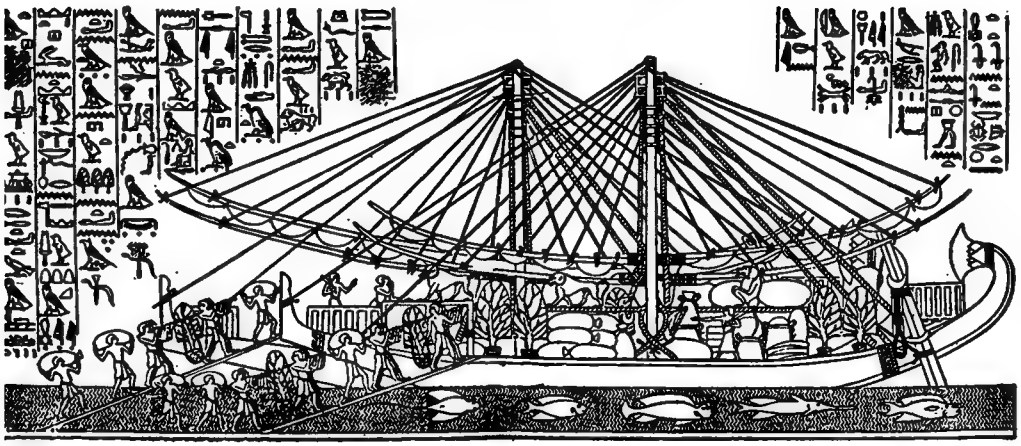
Trade Winds that Blew to Discovery

The Phœnicians in ancient times undertook frequent voyages by sea, in way of traffic as merchants, so that they planted many colonies both in Africa and in these western parts of Europe. These merchants succeeding in their undertaking, and thereupon growing very rich, passed at length beyond the Pillars of Hercules, into the sea called the ocean. . . . The Phœnicians therefore . . . having found out the coasts beyond the Pillars, and sailing along by the shore of Africa, were on a sudden driven by a furious storm afar off into the main ocean; and after they had lain under this violent tempest for many days, they at length arrived at this island. . . .

Now we shall speak of something of the tin that is dug and gotten there. They that inhabit the British promontory of Belerium, by reason of their converse with merchants, are more civilized and courteous to strangers than the rest are. These are the people that make the tin, which with a great deal of care and labour they dig out of the ground . . .; then they beat it into four-square pieces like to a dye, and carry it to a British isle near at hand, called Ictis. For at low tide, all being dry between them and the island, they convey over in carts abundance of tin in the mean time. . . . Hence the merchants transport the tin they buy of the inhabitants to France; and for thirty days' journey they carry it in packs upon horses' backs through France, to the mouth of the river Rhone.

Diodorus Siculus.

*About three tons.



CARRYING MYRRH TREES ON BOARD QUEEN HATSHEPSUT'S SHIPS

From a relief in the Der-el-Bahri Temple, showing the Voyage to Punt

"A MERCHANT OF THE PEOPLE FOR MANY ISLES"

The word of the Lord came again unto me, saying,

Now, thou son of man, take up a lamentation for Tyrus;

And say unto Tyrus, O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles, Thus saith the Lord God; O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty.

Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. . . .

Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee.

The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were thy mariners: thy wise men, O Tyrus, that were in thee, were thy pilots.

The ancients of Gebal and the wise men thereof were in thee thy calkers: all the ships of the sea with their mariners were in thee to occupy thy merchandise. . . .

Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs. . . .

The men of Dedan were thy merchants; many isles were the merchandise of thine hand: they brought thee for a present horns of ivory and ebony.

Syria was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of the wares of thy making: they occupied in thy fairs with emeralds, purple, and broidered work, and fine linen, and coral, and agate.

Judah, and the land of Israel, they were thy merchants: they traded in thy market wheat of Minnith, and Pannag, and honey, and oil, and balm.

Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helbon, and white wool. . . .

These were thy merchants in all sorts of things, in blue clothes, and broidered work, and in chests of rich apparel, bound with cords, and made of cedar, among thy merchandise.

The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market: and thou wast replenished, and made very glorious in the midst of the seas. EZEKIEL.

A METHOD STILL FOUND IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS

The Carthaginians further say that beyond the Pillars of Hercules there is a region of Libya, and men who inhabit it; when they arrive among these people and have unloaded their merchandise, they set it in order on the shore, go on board their ships, and make a great smoke; that the inhabitants, seeing the smoke, come down to the sea, and then deposit gold in exchange for the merchandise, and withdraw to some distance from the

merchandise; that the Carthaginians, then going ashore, examine the gold, and if the quantity seems sufficient for the merchandise, they take it up and sail away; but if it is not sufficient, they go on board their ships again and wait; the natives then approach and deposit more gold, until they have satisfied them; neither part ever wrongs the other; for they do not touch the gold before it is made adequate to the value of the merchandise, nor do the natives touch the merchandise before the other party has taken the gold.

HERODOTUS.

SCOUTING FOR COLONIAL COMMERCE, 500 B. C.

[The date of Hanno's "Periplus" is variously conceived to be anywhere from 570 to 470 B.C. The name Hanno was very common in Carthage, but it seems to be generally agreed that this one was either the father or the son of the Hamilcar who led the great Carthaginian expedition to Sicily in 480 B. C.

Concerning the "gorillas," A. H. Keane says: "The hirsuteness and dwarfish size (of the African Pygmies) were already noticed two thousand five hundred years ago by the Carthaginian Admiral, Hanno, to whom we owe the term gorilla applied by him, not to the anthropoid ape so named by Du Chaillu, but to certain hairy little people seen by him on the west coast—probably the ancestors of the dwarfs still surviving in the Ogoway district."

The "Periplus" consists of eighteen short paragraphs describing the outward journey. The distance from the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) to their turning point (the Horn of the South, or the modern Sherboro Sound in the British colony of Sierra Leone) is about 2,600 miles. The original document was hung up in the Temple of Baal (or Saturn) in Carthage, and was apparently copied by an unknown Greek traveler.]

THE VOYAGE OF HANNO

To the Libyan regions of the earth beyond the Pillars of Hercules, which he dedicated also in the Temple of Baal, affixing this,

It pleased the Carthaginians that Hanno should voyage outside the Pillars of Hercules, and found cities of the Libyphœnicians. And he set forth with sixty ships of fifty oars, and a multitude of men and women, to the number of thirty thousand, and with wheat and other provisions.

After passing through the Pillars we went on and sailed for two days' journey beyond, where we founded the first city, which we called Thymiaterium; it lay in the midst of a great plain.

Sailing thence toward the west we came to Solois, a promontory of Libya, bristling with trees.

Having set up an altar here to Neptune, we proceeded again, going toward the east for half the day, until we reached a marsh lying no great way from the sea, thickly grown with tall reeds. Here also were elephants and other wild beasts feeding, in great numbers.

Going beyond the marsh a day's journey, we settled cities by the sea, which we called Caricus Murus, Gytta, Acra, Melitta, and Arambys.

Sailing thence we came to the Lixus, a great river flowing from Libya. By it a wandering people, the Lixitæ, were pasturing their flocks; with whom we remained some time, becoming friends.

Above these folk lived unfriendly Æthiopians, dwelling in a land full of wild beasts, and shut off by great mountains, from which they say the Lixus flows, and on the mountains live men of various shapes, cave-dwellers, who, so the Lixitæ say, are fleeter of foot than horses.

Taking interpreters from them, we sailed twelve days toward the south along a desert, turning thence toward the east one day's sail. There, within the recess of a bay we found a small island, and called it Cerne. From our journey we judged it to be situated opposite Carthage; for the voyage from Carthage to the Pillars and thence to Cerne was the same.

Thence, sailing by a great river whose name was Chretes, we came to a lake, which had three islands, larger than Cerne. Running a day's sail beyond these, we came to the end of the lake, above which rose great mountains, peopled by savage men wearing skins of wild beasts, who threw stones at us and prevented us from landing from our ships.

Sailing thence, we came to another river, very great and broad, which was full of crocodiles and hippopotami. And then we turned about and went back to Cerne.

Thence we sailed toward the south twelve days, following the shore, which was peopled by Æthiopians who fled from us and would not wait. And their speech the Lixitæ who were with us could not understand.

But on the last day we came to great wooded mountains. The wood of the trees was fragrant, and of various kinds.

Sailing around these mountains for two days, we came to an immense opening of the sea, from either side of which there was level ground inland; from which at night we saw fire leaping up on every side at intervals, now greater, now less.

Having taken in water there, we sailed along the shore for five days, until we came to a great bay, which our interpreters said was called Horn of the West. In it there was a large island, and within the island a lake of the sea, in which there was another island. Landing there during the day, we saw nothing but forests, but by night many burning fires, and we heard the sound of pipes and cymbals, and the noise of drums and a great uproar. Then fear possessed us, and the sooth-sayers commanded us to leave the island.

And then quickly sailing forth, we passed by a burning country full of fragrance, from which great torrents of fire flowed down to the sea. But the land could not be come at for the heat.

And we sailed along with full speed, being stricken by fear. After a journey of four days, we saw the land at night covered with flames. And in the midst there was one lofty fire, greater than the rest, which seemed to touch the stars. By day this was seen to be a very high mountain, called Chariot of the Gods.

Thence, sailing along by the fiery torrents for three days, we came to a bay, called Horn of the South.

In the recess of this bay there was an island, like the former one, having a lake, in which there was another island, full of savage men. There were women, too, in even greater number. They had hairy bodies, and the interpreters called them *Gorillae*. When we pursued them we were unable to take any of the men; for they all escaped, by climbing the steep places and defending themselves with stones; but we took three of the women, who bit and scratched their leaders, and would not follow us. So we killed them and flayed them, and brought their skins to Carthage. For we did not voyage further, provisions failing us. [Wilfred H. Schoff.]

Trade Secrets Worth a Shipwreck

Among the fascinating books that have never been written (and they are still the most fascinating of all) I think my favourite is Professor So-and-So's *History of Trade-Routes from the Earliest Times*, a magnificent treatise, incomplete in three volumes. . . .

For a few examples—Who, hearing that British oysters, from Richborough, were served at Roman dinner-parties under the Empire, does not want to know how that long journey was contrived for them and how they were kept alive on the road? Or take the secret of the famous purple that was used to dye the Emperor's robe. As Browning asked, "Who fished the murex up?" How did it reach the dyeing-vat? What was the process? Was the trade a monopoly? Again, you remember that navy of Tarshish, which came once in three years bringing Solomon gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks. Who would not wish to read one of its bills of lading, to construct a picture of the quays as the vessels freighted or discharged their cargo? As who would not eagerly read a description of that lumberer's camp on Lebanon to which Solomon sent ten thousand men a month by courses: "a month they were in Lebanon and two months at home, and Adoniram was over the levy"? The conditions, you see, must have been hard, as the *corvée* was enormous. What truth, if any, underlies the legend that when Solomon died they embalmed and robed him and stood the corpse high on the unfinished wall that, under their great taskmaster's eye, the workmen should work and not "slack" (as we say)? What a clerk-of-the-works!

Yet again—Where lay the famous tin-islands, the Cassiterides? How were the great ingots of Cornish tin delivered down to the coast and shipped on to Marseilles, Carthage, Tyre? We know that they were shaped pannier-wise, and carried by ponies. But where was the island of Ictis, where the ships received them? . . .

For what other hidden port of trade was that Phœnician skipper bound who, held in chase off the Land's End by a Roman galley and desperate of cheating her, deliberately (tradition tells) drove his ship ashore to save his merchant's secret?

. . . What commerce followed the cutting of Rome's great military roads?—that tremendous one, for instance, hewn along the cliffs close over the rapids that swirl through the Iron Gates of the Danube. By what caravan tracks, through what depots, did the great slave traffic wind up out of Africa and reach the mart at Constantinople? To come a little later, how did the Crusaders handle transport and commissariat? Through and along what line of *entrepôts* did Venice, Genoa, Seville ply their immense ventures? Who planted the vineyards of Bordeaux, Madeira, the Rhine-land, and from what stocks? Who, and what sort of man opened an aloe market in Socotra? Why, and on what instance, and how, did England and Flanders come to supply Europe, the one with wool, the other with fine linen and naperies? SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

THE DRIVE OF COMMERCE

We can not comprehend what it was to them to whom the tideless sunny Mediterranean was "The Great Sea," about which they groped cautiously from one rocky headland to another in fine weather, and laid up in harbour for the winter; to whom the Pillars of Hercules were the western boundary of the world, beyond which the weird ocean with its great tides and mountain-waves stretched without limit toward the sunset; we can not comprehend the heroic daring of the men who, in those little ships, without compass, came from the easternmost shores of the Great Sea, ventured through its western portal into this outer waste, and steered boldly northwards toward the unknown regions of ice and darkness. EDWARD L. CUTTS.

A FIRST-CENTURY TRADE VOYAGE AROUND THE RED SEA

There are imported into these places (*the coast country of the Red Sea, subject to Abyssinia*), undressed cloth made in Egypt for the Berbers; robes from Arcinoe; cloaks of poor quality dyed in colours; double-fringed linen mantles; many articles of flint-glass, and others of murrhine, made in Diospolis; and brass, which is used for ornament and in cut pieces instead of coin; sheets of soft copper, used for cooking-utensils and cut up for bracelets and anklets for the women; iron, which is made into spears used against the elephants and other wild beasts, and in their wars. Besides these, small axes are imported, and adzes and swords; copper drinking-cups, round and large; a little coin for those coming to the market; wine of Laodicea and Italy, not much; olive oil, not much; for the king, gold and silver plate made after the fashion of the country, and for clothing, military cloaks, and thin coats of skin, of no great value. Likewise from the district of Ariaca across the sea, there are imported Indian iron, and steel, and Indian cotton cloth; the broad cloth called *monache* and that called *sagmatogene*, and girdles, and coats of skin and mallow-coloured cloth, and a few muslins, and coloured lac. There are exported from these places ivory, and tortoise-shell and rhinoceros-horn. The most from Egypt is brought to this market from the month of January to September, that is, from Tybi to Thoth; but seasonably they put to sea about the month of September.

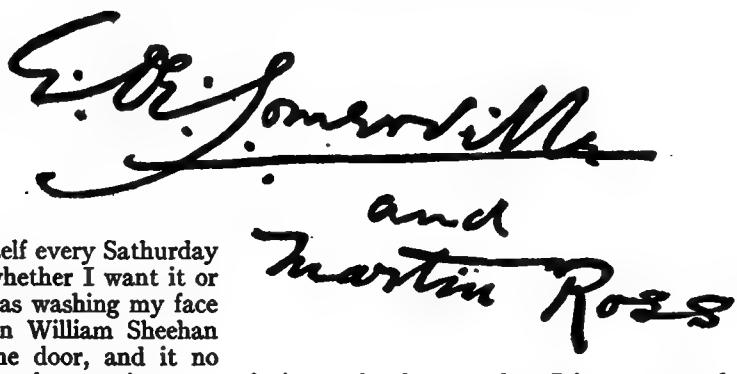
Directly below this place is the adjoining country of Arabia, in its length bordering a great distance on the Erythræan Sea. Different tribes inhabit the country, differing in their speech, some partially, and some altogether. The land next the sea is similarly dotted here and there with caves of the Fish-Eaters, but the country inland is peopled by rascally men speaking two languages, who live in villages and nomadic camps, by whom those sailing off the middle course are plundered, and those surviving shipwrecks are taken for slaves. And so they too are continually taken prisoners by the chiefs and kings of Arabia; and they are called Carnaites. Navigation is dangerous along this whole coast of Arabia, which is without harbours, with bad anchorages, foul, inaccessible because of breakers and rocks, and terrible in every way. Therefore we hold our course down the middle of the gulf and pass on as fast as possible by the country of Arabia until we come to the Burnt Island; directly below which there are regions of peaceful people, nomadic, pasturers of cattle, sheep and camels.

The regions beyond these places (Sikkim, etc.) are either difficult of access because of their excessive winters and great cold, or else can not be sought out because of some divine influence of the gods. *The "Periplus" of Hanno.* (SCHOFF.)

(*To be Continued*)

A Patrick's Day Hunt

By EDITH Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS



I WASH meself every Sathurday morning, whether I want it or no, and 'twas washing my face I was when William Sheehan came in the door, and it no more than ten o'clock in the morning.

That's the way I remember 'twas a Sathurday, and Pathrick's Day was Monday.

"God bless the work!" says he.

"You too," says I.

"Would ye lend me the loan of a harness," says he, "to drive Anne Roche"—(that's his wife)—"to town on Pathrick's Day?"

The dear knows, says I to meself, if I walked two mile asking a harness it isn't to drive that one I'd ask it!

"I will to be sure," says I, "and welcome, but is it to town you're going on Pathrick's Day in place of going to Kyleranny? Sure you know yourself there's the fun of Cork in Kyleranny when the Hunt's in it on a Holy-day!"

"I believe so indeed," says he.

"Faith, you do believe it," says I. "D'ye remember one time," I says, "when the Hunt was in it, Stephen's Day it was, you comin' down Knockranny Hill hoppin' a quarther of a mile on your one leg, and the other foot fasht in the stirrup, and the owld mare you had that time throttin' on always. The Smith said it was the pleasantest thing ever he seen!"

"God be with the owld days!" says William, "that was long ago times, before I was married," says he.

"Thrue for you!" says I.

"Will ye lend me the harness?" says he to me again.

"Come here now, William," says I, "you an' me is friends this many a year. There isn't one in the counthry I have as much wish for as yourself. The Divil sweep ye!" says I. "Sure it's follying the Hunt you should be, in place of goin' drivin' a side-car to town like a servant boy!" says I, "and you that was caring a puppy all the winter for the Hunt, the same as meself!"

"Ah, that was the grand pup!" says he. "'Twas a pity he died, and God knows," says he, "I dunno in the world what killed him, if it wasn't a bottle of varnish he dhrank one morning."

Faith, says I to meself, it's aisy known what killed the poor pup. It isn't long ourselves'd live if we didn't get our victuals!

I drew out then, and I gave William a puck in the chest.

"I'm tellin' you now," says I. "Dang the harness ye'll get from me on Pathrick's Day! No! But you'll throw the saddle on the pony a' Monday morning and you'll come out to the Hunt to jolly yourself!"

"Sure the pony has the colour o' lameness on him since I had him at Cappagh Fair last Tuesday, under pigs," says he. "That was thirty mile on him."

"Arrah! what signifies that?" says I, "that little horse is as tough as an eel!"

"And he have a sore place on his shesht, about as big as a thimble," says he.

"And is it on his shesht you'd go put the saddle?" says I.

"Well, it is not," says he.

"And as to go putting a collar and harness on a crayture that has the skin sthripped," says I, "if it was an ass itself the polis'd be afther ye for it."

"Indeed I'm told so," says he.

"Musha, Divil's cure to ye!" says I, "isn't it what ye can be tellin' your wife?" says I. "How simple ye are!" says I.

Not another word he spoke but to walk away out o' the house.

"Ye have the man annoyed with your thricks, Conny," says me wife, "why wouldn't ye give him what he was axing and not to be blackguarding that way? Maybe yerself wouldn't be so ready to go borrowing a harness for your wife?" says she.

"Maybe if I was married to Anne Roche it isn't me razor she'd take to go cuttin' spuds for seed?" says I.

"Arrah, sit down to your breakfast, Conny," says she, "and have done with your chat!"

"I'm tellin' you," says I, "if Anne Roche goes to town on Pathrick's Day, it's her own two legs'll carry her!"

"Glory be to God!" says me wife, "she'll be mad altogether! She'll tear iron!" says she.

"Divil mend her!" says I.

Now as for the foxy mare I had that time, I declare to ye if ye had her within in the stable, and do be keeping oats to her for two days, she'd have as much thricks and *tashpy* in her, and she'd be as anxious for the road as a lad that'd be goin' to a fair.

If she was to be kept within always and getting what she'd ax of hay and oats, it's all would be about it she'd break the sidecar! (and faith, she was nigh handy to doin' that same one time!) But what can a crayture do that's working always, and getting black potatoes for her diet?

I went to her St. Pathrick's morning early, and the full up of a tin basin of oats in my hand. The very minute I opened the door:

"Ah—hem!" says she to me, this way.

"The Divil go from you!" says I, "wasn't the year long enough for you to get a cough, and not to be sick on Pathrick's Day? And if ye were coughing the full o' the house ye'll not stop within to-day!" says I, "ye can have your choice thin of coughing to-morrow!" says I.

And b'lieve me, 'tis she that had that same.

I rode her out quite and aisy, it's no more than five mile to Kyleranny, and the two lads of sons I have was legging it out before me.

"What have ye in the bottles?" says I to the eldest little fella when I passed them out.

"Milk, Sir!" says he.

"And what have ye in the bag?" says I to the other lad.

"Me boots, Sir," says he.

I knew well that was a lie for them, but I said nayther here nor there to them.

When I was passing Macarthy's, coming into Kyleranny, what was in it but William Sheehan's yella horse—"Shan Bui" is the name we has in this counthry for them yella horses with the black sthripe on their back—and he outside the door, and a bag on his nose.

Musha, more power to ye William! says I to meself, ye stole away clever! But indeed it's aisy known that Herself had the kay of the bin!

Himself came out then; he was afther drinkin' a couple or three glasses o' porther to hearten himself, the poor fella, and he was 'long with me from that out from first to last, but not a word good nor bad he spoke of the wife.

The like o' the crowd of people that was in Kyleranny that day never you seen—side-cars, and carts, and phaytons, and all sorts, let alone them that was goin' huntin'. Ye wouldn't hardly know there was hounds in it at all with the dint of the people that'd be around them, and it'd be as good for you to thry to get into Heaven as to get past the cross roads. Ye'd lose your life cursin' before the owld women'd stand out from under your feet. Ye'd have to be going around them this way, the same as a person that'd be winding a watch.

"Is it sick the Major is, that he's not in it?" says I to Tim Hurley the Whip (that's the son of an Aunt of mine by the mother), when I got to come at him, "and Johnny Daly riding Monaloo?"

"He has the 'fluenzy," says Tim.

"Is it bad with him?" says I.

"He's bad enough to-day," says he, "but yesterday he was clear dead altogether."

"It's a pity anything would ail him," says I.

The Major was a fine man, always, and his family was a fine family. Sure me father used to say that in owld times if ye went to the Big House ye'd get the smell o' roast beef when ye'd be no more than halfway up the avenue, and there'd be dhrinkin' all day and knockin' all night, and if ye axed the change of a half-crown, it wasn't in it.

Faith, I said to John Daly, there wouldn't be any fun, nor no cursin' nor nothing, when the Major wouldn't be in it.

"Maybe I might please ye yet before the day's out," says he, lookin' at me ugly enough. "Time's up!" says he then, and

with that he comminced to bugle, and away with himself and Tim and the dogs, out north for Dempsey's Gorse.

Well, you'd have to pity William Sheehan if ye seen him that time follyin' the hounds out the road from Kyleranny to Dempsey's Gorse. As soon as me bowld Shan Bui felt the horses throttin', and batthering, and belting the road afther him, he made all sorts of shapes and forms of himself, and as for William, if it wasn't for the almighty howlt he cot of the crupper of the owld saddle, he was a dead man.

"Blasht your sowl, William!" says owld Dan Donovan to him, "if you would save your bones," says he, "you will lead him out now for a mile till you're coming up to Dempsey's, and when ye have the hill agin him then's the time ye'll get satisfaction!"

Well, William had great courage the same day. He held his howlt on the little horse out to Dempsey's, and when we come to the gap into the southern field, below the house, Johnny Daly went away in up through the land. Well, at the third field west of where Dempsey had the turnips two years ago, there was about three foot of a stone wall before us. The yella pony jumped it very crabbed, but the minute he landed, and he havin' the fall o' the ground before him, he made a ball of himself, and he bet a lash on Dan Donovan's owld white mare that wasn't sayin' a word, only goin' from step to step over the wall, like a Christian, and with that he legged it away down the hill!

B'lieve me, William was promising God that time that if he come safe out of it he'd howld to the side-car and not ax to go huntin' agin! But indeed poor William had great courage all through, only for the wife.

"Whatever way it is," says I to Dan Donovan, and we wheeling round the brink o' the hill, "every horse that's in it will have his 'nough of grass ate before the dogs'll have them furze bushes rattled out, and, I'm tellin' ye, that'll quieten them."

"The divil a fox is there in it at all," says Dan.

"Well, now," says William, "there's a woman of the Sullivans' that has a little house beyond, is afther tellin' me a while ago himself and his pups has a nest in it some place. Last week she seen them walkin' in and out of it, like young pigs."

"Maybe she didn't tell ye what way her sons has them pairsecuted with greyhounds and bulldogs and all sorts!" says Dan.

Well, divil such screechin' ever ye heard as what the dogs comminced then down in the furze.

"That's Fiddler!" says Dan, "that's a great hound! Maybe it's a cat he have nooked in it!"

"Faith, well is he called Fiddler!" says I; "he roars most furious."

"Look over! Look over at Johnny Daly!" says William, "what bugling he have now! If it's a cat itself, what harm would it do them to ate her! It's little ating there is in the like of her; them poor craytures of dogs does be starved with the hunger; and that's what has them yowling this way."

"Look at Johnny skelpin' round the bog!" says I, "mind ye, he's souple yet, and he as gross as a bullock, and a back on him as long as a double-ditch!"

"Whisht!" says Dan, "that's the Whip man screechin' to the dogs! They have a fox surely!"

"Ye lie!" says William, "that's Jeremi'h Drishcoll's screech; I seen him within in the furze. Hi cock! Jeremi'h! Bate him out of it, boy!"

"Ah, that's a fine sober fox," says owld Dan, "he'll not lave his den for them. It's a pity now," says he, "that the Major wouldn't have a fox keeping in a stable, and on a holiday, or the like o' that, to put a halter on him and lead him out before the hounds. Begob, he'd give them a nice chase!"

With that all the lads on the hills around let a roar out o' them.

"Hulla! Hulla! Hulla!" says they. "Look at the cat! Look at he! Look at he! Down him! Land him!"

Every dog that was in it legged it to the roar.

Well, if ye seen Johnny Daly comin' down the hill that time ye'd think the fairies was afther him. He'd jump the house, he was that mad!

"Plase God he'll not come our way!" says I.

I declare to ye now, if you seen Jeremi'h Driscoll leepin' the furze bushes, and Johnny Daly afther him with the whip, ye'd as soon be lookin' at it as ating your dinner. And as for Tim Hurley, you'd have to pity him, sthrivin' to go around every hound that was in it.

"The dogs have her ate! More power! They have the owld cat ate!" says Smartheen, that was sitting up on the wall behind us. "She was dam cute! I thought she'd besht them! The shkamer!"

'Twasn't long afther that till Tim Hurley had all the dogs gothered and counted, and 'tis he that got his own trouble with them!

Them poor fellas of Whips catches great hardship. Johnny Daly faced away up the hill agin them, and the whole o' thim afther him.

"It's for Bludth he's making," says I, "and if that's to be the way, it's there ye'll see leppin'!" says I. "Tighten yerself now, Dan!' says I, "thim banks above in Bludth does be made up very crabby, and as for walls, it's not stones at all they has in them, but bog mould and slates!"

Well, for all, poor William Sheehan had great courage that day.

"Your sowl to the Divil, Smartheen!" says he. "Knock a few o' thim stones, boy!"

With that he gives the yella pony a salamandher of a belt, and he coorsed him about three turns around the field the way he'd knock the wind out o' thim, in regard of he being out on grass always, and when he thought he felt him jaded it's then he faced him in at the wall. But in spite of all he jumped it very sevare and very ugly. Them Shan Buies is very piggish that way.

Meself, I don't like them flippant leppers; I'd like a horse that will put his two forefeet into the butt o' the wall, and give ye time to say two Aves and a Pather before he leps out.

"As for my mare," says I to Dan, the same time, "she boxed her knee a fortnight ago, and it's big with her yet, and faith she's favouring it always. And indeed that's a cross place in any case," says I. "God bless ye, Smartheen," says I, "throw down a couple more o' them stones!"

I'm tellin' ye Smartheen was a decent, civil boy always.

We follied on the bohireens afther that, ye'd think 'twas a wedding with all that was in it! Throttin' and steppin' their horses, and the hounds and the ladies and gentlemen and all out before us.

"Faith," says I, "they'd get as nice a shweat this way as what they'd get in any quadhreel whatever in Dublin Castle," says I, "and as for jogglin' and jowltin'," says I, "any one'd be the better o' this in his health while he'll live," says I.

Indeed, all that was in it was teeming down with the heat before we were up into Bludth at all.

Comin' up out o' the bohireen there was a stick left across in the end of it, keepin' in calves; a middlin' heavy pole, and the two ends fasht. If it was in the Cork Park races ye wouldn't see as much fun as what we knocked out of it with young Tom Dennehy! Sure he was ridin' the Docthor's gray mare, an' he dhressed out, and grand yalla gaiters on him, and he in dhread of his life!

"Dennehy took great use out o' the bohireens all through!" says one of the lads, "'tis time for him to throw a lep for us now!"

It's well the Docthor wasn't looking at them that time, and they weltin' the mare with switches and stones, and Dennehy howlding her back from the lep when she'd be gethered for it—Begob! he fell heavy when the crayture jumped in the spite of him! And there's where the fun was!

Ye wouldn't blame him to be afraid if it wasn't for the dirty little boasting he has always. But indeed 'twould stun any one to hear the talk of the Dennehys.

"Mind yourself now, William," says Dan, afther the three of us had a place made out above on the hill for ourselves to stand aisy. "The hill tops is lakes afther the rain," says he, "though be Jingo!" says he, "that little horse went over the hill very knacky!"

"Look at Smartheen comin' down the bohireen over!" says I, "what have he in the bag? Ye'd say it was a side o' bacon with all the dogs that's snortin' afther it."

"Be dom!" says William, "but it's a fox! Look at Johnny Daly that has all his own dogs dhrove in under the wall. B'lieve me, them two has it settled out! We'll see sport now," says he, "afther Smartheen'll throw down the owld bag and give the fox a couple of kicks for to rise his heart for him!"

Well, what it was vexed Johnny Daly I dunno, but he was mad altogether! He lepped out the wall before him, and he as wicked with the passion as that he didn't roar, nor say a word, till he had Smartheen cot by the coat and the whip ruz to him to sthrike him! Ye wouldn't know what was the two o' thim sayin', but Smartheen thought to run, and 'twas then Johnny cot the bag secondly to take it from him. Every lad that was in it comminced to cheer and to bawl when they seen the two o' thim in howlts. I believe meself let a few screeches, but as for William, if it was his father that he seen took by the polis, an' he dhrunk, he wouldn't have more nature for him than what he showed to that boy.

"*Hon-a-maun-dhiaoul!* He'll have him dhragged off the horse!" says Dan.

"He will! He will!" says I, "he's dam stubborn!"

Maybe if it wasn't for the way Johnny crooked the owld horse with the spur, sthrivin' to squeeze the leg around him, he'd have held his howlt, but a Turk couldn't

stand it with the hoist that owld Monaloo let out of him.

"He's down!" says Dan. "He's dead! 'Tis on his head he's fallen!"

"Ye're a liar!" says William, "it's on the fox he fell! The big mastheen of a tyrant!"

'Twasn't long then till the whole of us was gethered lookin' at Johnny, and he ravin' like a cat in the measles, and every bit that was on him desthroyed with the gutther, and says he to Smartheen, givin' a bitter big curse:

"It's all I wish," says he, "that ye were a football before me! Ye wouldn't last me three kicks!" says he.

'Twould dhrive a chill through your stomach to be leshnin' to the talk he had. And sure the fox was as flat as the palm o' yer hand within in the bag!

"Oh, fie, fie!" says Dan, "our fox is gone from us!"

Indeed, ye wouldn't like to be lookin' at the crayture. Johnny Daly's a very weighty man, and sure it's the last sthraw, as they say, put the hump on the camel. But in any case Smartheen battled it out well, and all that was in it was givin' him applauses.

Yerself knows Bludth, that there's as many hooks and pooks in it as that a person'd be moidthered before he'd have them gone around, let alone dogs, and horses.

"B'lieve me," says Dan, "'tis as good for them to give over; sure we're sick and tired waitin' on them. The fox that keeps this hill has a sthrong dungeon, and sorra fear of him to lave it for to be sporting for them. What a fool he is!"

"Yerrah shut yer mouth, Dan!" says I, "thim lads on the paikeen south is screechin' like as if they seen somethin'! What have ye over there?" says I, lettin' a roar.

"Yerrah, what are they sayin' at all?" says William, "it's like pigs talkin'! Sure I can't understand them no more than if I was a fool!"

With that the dogs comminced to gallop, and away with the whole of us. Well, William had great courage always.

"'Tis down the gully we should go, and we'll be before them whatever side they'll turn," says he.

"Musha, the Divil go from ye!" says I, "maybe it's down the chimbly ye'd have us go! Sure a man itself couldn't stand in it, it's that steep!"

"No, nor ten men couldn't!" says Dan.

"If it was the ugliest place in life, ye'll be hard set to find a betther," says William.

Well, afther all, we went down in it, as well as another, and you may say there was scroogin' and scramblin', and thim that was afther us was bet down on us like a load o' hay, and thim that was before us cursin' black and blue for the way ourselves was squeezin' them.

"Faith! We're as throng as three in a bed!" says Dan, "the dogs could run away in their choice place and divil a one of us would know what side they went!"

"He's gone north agin!" says a lad above on the hill, and every one that was in it turned about in the gully and up with them up it agin.

"Maybe if it was himself was down in it he wouldn't have so much chat about goin' north!" says I, "and we twistin' in it like ye'd be dancin' a reel."

But as for William's little horse, if it was the roof of the chapel he was on he'd run in it like a bird, rocks or slates or any other thing, he wouldn't give a dang for them.

The sight'd lave your eyes if ye were lookin' at us afther that, comin' down out of Bludth, with slidin' and slippin', and buck leps and all sorts, and the dogs yowlin' away through the counthry from us. Great banks there was below in the fields. Every one o' them that we come into my mare would crouch like a hen before it, and she'd let a screech, and over with her, and wouldn't lave an iron on it. That was her routheen always only then she soured by the dint of the Shan Bui, that was baulking with William out before her. When I'd have to dhrive her over before me she'd be waitin' on me the far side of the fence, ating grass, till I'd come afther her. She is a grand mare indeed, and high ginthry does be jumpin' mad to buy her foals.

'Twasn't long till we come up to the dogs, where they were searchin' and snuffin' round the four corners of the field, and divil a smell could they get. We seen a lad then standing up on a rock, waving.

"He's gone wesht up the road!" says he.

"Did ye see him?" says Johnny Daly.

"Faith I did so!" says me lad, "and he was the most courageous thief of a fox ever ye seen!"

I went up to the lad.

"Where did ye get the two coats, ye're afther throwing behind the wall?" says I.

"'Tis aiqual to you where I got them," says me lad, "ax no questions and ye'll be told no lies!"

"Faith, there's no occasion," says I, "sure it's you is good-natured to be carryin' the two coats that was on my two sons this

morning," says I, "and you bloated with running," says I

Divil a word he said, but away with him.

"Thim two young lads o' mine will be apt to get a bating before night!" says I to meself, "and they're in the want of it!"

"Forrad! Forrad!" says Johnny to the dogs, that was whining most peevish round and about, and you'd think if he never had a nose on him he'd get the smell o' the paraffin oil, it was that parsevarin'.

Two mile we legged it then, and the biggest walls in the counthry was in it, and God help them that had to be building them afther us! Comin' up Milleenavillen, William and a few more of us turned about round the butt o' the hill, for fear we'd be bet out entirely, and it wasn't long till we met with a great mountaineer of a big bank down in the widow Brinckley's land. Meself dhrew out back a couple o' fields, and knocked a few sticks that was in a gap, but me brave William didn't do but to let a roar to the Shan Bui, and to land him two clouts in the jaw comin' into the bank. The Shan Bui lepped up on to it, as loose as a hare, with the fright, but what'd be before him only posts that the widow Brinckley had dhrove in the far side o' the bank, and ropes on them, and clothes hangin' out on them. He put a hump on himself like a ferret when he seen them, but if all the polis in Ireland was below mindin' the clothes, he'd have to change his feet and lep out on to them, with the gallop he had on him, and he cot the two hind legs in the ropes, and himself and William and the clothes was threwn down in the field.

"He's dead!" says I. "'Twould kill him if he was a bull!"

"'Twould, or if he was an ass," says young Tom Dennehy, that was on the eastern side o' the fence.

Well, afther all, not a bit in the world was on him, only a tooth he had was stirrin' always in his head afther it. But I'm tellin' ye, the widow Brinckley faced him the same as Jeffrey faced his cat, as they say, in regard of some sort of a petticoat the Shan Bui had dhraggin' afther him.

Out with the whole of us then from her into the road and left her afther us, and she dhrawing down saints and divils and the price o' the petticoat on us.

"It couldn't be," says I, "that it's into William's land the dogs is facin' now! Look at the line they're going beyond over the hill!"

"Begob, it is!" says Dan.

"If that be so it'd be betther for William to go under the sod!" says I.

Faith, I believe the Divil was always busy with the Shan Bui! The very minute he got the smell o' the road under his feet, he comminced firin' and lashin', and when he had William loosened, it's then he legged it.

"He's diddled now entirely!" says I, "that horse won't stand or stay till he lands him within his own yard. The Lord look down in pity on William this day! Herself'll ate the face off him!"

Begob, the Shan Bui kept the one gallop always, the same as a thrain, and we battherin' the road afther him, and the dogs and all screechin' down the hill before us. Your heart'd rise if ye were listenin' to them!

"He'll run to the say with him!" says Dan, "the two o' them'll be cliffted!"

"Sorra fear of him!" says I, "what a fool he is! Look at him now, tightening himself comin' down to the gate!"

Begannies! The villyan wheeled into the yard as nate as a bicycle, and every hound in the pack was in it before him!

* * * *

'Twas the week afther, and I goin' to owld Dick Courtney's funeral (the Lord have mercy on him) and who would I meet only Anne Roche!

Well now I declare to ye, divil such an ating ever I got from any woman! The dogs wouldn't pick me bones afther her! Sure she pitched all that was within and without to the Seventeen Divils.

And sure there was no blame on me at all, only she seen them two young whipsthers o' mine when they thrown the owld bag they had with the ferret's bed back into her hen-house, and they near dead with thrailing it out through the counthry.

A half a gallon of paraffin they had soaked in it. If it was herself and not meself had one and eightpence lost by it she might be talkin'.

I'm told she gave William the Seven Shows of Cork on the head of it, but indeed poor William had great courage the same day.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—That he made a fortune of $1,600,000 from the sale of Christmas cards was revealed to-day by the will of Sir Adolph Tuck, who died last July. The baronet in his will directed that if any of his children married outside of the Jewish faith they should forfeit all benefits from the estate. *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

Don Juan's Rubies

By PER HALLSTRÖM

Translated by F. J. Fielden

I

DON JUAN DE MARAÑA Y TENORIO arrived one fine morning in the beginning of October at Baza, a medium sized town in the province of Granada. He had come through Cartagena from Naples, and was on the way to his native town—Sevilla, as all the world knows—in order to begin a new life there. This was not his intention on starting, but during the journey by sea, when the incommodiousness of the vessel had admitted of only the scantiest attention to his toilet, and the passage was uneven, Don Juan fell to thinking, which he had never done before, and to thinking gloomy thoughts, which he had had still less opportunity of doing. During a heavy storm in the nighttime he seemed to see the tops of the waves becoming an awful shining fire of sulphur blue, and all these tongues stretching in a most unpleasant manner precisely at himself, as though to lick him up. There came into his mind all kinds of stories about Purgatory which priests and monks had told him when he was a child, and the truth of which he had never doubted, though his contempt for the said priests and monks had afterwards made him turn away from it with a grimace. During his stay in Cartagena, where he had passed the time away with a love intrigue, this impression had been somewhat weakened, but now during this last ride in the fresh morning air it came again, stubborn and unwelcome, and was in some way connected with the even tramp-tramp of their ambling nags. It especially annoyed him constantly to hear his servant Graceo close behind him thinking that perhaps it would be just the same down there. Graceo followed the fashion of the time for lackeys in affecting a certain clown-like wit which brought him both more silver pieces and fewer cuffs than any other method of procedure, but which in the end became a little tiresome to his master. The bare thought of the stiffly sloping head and the forced smile under the turned-up mustaches amid all kinds of infernal torments was unpleasant—yet it was difficult enough to have patience with him.

During all this Don Juan was further reminded by the wind that whistled in his half-boots of his worst personal defect, his sturdy, well-filled calves, which for some years had been no longer fashionable: on the contrary, they should be very thin now.

From what has been said it will easily be gathered that Don Juan was no longer in the gladness of his youth and the sunshine of his fortunes. He was, in fact, approaching the age when the possibilities for enjoying life are amassed by the pleasure-seeker rather in an abstract form, such as power and gold, while the joys of the palate alone yield fully what they promise.

In Baza, when his meal was finished, he wandered about with his toothpick in his mouth and found all faces tedious, most of all that of Don Manuel de Ocañas, a gentleman whom he had known many years previously, when everything was brighter except Don Manuel himself. After having expressed in many well chosen words their mutual delight at meeting and their firm devotion until death to the brother and friend—really quite interchangeable terms—whom they saw before them, they went arm in arm to Don Manuel's house, where a large shield with Don Manuel's coat-of-arms was enthroned over the gate, while the lattice-work of the balcony at the side supported Don Manuel's drying linen. In a shaded room that took its light from the courtyard they continued to protest their undying affection and their vast delight, since they had nothing else to say to each other; but Don Juan could not help remarking that his host had something on his mind. At last, after a thousand excuses, the latter took a purse from his pocket, picked out three or four coins, which did not seem to be usable, fondled them with his fingers and his look, and was reluctantly preparing to consign them to a case. Don Juan's

curiosity was aroused by the spark he had suddenly seen flash in the otherwise unillumined eyes of his host, and he wished to know the reason.

"Señor Don Manuel, my deeply revered friend," said he, "it has not escaped me that the coins you have there are of quite unusual beauty, and you would render me a thousand-fold your debtor by permitting me to look at them more closely and supporting my ignorance by explaining to me their value."

Don Manuel leaped up eagerly and gave him the coins, though he need only have stretched out his hand and passed them.

"This, Señor Don Juan, is a Roman silver stater from Bilbilis, a now forgotten town in the neighbourhood of Calatayud; the stamp is that of the emperor Tiberius, as you yourself can see. This is a Caligula from Osca, the present Huesca, and this an Emperor Augustus from Calagurris Julia Nassica, which, as you may easily hear, is the same as Calahorra."

Don Juan was amazed at all these unfamiliar names that flooded over him. "By San Gennaro—forgive me; I forgot I am no longer in Naples—by all the saints, Don Manuel, you are a scholar then?"

Don Manuel raised his eyebrows and pushed the accusation from him with both hands. "Certainly not," he cried, "certainly not! But I am a collector, you observe, and therefore I have had to learn many things if I would not be cheated. I have far better specimens than these, as you shall soon see." He drew out several small cases with smaller boxes inside them, which he began to take up. Don Juan sat there and stretched out his hand for the coins, looked at them and handed them back again. With the coin he was given every time one or more names, which it seemed to him that he had learnt as a boy and a youth, but had been wicked enough to forget. This made him feel humble and dejected, and even Don Manuel's proud and eager face gave him many thoughts which he did not at once succeed in arranging. To show that he was following, he seized a very badly clipped coin and held it up between his thumb and finger.

"This, Don Manuel," said he, "this coin with these curious marks, resembling keys and pincers, this is no doubt a Moorish *dirrhem?*"

But Don Manuel beat down his mistake from a distance.

"By no means," he cried. "It is, as I have told you, Señor Don Juan, an Arabian *felûs.*" And Don Juan felt himself still smaller, and realized that he had been mistaken in more than one thing in his life—in Don Manuel himself, for instance, who now almost impressed him. And while his host, as he showed him one of the greatest treasures in his collection, a Gothic coin with King Achila's image, was elaborating a long argument to the effect that had this species of coin not been found, we should be so unfortunate as not even to know that this king had reigned, Don Juan's impressions at last resolved themselves into clarity. He gravely regarded Achila's head, which looked as if it had been drawn by a child of three, and seeing a cross on the reverse of the coin, kissed it reverently.

"Don Manuel here," thought he, "is a happy man: that must be as certain as that my legs are too stout"—and he drew them under his chair. "His eyes show clearly that at every step he finds a new goal for his efforts, just as Graceo's mule spies a fresh thistle after every bend in the road. Every one of these coins is a triumph: he has it laid up in a casket and can take it out and enjoy it. And there are some left to search for, probably a whole host, for who can tell how many kinds of coins there are? These bits of money have slipped away just like mine, some one has bought with them pleasure of some kind, which has vanished now, but Don Manuel has the coins. What have I collected and gained? It is I who resemble Graceo's mule, for thistles are all that I have had!"

This and much more Don Juan pondered for the first time, while his host talked happily about King Achila. But now Don Manuel with beaming face held up another coin, which he had kept till the last.

"This, Señor Don Juan," said he ceremoniously, "is a Phoenician coin from Gadir or Cadiz. I would not change it for any earthly profit. On the reverse it has a fish, a dolphin, on the obverse a head, which, so far as my knowledge goes, is that of their goddess Astarte, the goddess of love."

As he stretched out his hand Don Juan thought:

"The goddess of love! Have there been people who have made a god out of anything so entirely and essentially dull?" And after looking at the round features of the head, which he found unutterably stupid, he handed the treasure back. "Señor Don Manuel, my honoured friend," said he, "I must express to you my wonder, not only at your good fortune and joy, but also at the mellifluous wisdom by virtue of which

you would deserve still greater happiness, if that were possible. This last coin alone would have compensated me in full measure for the years of my life, had I been wise enough to seek for it."

Don Manuel hid his smile of triumph beneath his mustache, and wishing to show politeness in return, he answered:

"Ah, Don Juan, you have not been idle! Even to us reports of your doings have penetrated. In that sphere you have driven me out of the field. Who could have guessed it when you came as a shy youth to Salamanca, and we taught you to pluck at a guitar and sing a seguidilla, or practised the latest Italian thrust with you?"

Don Juan could not remember that his host had had any knowledge to give away in these matters, but he did not even trouble to smile at his boast. He let his gloomy thoughts overflow, since they had once been brought into the channel.

"Ah, Don Manuel," he burst out, "you have not in your whole collection a coin so small that it would answer to all that. The girls of Flanders weep in the most disagreeable way when one leaves them, and spoil all the fine Flemish lace round one's neck; and Germans talk thickly in the most difficult of languages and expect one to swear eternal faithfulness to them in it; the ladies of Milan eat fried fish, of which one grows tired, the Bolognese die for you, or else arrange a meeting near a couple of abominably sloping towers. Roman women have rough voices and hang you as full of amulets as a fish has scales, and Neapolitans think you have the evil eye as soon as you look obliquely at them. As for our own ladies—but excuse me, I do not know from which town your own señora comes, so let us take them in general—have you observed that they wish us to cease eating and so lose flesh for love? And then these phrases, eternally the same, so indescribably enervating! One must be everlastingly amazed at the sun—'Is it Aurora that meets me, since I see that all the former objects of my admiration were but stars that are extinguished now? What splendour is this that so pitilessly blinds and scorches me?'—And so on! I assure you, Don Manuel, one grows tired of these innumerable sunrises, and, as you are aware, one catches cold most easily at that time of the day."

Don Manuel's tiny eyes gleamed and darted to and fro, like bleak at the water's edge, in the greed and curiosity aroused by all the experiences here hinted at. "Ah, my dear friend, it must be very interesting none the less," he sighed between lips that had become moist. But Don Juan did not trouble to parade a shred of his triumph before him; he did not even feel that he had known any triumphs now.

"When I look at your fine collection, Señor Don Manuel," he continued, "I think in bitter envy, I admit, of what I have brought together. Locks of hair, letters, amulets—in most cases I have forgotten where they belonged. I could never bring any system into them, and in many cases I have nothing left."

Ah, well, Don Manuel did not mean that any methodical and properly arranged collection could be made of them, but nevertheless he thought they must possess a certain charm.

Don Juan sat just as gloomily, with his legs under his chair, and thought aloud.

"When I was young," he murmured, "it was a little different. It seems to me that I felt many things then. I know not what it was, but, by all the fiends, it amused me! The very uncertainty of danger had something tempting in it, and there were—I seem clearly to remember that there were—charming women. But now, whether it be they that are more stupid or I that have grown wiser, you can form no conception how identical they are. Their passion, fall, and remorse proceed as regularly as a drill; every one of them knows her time in the most irritating fashion. It is like catching birds in one's boyhood, Don Manuel. The only difficulty was to take the first decoy-birds, to make the first capture; after that, all was so easy that one soon tired of it.

"And the nuns," concluded Don Juan, with something like exasperation, "the nuns are the dullest of the lot. It is a little difficult to get over the wall, but afterwards—the fruit that is fastened to an espalier ripens soonest of all.

"As I told you, you are happy with your little caskets. I can wish nothing better than that you may find a King Achila the Second and ticket him as inalienable property in your family. As for me, I must go now, and shall shortly leave your town, but I would thank you for this instructive and unforgettable hour. If you ever see me again, Señor Don Manuel, it will be as another man."

And with a thousand assurances of his loyal devotion until death he parted from his friend, who in some amazement stared after him a while and with dully gleaming eyes mused upon his words, before he turned to rearrange his coins.

II

DON JUAN passed out again into the unpleasantly dark entrance and shivered in the evening air, until Graceo, who had borne his cloak after him, came out from the servants' quarters and hung it over his shoulders. Graceo at once began to prattle after his familiar habit about the people of the house, but his master did not listen to him and intentionally slammed the gate to behind him so that it might crush him a little. Outside, night had fallen, and the full moon was peeping down upon Don Juan through the lattice of the balcony exactly under one of Don Manuel's extended shirts, as if it had jestingly wished to hide itself there. Don Juan looked up at the shining disk, which was mirrored in his slightly prominent brown eyes and grinned upon their vacancy, then he shivered once more, sighed, and went, without knowing why, merely by force of habit, to the corner of the garden wall. When he saw his shadow outlined blue and dismally there, he drew himself up to his accustomed elegance, so as not to seem ridiculous before it, and hummed a tune as he waited for his valet to catch him up. The latter was limping from the blow he had received on his knee, and was therefore displaying to even less advantage than usual the over-modern drumsticks with which Nature had provided him.

"Graceo," said Don Juan in a friendly tone, in order to encourage him, "I think you said that Don Manuel has three daughters?"

"It is quite possible, Señor," answered the injured man; "three things are always certain, but I, and he himself, too, know of no more than one, as I lately had the honour of informing you, Señor."

"But I thought I heard three names."

"That is also possible, although I thought you did not hear me at all, Señor. At all events, I thought I hurt my knee in the gate, though I have forgotten it now, and I may at the same time have forgotten all that I knew before."

But Don Juan's sour looks showed him that he would do well to lay aside both his wit and his grudge for the moment, and he continued in a respectful tone: "It is only that Doña Marcela has two friends staying with her, Doña Angela and Doña Silvia, and all three are walking in the garden now and talking, as I may guess, about yourself, Señor, for a duenna came and questioned me while I was eating cheese and chestnuts with Lisardo, a very agreeable fellow. I could have eaten more chestnuts if she had not come."

"And are they fair, these ladies? You did not catch a glimpse of them?"

"To judge by the duenna they may be as lovely as possible, for she was uncommonly ugly. I only know that the chestnuts were good and the cheese as old as could be desired. But hush, master! There they go! I can hear the sand crunching."

It was really so, and Don Juan stole gently to the wall and listened. It would not have occurred to him just now that he would ever do such a thing again, but the moonlight and the wall were too much for him. And it was not to be expected that he should be entirely indifferent to the knowledge of what other people thought of him, now that he intended to begin a new life, and consequently felt his personality increasing in importance.

"Don Juan de Maraña," he heard an empty, drawling little girl's voice saying, "that is he of whom they all tell so many stories, though one can never hear them right."

"You seem to have good ears, Silvia," answered another complaining voice. "I can only hear about the saints, and King Rodrigo and the traitor Oppas, or the Cid, or the red king of the Moors and Don Pedro. But perhaps Don Juan is a saint, too; perhaps it is to him you go and pray when you look so cross?"

"You know as much about him as I do, Angela, although you pretend not to," answered the first.

But Doña Marcela interrupted her quickly. "It is he," she said, "but he is old now. Porcia caught a glimpse of him and thought he did not look at all up-to-date. His valet was old, too, she said, and seemed harmless and absurd. There is not much to talk about any longer."

"Still, it would have been pleasant to see him, I think," sighed Angela. "It would be a distraction to see somebody. One gets so tired of being always alone."

There Silvia agreed with her. "It is insufferable," said she, "and since he is so old, they might easily have shown him to us. It would be amusing to make game of him a little."

"It would be pleasant to have a little practice in singing redondillas," added Marcela. "I found a whole pile last night by my window, about Love and Cupid's darts and jealousy, exactly as they should be, and I sang them out over the garden,

but there was nobody to answer, and so I soon gave it up. A poor old man like that could at least stand outside and invent answering verses until a better came along, for I should like to learn the art properly."

"Why so, Marcela?"

"Ah, don't pretend, Angela! Love must be the most delicious thing of all. It lifts one up to the skies, they say; it makes one forget everything except how one looks, and at the same time makes one far prettier. Then, when you have kept it up for a time, growing warmer and warmer as the nights get colder, he makes his offer, and you get the loveliest jewels and are no longer shut up."

"Don Juan is very rich and of good family."

"Did you think I meant him, you goose? Well, perhaps so, until a better and a younger comes along, for he is, as you say, rich."

"And it would be a good action to convert his soul to good."

Here they all grew serious. "Certainly," said they, "certainly!" And from their silence Don Juan thought he might conclude that they were praying for him, with the sand crunching under their little feet and their lips imperceptibly curling. Then some one called from the house above. "It is time for us to go home," said Silvia. "They have come for us." And when she had sighed and answered, their steps were heard dying away.

Don Juan remained staring at his shadow with as fierce a look as if he meant to run it through with his sword.

"Ha, ha," he muttered, "has it gone so far with me? It remains to be seen first whether I cannot teach these little pullets a lesson."

"Graceo," he said aloud, "go back at once and follow Doña Silvia and Doña Angela, and find out where they live. I myself have a little business here, but I shall soon come home and I expect to find you there."

Graceo lingered and cast a trained eye about him. "But, master," said he, "alone here? The wall is high."

"See to your own affair, Graceo, and see to it well! Do you suppose that in the house of a Don Manuel all the gates are properly closed?" And whistling softly, with an indescribable bearing of boastful pride, elastic youth, and investigating caution, Don Juan went slowly along by the wall, while Graceo, still limping, went off on his errand.

Some little time afterwards the experienced gentleman stood under the window which he guessed to be Marcela's, in a magnolia bush which was now growing thin as the autumn advanced. He began to sing, softly and alluringly:

O Love, of tyrants most cruel,
What need of thy spear and dart?
One look—which who can avoid or flee—
Can pierce to the depths of the heart.

And when, a moment afterwards, a black silhouette appeared in the window against the pale lamplight, he said with flowing tongue:

"Is it Aurora that meets me, since I see how the stars are extinguished? Is it the sun, that scorches and blinds me?"—and a whole string more of the same stuff.

Doña Marcela was less tardy in answering than he in finishing. She did so in a tone of witty mockery, such as alone was suitable for a self-respecting dame after such hyperbole. She meant to hint that she would never dream of believing it, but still less of doubting, since she replied to him at all: she let him understand that it was far to Rome, but that the way thereto should be made as pleasant and agreeable as possible.

"Is it the night that speaks to the sun?" she asked in return. "How dark must that night be, when my dark beauty seems to it a sun! But by the far advanced position of the world to-day the night should learn what little prospect he has of meeting the sun."—And so on in the same vein.

When they had continued thus for a time, the moment came for Don Juan to declare how he had been attracted to the town of Baza solely by reports of Marcela's beauty, which had been the pole-star (or more properly the sun!) to guide him on his homeward way. In this town, which moreover drew its elixir of life solely and simply from the said beauty, his fate was now to be eternally decided, and here on his knees in the dust he prayed to be as kindly received as he had been cruelly wounded by a mere glimpse, a glimpse all too short, in the street.

As Don Juan was a little uncertain whether his adored was dark or possibly by a happy accident fair, and was therefore afraid of falling into error if he embarked upon a further description of her charms, he was anxious to put an end to the conversation for that night and come away—a task which he had no difficulty in accomplishing in a graceful manner. Moreover, he found it a trifle cold to stop long in the magnolia bush with its damp leaves. He

departed, therefore, after having at different intervals sung two redondillas, more passionate in tone the farther off he stood; and when well outside the wall he hurried home to learn what Graceo had discovered and to lay his plans for the comprehensive undertaking into which his wounded vanity and his ennui and perhaps also the moonlight had led him.

Doña Marcela remained at the window, smiling and undecided, happy yet uneasy. She wondered if she had not heard false reports of Don Juan hitherto; she was pleased that he was rich and of noble birth, and felt it pleasant also to be involved in an intrigue. She hesitated over two things: whether she should take the duenna into her confidence, for the gaining of further advantages, and whether it would not be still more agreeable if she really fell in love, of course after having first seen Don Juan's face by daylight.

III

DURING the next few days Don Juan was busily occupied, now at one end of the town, now at the other; he came home late and slept little, but never failed to attend mass in one of the three churches, or missed his walk at sunset. He seemed much younger than before, was light and nimble in his walk, cheerful in his look, and had that calm symmetry of movement which a well-apportioned day can give. Graceo also had many things to do, but they only made him older; he grumbled at everything, at the street-paving and the art of writing. He swore at the notary, who sat in his corner and printed off letters for all who wanted them. "Writing, any lout can learn," he said. "He has only to put on an important air and mess his fingers. I could have done it, too, if I had been to school. But it needs genius to get the legs that God has given you to serve when you have to carry round the products of all this quill-driving; and to deliver them where there are dogs needs philosophy, too." But he received many reals from his master and spent them in drinking wine in the evenings with different people, to each of whom he gave a different explanation of his business in the town.

Don Juan himself, having met his friend Don Manuel two or three times, explained to him that he had decided to stay on until the great festival should be celebrated. There was a relic to be installed with all the usual solemnities in the church of San Jago, a very precious relic, one of the fangs of the serpent that had tempted Eve from Paradise. All the more important families of the town were to be present at the ceremony, and Don Juan, as his honoured friend could very well understand, would not for anything miss this edifying spectacle, which now in his altered state of mind had a heightened attraction for him.

Meanwhile Don Juan had new and splendid apparel made to be used on that occasion, and also bought a costly diamond clasp to wear in his hat, for which purpose he paid a visit to Israel Perez, the best goldsmith in the place.

Israel had not *limpieza*, that is to say, pure Christian blood, but he himself was a Christian: it was to do him grave and perilous wrong to state anything else. Every Friday he ate fish so near the front of his shop that any one could see him, and any other day in the week he would buy, again so openly that all might see, a piece of pork, which he would bury in his back garden after nightfall. He was a shrewd fellow, with an excellent knowledge of precious stones.

When Don Juan had chosen his clasp, he asked to see some other jewels. "I want some more uncommon stones," said he, "some solitaires of one kind or another. They may cost what you will."

"Then my gracious benefactor has only to choose," answered Israel with a bow, and he retired for a moment to select the required article from his secret stores.

"See here, my protector," said he, as he returned holding a large and magnificent ruby like a burning coal between his crooked black fingers, "see here the wonder of Ceylon, the treasure of Taprobane, which the holy king Alexander captured from the Moors there. Its colour is as the noble señor's own blood; see now, when I hold it in the half-light it is merry and nimble as fire, but it is shot with blue! This stone is altogether unique; there is not its like in all the world, and it has rested in its time upon the forehead of the goddess Venus."

"I am well content with it," replied Don Juan, "but it is tiresome that it should be unique, for I would have had others."

"Then my gracious benefactor has only to say the word, for I have two others, just the same," said Israel with some embarrassment.

"And each of them perhaps just as unique as this one?"

"Your highness deigns to jest with a poor man; it is very friendly of your grace. But I have no more than three, I swear; they

have rested on the foreheads of three idols Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus."

"I thought you said something different about this one."

"That was but another name for the same Rhadamanthus, sir."

And to finish with these ambiguities, Israel Perez hastened to fetch the other stones also, and went on talking eagerly with wide gestures which made the red points between his fingers dart to and fro against his black coat like sparks upon burnt paper.

"Ah, sir! Ah, sir! These three stones, what can one not buy with them! Honour, sir—if there is so much honour left—here is enough for three hearts! Innocence, sir—if there are so many innocent—these stones can dazzle three pairs of eyes! Hold one of them up in the dark and it will shine of itself; and for these stones three blades, ready for anything, may be yours. Put them to holy uses, and the first will buy you free from Hell, the second from Purgatory, and the third from Paradise—oh, my accursed tongue! I mean that for the third you will be let to stay there!"

Don Juan sat revolving something in his mind, moving his fingers to and fro upon his knees and only half listening to the other's words. "And so it is your soul's welfare that you are prepared to sell, Israel?" said he. "Name your price, and if there are so many gold pieces in my purse, I will take the stones, for I think they will serve my purpose." And as they soon came to terms, he took the jewels and ordered a different setting for each of them, to be ready one each day.

That evening Don Juan stood in the magnolia bush and sang, very softly, long and passionate redondillas, while Marcela, who had in a short time developed her natural talent, improvised whole poems in answer, which made her very proud and happy. When they had said well-nigh all that could be said of love, the sun, jealousy, and the half-life, or rather death, which they each suffered in the absence of the other, Don Juan made a lengthy declaration.

"The joy that fetters me here," said he, "is the deciding factor in my life. I have wandered before, I have many times gone astray, but now I stand before the pole-star of my love, the fixed, immovable northern star. I have guessed it all the time, and have kept my real love pure and untainted within my breast. See, here I have a jewel, this red stone burning in the darkness like a heart in flames. It is peerless and unique in all the world; it is fairer than any other ruby. This stone I have always borne about me; I have wished to bestow it only where my heart should find another worthy of itself and of this gift. Now I give it without reserve, now I beg that for a moment I may be allowed to lie at your feet and present it to you. With it I give you all." Much more he said, and among other things that immediately after the great church festival, where he hoped to make the acquaintance of her family, he would openly appear as her suitor.

Doña Marcela was naturally very curious to see the stone and was also touched by his words. They were eloquent, they did her much honour and himself, too, for anything finer than a whole life's striving after perfection, with its issue in herself, she had difficulty in imagining. She had also found pleasure in Don Juan's exterior by daylight; she thought his eyes beautiful and expressive, his figure still young, and his dress rich. But she knew that it was a far more serious matter to let her admirer into her chamber than to bestow on him a look at the church gate or to sing redondillas over his head into the darkness; she felt herself seized by an agreeable trembling and a pleasant temptation towards the unknown. And so it was only with a half-refusal and with genuine regret that she answered:

"But, Don Juan, that can not be, for no approach to my chamber is available. Next door to me sleeps Porcia; I hear her through the wall. She is incorruptible, she is honour itself, and if she is disturbed she is cross and will answer no to anything whatever, for she has respect for the proprieties, and is especially out of humour when she wakes."

But Don Juan answered almost cheerfully:

"But there is no need to go that way. This little ladder here is easy to haul up by a cord and easy to attach. Only find a cord, or let me throw one up to you!"

This about the rope ladder decided her. The temptation was too strong, for ladders she had always dreamt of, though never seen. A cord was easy to find, and it was as an enamoured woman that she let it down through the window. For a moment, as she saw the whirling motion of the ball of twine, it came upon her how as a child she had been wont to play with kittens in that manner, and it was with a smile that she saw Don Juan eagerly fumbling for the ball. A

moment afterwards she hauled up the ladder and fastened it with anxious care that it should hold.

That same evening Graceo sat with wild, red eyes in a wine-shop explaining to a chance acquaintance, an alguazil, how he was staying in the town with a view to obtaining employment in that gentleman's famous and respected corps, while his master too, intended to settle here in order to become alguazil mayor, to which post he was expecting a nomination, thanks to high connections at court.

IV

For the great church festival the gentry of the town of Baza were assembled in a room that overlooked the market-place, in one of the most distinguished houses. From there they were to accompany the procession, but the time before was to be employed in secular and merry thoughts, and all the more naturally as it was only upon such rare occasions that the unmarried maidens could show that they existed, otherwise than with a prayer-book in their hands and a duenna behind them. Every one was dressed as sumptuously as his means allowed, and they had therefore the greatest interest in eyeing one another.

Fairest among all the maidens were Doña Marcela, Doña Angela, and Doña Silvia, and to them all eyes were drawn. From their mulberry-coloured velvet dresses, held out at right angles from the hips by their hoops, their graceful forms emerged like nosegays set in dark-glazed Moorish vases. Their heads and necks, whose warm golden hue was not yet overlaid by the shining paint of gold-leaf which in the most elegant circles was beginning to be the fashion, surprised and delighted by their freshness—they were really like flowers, like pale and lovely tulips. They had a certain resemblance to one another; one could not say what it was; not in their dresses alone, which several others had in the same durable and fashionable colour, but also in their faces and expressions. A delighted glow of pride shone from them, and the eyes of all three ended their circle at the door every time they cast a triumphant glance around them. One could have said that like flowers they were drawn towards the sun which gave them beauty. Around them young admirers pressed so closely that their swords, all at the same angle to their sides, formed a metal railing to fence the damsels round like images of saints, and they could not see each other for all the heads that hid the view. The older gentlemen congratulated their fathers on such miracles and phœnixes of beauty and virtue, but Don Manuel for his part was so much occupied by his latest find, the absolute pearl of his collection, a Greek coin from Sagunto, that he paid little heed to anything else.

But all at once there was a movement in the hall, which made the crowd about the three friends thinner and allowed them slowly to approach each other—as rapidly as a fitting demeanour and their stiff dresses would permit. It was the renowned stranger, Don Juan de Maraña y Tenorio, who had entered and with easy grace was greeting his acquaintances and through them making the acquaintance of the rest.

How handsome and imposing he looked none can imagine who had not the advantage of living in his day and meeting him in person. His somewhat scanty hair lay hidden under his cap, and the flashing diamond clasp diverted all attention to itself. His sloping forehead showed clear and even and almost venerable, especially since he bore his head so high. His prominent brown eyes had no rivals but each other in brilliance and proud assurance, his lips wore a chaste and bewitching smile. He carried his hands and elbows like no one else, and the laces that adorned his neck and breast were more dazzlingly white and fine than any others there. The only thing that could be objected against him was that his legs, notwithstanding their dark and very tight silk stockings, were somewhat too substantial for a man of his pretensions and rank.

Radiant and triumphant, he slipped between the different groups, stopped with each a moment and turned to the next, his movements thus assuming the course of a heavenly body, which, rotating round its own glory, moves on among the lesser lights. The three young ladies observed him with still more pleasure than all the rest; they took short breaths which trembled with expectation. Then they turned to one another with a smile of triumph, and remembered that they had not met since that evening when they had talked all manner of foolishness about him in the garden.

What was it that caused their smiles to stiffen, and the natural easy pride before a well-beloved friend and rival to become hard and cold? Over the ear of each, embedded in the dark hair, so that it only half shone out, was a large and splendid ruby—that was the first thing that met their gaze.

They stood there mute, their thoughts crowding upon them, and at that moment a foolish old pedant, Don Eugenio de Figueroa, came up, and noticing the three rubies, took from them an idea for a vapid, simultaneous compliment.

"Fair graces, what is this I see?" he called; "what means this mark of sisterhood? Is it a bee that has taken you for flowers and stung you—ah, happy bee!—or are they three coals from Vesta's holy altar? Do they signify that all tears and sighing will rebound from your stony hearts?"

Happily, if in this situation one may speak of happiness, Marcela's mother here drew her away to be presented to Don Juan, who, as he paid his glowing compliments, dexterously contrived to draw her a little apart, so that they might exchange a word or two.

"You have deceived me, Don Juan," said she, darkly. That was all she dared to say, though she would have liked to strike him to the ground to avenge her cruelly wounded vanity. And at his innocent look she hinted: "The ruby, the peerless jewel!"

"Ah!" Don Juan's look shone and caressed her. "I have not deceived you, as you think, Doña Marcela. I only wished to punish you a little for your contempt before you saw me, for those words you spoke in the garden. But love broke the point of my revenge. Your ruby, Marcela, hear me as I swear it, is genuine. The others are counterfeit."

And when he saw that the explanation changed the whole case for her, and even gave her jewel a heightened value, he left her with a smile and came at length to Doña Angela. Here, upon much the same demand, he repeated exactly the same words and with the same effect.

A third time the same scene was repeated; and after that Don Juan stayed his hand, and did not trouble to secure many introductions. He saw the three friends happy once more, he felt a little weary; and the procession of the holy relic was on the point of being formed.

He himself took his place in it by the side of a very pious old lady, who was entirely satisfied with his devout mien, no less than with his handsome figure.

When the ceremony was ended he went straight to his lodging, and after some little trouble managed to get hold of Graceo, who firm believer as he was, had signalized the importance of the day by going about when the procession was over and throwing stones at the windows of any of the townsfolk who had shown themselves lukewarm and suspect, including those of Israel Perez, though he had made every effort to be present at the festival.

"Graceo," said Don Juan, "you will pack our baggage to-night, and see that our horses are fed. Early to-morrow we leave Baza."

Graceo stared in amazement.

"Master," said he, "I thought you were bound here with three-fold bonds. After all the business I have had! It is hard not to be allowed to sit on a doorstep and rest!"

But Don Juan's serious look compelled him to silence and obedience, or to keep his grumbling low.

V

And so it was on a fine morning at the end of October that Don Juan de Maraña y Tenorio left Baza, the aforesaid medium-sized town in the province of Granada. He was also still on the way to his native place, Sevilla, to begin a new life there. He listened to the tread of Graceo's mule behind him and thought, as the fresh morning air whistled in his half-boots, about Don Manuel's collection and his calm, happy look of conscious honesty, and about Doña Marcela, Doña Angela, and Doña Silvia, who even already tended to melt together before his eyes into a single figure with three rubies. "This is no longer to be endured," he muttered; "it is, as I have said, a barren field on which I have entered. If only one of them had doubted that last thing I told them! But they devoured it as eagerly as do carp a piece of bread one throws them, and dived down to the depths with it. If only one had doubted, I would have striven to win her; she would have been my King Achila, and I should not have been happy till she had become mine again."

He found the air gray and unpleasant, in spite of the fine weather; he lingered long to watch a blind beggar who, with a boy at his feet, was eating bread and onions and seemed to be much enjoying them.

"Graceo," he asked, "can you guess why that beggar is so happy?"

"It is no doubt his cursed habit, Señor," answered that hardened jester.

"By no means! It is because he can not see how mouldy his bread is. The boy sees it, and chooses his bits, and will never be as fat as he. And he gets tears in his eyes from the onions!"

Throwing them a copper, he pursued his way, and between master and servant the following dialogue took place, though Don

Juan did not turn round, nor did Graceo's mouth relax for one moment its jocular grimace.

"Does it not seem to you, Graceo," said Don Juan, "that the life we have lived during the—five years you have been with me has been very dull?"

"It may have been my fault that you should think so, Señor, for true it is that I have spent my pound in amusing you, and that in such a way that I have clipped it, as the money-changers do with gold coins, and shall soon have only the lead remaining."

"But you yourself, Graceo?"

"Ah, some men want one thing and some another. For my own part I regret only the shoes I have worn out and the gifts I have not received. 'It will be a swan,' said the hen, when she laid her egg in the water, so an uncle of mine used always to say to me when he heard folk complain that they had not become what they had expected. 'Tis true I thought that I with my appearance might do something better than merely carry messages for others. But I defy any one who cannot read addresses to deliver notes as well as I."

"Well, then, Graceo, you shall have something else to do. You shall be my steward, for I intend to settle down at home and begin an entirely new life. I expect also the same of you."

"No need to wait for that, Señor. I mean to begin a life that will make me by five inches a better man. Instead of stealing the honour of others, I shall hold to my master's property with all a faithful servant's zeal. But when you have any letters to send in the darkness, I beg that I may perform the service, so as not to reform too suddenly, and because another might confuse them."

To this Don Juan answered nothing, and they rode on in silence.

However, notwithstanding Graceo's doubts, Don Juan did become another man. The stories that are still told of him bear witness to this fact, though with poetic exaggeration.

One of them states that he became a monk and a fanatic, a story which is inadequate on the face of it. For fanatics are not made of those who have given themselves away in beggar's doles. The fanatic is the gamester who has staked his whole life upon one board and lost, or the miser who would make his goods suffice also for another world.

This tradition must be interpreted to mean that as this gentleman advanced in years and came to think both on his sins and on the advantages of Paradise, he steered his course so that he ever kept an eye upon both quarters. Another legend, an obvious legend, says that he was carried away while still in the full flow of his wickedness, by the Commander's statue, which he had bidden to supper. For any one skilled in the interpretation of myths this will clearly mean that respectability took him to its embrace and overwhelmed him with honours, when he deserved them, and that he saw commanders at his house to banquets.

This Don Juan's happy amendment was assisted beyond a doubt by the phase of his life, that October month, which he passed in the town of Baza, and of which the history is here for the first time recorded.

When Daffodils Begin to Peer

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
  With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
  For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
  With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
  For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
  With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
  While we lie tumbling in the hay.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
  The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
  I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
  And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
  And in the stocks avouch it.

Venus

(*To the Venus of Melos*)

By AUGUSTE RODIN

Translated by Dorothy Dudley

MODELLED by the sea, which is the reservoir of all the forces, you enchant us and you sway us by that grace and by that calm which strength alone possesses, and you bestow on us your serenity. It prevails like the charm of melodies powerful and deep.

What triumphant amplitude! What vigorous shadows!

From the boundaries of the two worlds throngs come to contemplate you, venerated marble; and the twilight deepens in the room that you may be more clearly seen, shining alone, while the silent hours pass, heavy with admiration.

Still you hear our clamours, immortal Venus! Having loved your contemporaries, you belong to us, now, to all of us, to the universe. The twenty-five centuries of your life seem only to have consecrated your invincible youth. And the generations, those waves of the ocean of the ages, to you, victorious over time, come and come again, attracted and recalled irresistibly. Admiration is not spent as a marble wears away.

To the poets, to the seekers, to the quiet artists, in the heart of the city's tumult, you give long moments of refuge. Mutilated, you remain entire to their eyes. If the ravages of time have been permitted, it is only that a trace may continue of their profane effort and of their impotence.

You are not a vain and sterile statue, the image of some unreal goddess of the Empyrean. Ready for action, you breathe, you are a woman: and that is your glory. You are goddess only in name; the mythological nectar does not run in your veins. What is divine in you is the infinite love of your sculptor for nature. More ardent and, above all, more patient than other men, he was able to lift a corner of the veil too heavy for their idle hands.

And you are not, moreover, a mosaic of admirable shapes. There are no admirable shapes but the shapes that agree, those that summon and presuppose one another according to the irrefutable logic of harmonious necessity, those that borrow life from one another. Yours gather in an indivisible whole, and it is the calm torrent of life that passes over you, that torrent whence you have sprung, naked and one.

Collected beauties could never have attained this unity. One detail that harmonized not with all the others, the least variance between the profiles, and the work of art would be destroyed, a useless thing, a senseless construction, renounced by the light, and doomed to all the poverties, to all the discords. This would be fatally the lot of even a clever assemblage, of even perfect pieces, chosen from different marbles.

But you, you live, you think, and your thoughts are those of a woman, and not of I know not what superior being, foreign, imaginary, artificial. You are made only of truth; and it is of truth alone that your omnipotence is born. There is nothing strong, there is nothing beautiful outside of the truth.

Your truth is within reach of everyone: it is woman, whom each one thinks he knows, the intimate companion of men; yet nobody has seen her, the wise not more than the simple. And the trees, who looks at them? The light has no spectators.

Nevertheless, except through confining oneself to the observation of reality, constant, scrupulous, and ever more profound, no one can accomplish anything. There are people who say to you, "The Ideal."

If this word is not void of meaning, it signifies only a stupidity. The Ideal! The Fantasy! But the realities of nature surpass our most ambitious fancies. Our thought is but an imperceptible point in nature. The part does not embrace, does not dominate the whole.

Man is incapable of creating, of inventing. He can only approach nature submissively, lovingly. For the rest, she will not disappear from his sight; he has but to look, she will let him see what by force of patience he has arrived at understanding—that only. And yet the part is beautiful! He is an equal of Prometheus, he who has known how to ravish from nature the life we adore in the Venus of Melos.

Nothing will take the place of persevering study. To it alone the secret of life delivers itself. Give your life patiently, passionately to understanding life. What profit, if you come indeed to understand! You will be in the circle of joy forever.

To understand, to see—truly to see! Would one recoil before the necessary effort, before the indispensable apprenticeship, however long and laborious, if he foresaw the happiness of understanding?

To understand! It is—not to die!

For me the antique masterpieces are mingled in my memory with all the pleasures of my youth; or rather the Antique is my youth itself that rises again to my heart and hides from me my age. In the Louvre, of old, like saints to a monk in his cloister, the Olympian gods said to me all that a young man might usefully hear; later they protected and inspired me; after an absence of twenty years, I found them again with an indescribable joy, and I understood them. These divine fragments, these marbles, older than two thousand years, speak to me louder, move me more than human beings. In its turn may the new century meditate upon these marvels, and may it try to ascend to them through intelligence and love. It will owe to them its highest joys. Man may be the forger of his happiness.

The Antique and Nature are bound by the same mystery. The Antique—it is the human workman arrived at a supreme degree of mastery. But nature is above him. The mystery of Nature is even more insoluble than that of genius. The glory of the Antique is in having understood Nature.

O, Venus of Melos, the prodigious sculptor that fashioned you knew how to make the thrill of that generous nature flow in you, the thrill of life itself—O, Venus, arch of the triumph of life, bridge of truth, circle of grace!

What splendour in your beautiful torso seated firmly on your solid legs, and in those half tones that sleep upon your breasts, upon your splendid belly, large like the sea! It is the rhythmic beauty of the sea without end. . . . You are in truth the mother of gods and of men.

The generative profile of that torso helps us to understand, reveals to us the proportions of the world. And the miracle is in this, that the assembled profiles, in the sense of depth, of length, and of width, express, by an incomprehensible magic, the human soul and its passions, and the character that shapes the heart of beings.

The ancients have obtained by a minimum of gesture, by their modelling, both the individual character and the grace borrowed from grandeur that relates the human form to the forms of the universal life. The modelling of the human being has with them all the beauty of the curved lines of flowers. And the profiles are secure, ample like those of great mountains; it is architecture. Above all they are simple; they are calm like the serpents of Apollo.

Perhaps it is the terms of anatomy that have had the deplorable effect of imposing on the mind the prejudice toward the division of the shapes of the body. The great geometric and magnetic line of life hence remains as if broken in the regard of the passer-by. This theoretical analysis has altered among the uninitiated the sense of the truth.

The work of art protests against this false and factitious idea of division. Those concordant shapes that pass one into the other as undulate the knots of the reptile, and that suddenly penetrate, they are the body in its magnificent unity.

Left to themselves the ignorant see only the apparent details of things; the source of expression, the synthesis alone eloquent, escape them. It is lamentable that anatomic description gives in some measure support to the plastic ignorance of the multitude, in calling attention, through its terms, to the different parts of which the architecture of the body is composed. Those pedantic words, biceps, triceps, brachial or crural, and so many others: those current words, arms, legs, plastically have no significance. In the synthesis of the work of art, the arms, the legs count only when they meet in accordance with the planes that associate them in a same

effect, and it is thus in nature, who cares not for our analytical descriptions. The great artists proceed as nature composes and not as anatomy decrees. They never sculpture any muscle, any nerve, any bone for itself; it is the whole at which they aim, and which they express; it is by large planes that their work vibrates in the light or enters into the shadow.

Thus, from the point whence I am looking at the Venus of Melos, all of the three-quarter profile is streaming with light, while the opposite side bathes in the shadow. Toward the base of this profile one just distinguishes half-tones. Higher up, farther away, the head rises and reigns, modelled by light and shade, while the reposing lines, the sloping lines of the back play together their slow melodies. What condescendence the long gentle lines of that back express, and the flight of loins into the half-tone! Sublime pride of marble! Tranquil life of the soul of the body! Nature is an uninterrupted harmony.

Consider the Venus from any profile you choose. That we were just admiring is of a beauty which invokes, which imposes the idea of the eternal. But change your position; here is another profile: it is equally marked with the seal of the imperishable. All of them incite admiration and tenderness. They are happy, at ease in the calm air.

That face has the variety and the liberty of a flower, and the artist, leaning attentively over it, rises as one vowed to religion: he has heard Venus speak.

I will walk around her. . . . Here is another profile that shows me the face. There is a shadow in that mouth; a moment ago there was none; to drawing is added modelling, and the lines that hesitated have become decided. The edge of the lips is slightly rimmed, the edge of the nostrils also; these are the signs of youth. The mouth has in it the drawing of the school, but it is on the plane of a master. The error would be to seek the measurement of the lips. It is all in the plane of the head, of the cheek. That cheek, which appears to me lost in profile, that cheek is all of sculpture, as one virtue is every virtue.—O mouth so simple, so natural, so generous! It holds thousands of kisses! Impossible to escape its charm. Even the most ignorant visitor is touched by it. How clearly one sees that the woman has posed for the divinity!

The soul of shapes breathes in the profound life of this thrilling body. I see her magnificent armature of bones as I see her thoughts—all her grace hidden and present, how powerfully organized! In this form sweet as honey, where the eye surprises neither blacks nor violent lights, but where life flows without jerks or starts, clear as live water, one feels keenly the resistance of a resolute and powerful frame! Supported by these bases that will not weaken, sure of their solidity, the flesh bounds with joy as if it would escape the redoubled shadows deepening under the breasts, that they may rise from the torso, whence glowing light would seem to emanate.

And the high adorable face gives to every one gracious welcome of life.

The shadows, the divine play of shadows on antique marbles! One might say that shadows love masterpieces. They hang upon them, they make for them adornment. I find only among the Gothics and with Rembrandt such orchestras of shadows. They surround beauty with mystery; they pour peace over us, and allow us to hear without trouble that eloquence of the flesh that ripens and amplifies the spirit. That eloquence darts on us the truth, diffuse as light. It is the radiancy of gladness. What secret emotion invades me before the meditated grace of this design! Ineffable passages of light into shadow! inexpressible splendours of half tones! Nests of love! What marvels that have not yet a name in this sacred body! Venus Genetrix! Venus Victorum! O, total glory of grace and of genius!

Admiration overtakes me like sleep.

The Venus of Melos is reflected by all the others: in them is accentuated one or another of her infinite beauties.

In this one, free of all draperies, the modelling of the shadow makes the flesh breathe even more voluptuously; that thigh, column of life, is literally quivering.

In this other, the light and shade of the belly and of the legs produce a kind of fluctuation where passes all of love; all its intoxication and then its appeasement. The upper part of the body inclines in a gesture of reverence; movement how gracious! where the Gothic and the Renaissance find their symbol.

And again this one, what instinct bends it into an arc of grace! A single curve made of all those, of the shoulders, of the legs, of the thighs, designs the kneeling Venus.

I possess a little masterpiece, which long baffled all the habits of my eyes and of my

mind, all my understanding. I have vowed to it deep gratitude, for it has made me think a great deal.

This figure belongs to the epoch of the Venus of Melos. It gives me the same sensation of modelling, powerful and abundant; it has the same ease in the grandeur of its forms, although they are materially of reduced proportions. What calm intoxication it breathes and inspires, or, rather, what luxury of pleasure!

The beautiful shadows that caress it have all the same direction, turn all in the same sense. With what science, with what wisdom they cause the breasts to jut, and then, slumbering on the wide belly, vigorously model the thighs!

One of the arms at the side is drawn back and drowned in delicate light and shade. The gesture of the other arm holds the draperies over the thighs to gather below the belly fervent shadow.

Shadow, desired by the artist, makes for all this figure a first tunic, veiling certain shapes and discovering others of them. Looking closely, one sees that all these varied tones are underscored by a single dark line, the line of strength.

It is the principle of beautiful sculpture as of beautiful architecture. The expression of life, in order to keep the infinite suppleness of reality, must never be stopped or fixed. The dark element, essential to the effect, must then be carefully contrived.

One observes that the antique masterpieces have all been treated in this way. That is why they produce the impression of sweet measure and of durability.

Badly proportioned, the results are truly blasphemies against nature. They no longer have eloquence, and breed only harshness and meagerness. From a distance, moreover, measure yields the most powerful results. The Venus of Melos in particular owes to this moderation her power of effect. There is nothing abrupt. Approaching her step by step, one imagines that she has been gradually modelled by the continuous effort of the sea.

Is this not what the Ancients wished to say in affirming that Aphrodite was born of the womb of the waters?

The True Lover to His Business

By PERCEVAL LEIGH

I—Sweet Business! Idol of my soul!
Oh! pardon me if other charms
Had o'er my bosom the control,
Awhile to tear me from thine arms.
Would thou could'st know, from thee apart, [pain!
How keen hath been that bosom's
What joy returning gives my heart,
My Business, unto thee again!

II—'Twere vain to tell thee all I felt
Whilst breathing vows in Beauty's ear,
And how, whilst at her feet I knelt,
I thought of thee, my Business dear;
How fearfully I view'd the risk—
The consequences there might be—
My snug, my lucrative, my brisk,
My Business, of neglecting thee!

III—Oh! not a moment by the side—
At breakfast, dinner, or at tea—
Of her who is to be my bride,
Didst thou escape my memory.
Oh! never in the pleasant walk,
Through sunlit mead or shady grove,
On other themes though I might talk,
Ceased I to think of thee, my Love!

IV—And though, in roving far away,
I've sacrificed a little gain,
Yet, dearest Business, thou wilt say
I have not wrong'd thee in the main.
For she is rich—that maiden fair,
For whom I heave the tender sigh.
Thus, e'en in courtship I may swear
On Business still I've kept an eye.

So They Say

Captain Moise Poulin:
Canadian skipper brings 100,000 live eels from Quebec to New York

"I was really surprised at how fond you can get of an eel. Eels aren't much to look at, unless you can pierce their surface hardness and get to the personality that lurks in every eel. This is what I tried to do during our ten-day trip down the Barge Canal and the Hudson. And I think I succeeded."

Benito Mussolini:

"I am looking for a fight."

Mary Sargent Potter:
in "North American Review"

"To be beautiful we must at times be profligate."

Lewis W. Flaunlacher:
New York real estate operator

"Two years ago we were given to sell a piece of property north of Thirty-fourth street. The price asked was $550,000. It was hard to find a buyer. In a short time the price was advanced to $650,000 and then it went to $850,000. It was sold recently, but the buyer paid $1,300,000 for it. He has been offered and has refused $1,500,000 for the parcel."

Mrs. J. Evans:
before Flintshire Liberals, opposing Lloyd-George's land scheme

"What's the use of talking about 'back to the land' in this age when boys love polished nails and girls must all have powder puffs?"

Elbert H. Gary:
Head of U. S. Steel Corporation

"Women, given the chance, show judgment equal to that of men, and perhaps a little better."

Frank Jones:
London University Lecturer in English

"Pronunciation is a label. It is the chief means by which we judge a stranger and by which he judges us."

Michel Fokine:
Russian Dancer

"Dance, don't reduce."

Aimée Semple McPherson:
Los Angeles Evangelist extraordinary, and subject of grand jury investigations, announces a trip East

"I intend to carry God's word with me."

Wm. Allen White:
Kansas editor and novelist

"We Americans are making a thousand and one devices to aid in living, but not one contribution to live. What is our prosperity that we should brag about it?"

Albert Bushnell Hart:
Professor of history since 1883, called W. E. Woodward a "tyro" in his book on Washington; the author replied he'd rather be a tyro than a dodo

"I would rather be a dodo who has at least been hatched than a tyro not yet out of the shell."

Charles L. Guy:
Supreme Court Justice, with long experience in hearing divorce cases

"If a woman wins an argument with her husband she is sure to lose her man."

James B. M. Herzog:
Prime Minister, Union of South Africa, after the London Imperial Conference which gave a new status to the British Dominions

"I can now use the word 'Empire' with more ease."

Horace Havemeyer:
At a hearing before Governor Smith on the Park Commission's taking of a Long Island South Shore Estate

"Is there any place where a poor millionaire could be left alone?"

Joyce Hawley:
who took the most discussed bath of modern times, at a New York theatrical party

"Publicity is a nice place to spend a week or two, but I wouldn't like to live there."

Walter P. Cooke:
U. S. representative on the Reparations Committee

"Europe is coming back slowly—Germany is coming back fast."

M. Bunnell:
Duluth Newspaper Publisher

"When newspapers on both the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboards say the same thing, are edited by one man in New York and have their policies dictated by a common ownership, they become a menace to their individual communities."

A Stern Directress:
of a domestic science school in Paris, bars bobbed-haired daughter of Viscount de Rohan

"Unless you wear a wig I cannot have you in the same class with my other young ladies. You may come back and learn cooking when your hair has grown out again."

A Sight-seeing Father:
from the South, showing New York to his three small lads, asks the Travelers' Aid Society how to plan an easy day

"My feet have done give out."

Sultan Ibn Saud:
Conquering Ruler of Nejd and the Hedjaz in Arabia

"While we are very keen on reforms in the country and an extensive program of public works, . . . we cannot allow these countries to be a hunting field for concessionaires of any imperialist country; indeed, not even of any Moslem country. For all big schemes must be passed by the Government, which is run according to the strict dictates of the divine law of the Prophet.

"We shall endeavor to launch a spiritual revival even as we launched a political revival. The Wahabi faith is the same sacred faith established by our noble ancestors. We have no other faith and no other belief."

Dr. Max Westenhoefer:
Professor of Pathological Anatomy at Berlin University

"Monkeys originated from human beings."

Dr. Florence Bamberger:
Professor of Education at Johns Hopkins University

"The child-bearing woman cannot lead a social life and at the same time mould the character of her child."

The Beogradska Zagruga:
a great insurance company of Belgrade, when asked to take part of a million-dollar policy on the life of Archduke Albrecht

"Neither we nor any other Yugoslav insurance company will insure a Hapsburg."

George White:
celebrating his 90th birthday, after teaching in New York schools for 56 years—counts his wealth in friends, memories, and accomplishment

"I believe I am the richest man in New York."

Aaron Kohn:
defending a divorce case for Marcus Garvey, the Negro leader now serving a term in Atlanta Prison—to the Supreme Court

"Mr. Garvey is unavoidably detained in the South."

T. K. Fikken:
State Game Warden, of Ada, Minn., when the express company refused to accept a shipment to headquarters of confiscated skunks, "unless deodorized," wired the Commissioner

"I confiscated eighty live skunks in the township of Shelly. What do you want me to do with them?"

ANNE CALDWELL:
Musical Comedy actress, testified in her breach of promise suit that she went to Hollywood because an expert said her test movie photographs were fine

"Bel Geddes said he thought I had quite a comely angle."

GEORGE K. MORRIS:
Republican State Chairman of New York

"The election demonstrated that Al Smith is no myth."

JOHN ROACH STRATON:
of Calvary Baptist Church, when questioned by a local pastor in a lecture at Atlanta

"I know what I am. You don't know what you are. And I know, too, that any man who believes in evolution won't be saved. I know I will go to heaven."

VIOLET LA FRANCE:
Dancer, applying for a divorce

"My husband was too proud to work, and too fond of golf to starve with me. So our little romance went on the rocks in nine short weeks."

RANDALL GOULD:
Correspondent for the "China Press"

"Rage might almost be said to be a sacred emotion in China, so highly is it respected."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS:
Historian and author, in "McNaught's"

"Perhaps it would be a good idea, fantastic as it sounds, to muffle every telephone, stop every motor and halt all activity for an hour some day, to give people a chance to ponder for a few minutes on what it is all about, why they are living and what they really want."

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK:
the Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., etc.

"There are only half a dozen hymns I can sing with any kind of reality at all."

GUSTAV STRESEMANN:
Chancellor of Germany

"The economic resources of France and Germany are complementary."

LORD DEWAR:
Wealthy bachelor distiller, Lieutenant, City of London; author and sportsman

"The hen is a wonderful creature. You can eat her before she is born and after she is dead."

MISS DOROTHY RICHARDS:
Chairman of the National Christian Students' Conference, suggests this answer if asked to "pet"

" 'I like to pet just as well as you do, but we both know it's wrong, so let's not pet.' "

VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ:
Spanish novelist does not look forward to a future life

"To live always with the people who have bored us on earth? What a misfortune! I prefer the sleep without dreams—the annihilation of death!"

CHARLES E. HAWKES:
Secretary of the American Doll Manufacturers' Association

"Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but children prefer brunette dolls. Dolls also are thinner this year. A few years ago fat, chubby dolls were popular, but the slenderizing movement is under way."

SACHA GUITRY:
French playwright and actor

"Almost all plays can be divided into two classes, pieces that are good and slightly risqué, pieces that are good only because they are risqué. Masterpieces are generally on the borderline. They nearly always shock."

JACOB MOSCOWITZ:
bent, trembling, shriveled little tailor sued by wife as a domestic terror

"I wouldn't dare to call my wife vile names. One crack from her would render me unconscious."

MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI:
Baronne Caccamisi; opera, concert, and oratorio singer; teacher and author

"Society people are like monkeys, and if the King showed a greater desire for music, every one would follow suit."

AN ARCHITECT AND AN ILLUSTRATOR:
overheard, discussing contemporary buildings and awards

"Well, I don't know anything any more. The Fifth Avenue Association gives a prize to the Blank Building and the Nation selects that other thing. I've decided I just don't know what's good."

"I know what's good. I've been going around with my niece who's just finished taking a course of architecture at the University of Michigan: She told me."

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI:
in a letter to Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne

"It is undoubtedly very painful and deplorable that clothing, which by nature was intended to cover the body, has, in our time, because so many women forget their dignity, served often to offend sacreligiously the sense of shame."

ELAINE KOCH:
taking her first speaking part, in an O'Neill play, at the age of seven, apologizes to her stage daddy for "faking" her kisses in rehearsal

"I like you all right, so don't be hurt. There's nothing personal in it. But I just don't like love scenes."

MACY CAMPBELL:
Professor of Rural Education in Iowa State Teachers' College

"In some of the most run-out old rural communities (in Indiana) from which the more capable young people had been drawn away generation after generation, as high as 27 per cent. of the children in the rural schools were found to be feeble-minded."

DR. HEBER D. CURTIS:
Astronomer, mathematician, author; Director of Alleghany Observatory

"I personally find it impossible to regard Handel's 'Largo,' Keats's 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' and the higher ethics as mere by-products of the chemical interaction of a collection of hydro-carbon molecules."

SIGNORA GINA LOMBROSO FERRERO:
Author of "The Soul of Woman," and daughter of the famous Italian criminologist

"Feminism is destructive of women's happiness."

A. W. DICKSON:
Secretary of the National Association of Building Trades Employers

"Building costs must be brought down to a more reasonable basis if present prosperity in the building industry is to be maintained."

MRS. LT.-COL. ANDREW HOSIE:
Hon. Associate, St. John of Jerusalem, and member Royal Red Cross

"The first Chinese woman I saw when we landed at Hongkong had bobbed hair, and was walking alone, on unbound feet."

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT:
Journalist and Writer

"Russia still dreams of dominating North China and of ultimately being able to force the British out of Asia."

DR. H. WYATT:
Missionary to China, writing of months of siege of Chinese inland town, Tai Yuan Fu

"One could not help remarking that the average Chinese refugee left his wife and children when he escaped."

MR. JUSTICE RIDDELL:
of the Ontario Supreme Court, dismisses an action for alimony brought by Mrs. Victoria Lang against Jerome Lang for cruelty, stating he was continually drunk

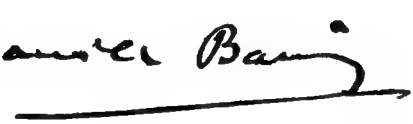
"A man in this country, under certain circumstances, has a right to get drunk if he wants to. At least that has always been the law as I know it."

REV. S. E. ST. AMENT:
facing non-support charges, says his wife became modernist and then violent

"She came to my bedside at 2 A. M. and attacked me. She assaulted my mother, smashed her glasses, and slapped her face and jumped at her throat as she tried to protect the baby and me. She swung on my back and attempted to throw me down a stairway. She has assailed me repeatedly with knives, sticks, chairs, jars of jelly, kitchen utensils, and even the telephone instrument, when I attempted to summon help. . . . On one occasion she stole my only good suit of clothing, which I wore for pulpit and platform work, and hid it in the woods."

Xantippe and Socrates

By MAURICE BARING



SCENE.—*A room in* SOCRATES' *house.* XANTIPPE *is seated at a table, on which an unappetizing meal, consisting of figs, parsley, and some hashed goat's meat, is spread. Enter* SOCRATES.

XANTIPPE—You're twenty minutes late.

SOCRATES—I'm sorry, I was kept——

XANTIPPE—Wasting your time as usual, I suppose, and bothering people with questions who have got something better to do than to listen to you. You can't think what a mistake you make by going on like that. You can't think how much people dislike it. If people enjoyed it, or admired it, I could understand the waste of time—but they don't. It only makes them angry. Everybody's saying so.

SOCRATES—Who's everybody?

XANTIPPE—There you are with your questions again. Please don't try to catch me out with those kind of tricks. I'm not a philosopher. I'm not a sophist. I know I'm not clever—I'm only a woman. But I do know the difference between right and wrong and black and white, and I don't think it's very kind of you, or very generous either, to be always pointing out my ignorance, and perpetually making me the butt of your sarcasm.

SOCRATES—But I never said a word.

XANTIPPE—Oh, please, don't try to wriggle out of it. We all know you're very good at that. I do hate that shuffling so. It's so cowardly. I do like a man one can trust—and depend on—who when he says Yes means Yes, and when he says No means No.

SOCRATES—I'm sorry I spoke.

XANTIPPE—I suppose that's what's called irony. I've no doubt it's very clever, but I'm afraid it's wasted on me. I should keep those remarks for the market-place and the gymnasia and the workshops. I've no doubt they'd be highly appreciated there by that clique of young men who do nothing but admire each other. I'm afraid I'm old-fashioned. I was brought up to think a man should treat his wife with decent civility, and try, even if he did think her stupid, not to be always showing it.

SOCRATES—Have I by a word or hint ever suggested that you were stupid?

XANTIPPE—Oh, of course not—never. However, we won't discuss that. We will change the subject, if you don't mind.

SOCRATES—But really——

XANTIPPE (*ignoring the interruption*)—Please give me your plate. I will help you to the goat.

SOCRATES—None for me, thank you, to-day.

XANTIPPE—Why not? I suppose it's not good enough. I'm afraid I can't provide the food you get at your grand friends' houses, but I do think it's rather cruel of you to sneer at my poor humble efforts.

SOCRATES—I promise you, Xantippe, nothing was farther from my thoughts. I'm not hungry. I've really got no appetite for meat to-day. I'll have some figs, if you don't mind.

XANTIPPE—I suppose that's a new fad, not to eat meat. I assure you people talk quite enough about you as it is, without your making yourself more peculiar. Only yesterday Chrysilla was talking about your clothes. She asked if you made them dirty on purpose. She said the spots on the back couldn't have got there by accident. Every one notices it—every one says the same thing. Of course they think it's my fault. No doubt it's very amusing for people who don't mind attracting attention and who like being notorious; but it *is* rather hard on me. And when I hear people saying "Poor Socrates! it is such a shame that his wife looks after him so badly and doesn't even mend his sandals"—I admit I do feel rather hurt. However, that would never enter into your head. A philosopher hasn't time to think of other people. I suppose

unselfishness doesn't form part of a sophist's training, does it? (SOCRATES *says nothing, but eats first one fig and then another.*) I think you might at least answer when you're spoken to. I am far from expecting you to treat me with consideration or respect; but I do expect ordinary civility. (SOCRATES *goes on eating figs in silence.*) Oh, I see, you're going to sulk. First you browbeat, then you're satirical. Then you sneer at the food, and then you sulk

SOCRATES—I never said a word against the food.

XANTIPPE—You never said a word against the food. You only kept me waiting nearly half an hour for dinner—not that that was anything new—I'm sure I ought to be used to that by now—and you only refused to look at the dish which I had taken pains to cook with my own hands for you.

SOCRATES—All I said was I wasn't hungry—that I had no appetite for meat.

XANTIPPE—You've eaten all the figs. You've got quite an appetite for those.

SOCRATES—That's different.

XANTIPPE—Oh, that's different, is it? One can be hungry enough to eat all the fruit there is in the house, which I was especially keeping for this evening, but not hungry enough to touch a piece of meat. I suppose that's algebra.

SOCRATES—You know I very rarely eat meat.

XANTIPPE—Really? I hadn't noticed it. I always hear of your eating meat in other people's houses; but my poor cooking is not good enough for you. I'm sorry, but I can't afford those spicy, messy dishes. If I had a husband who had a *real* profession, and worked, and did something useful to earn his living and support his house and home, it would be different; only I think the least you could do is not to sneer at one when one is only trying to do one's best.

SOCRATES—I very rarely eat meat anywhere now.

XANTIPPE—That's why you're looking so ill. All the doctors say it's a mistake. Some people can do without meat. They don't need it—but a man who works with his brain like you do *ought* to eat nourishing food. You ought to force yourself to eat meat, even if you don't feel inclined to.

SOCRATES—I thought you said just now that I did nothing.

XANTIPPE—There you are, cross-examining me like a lawyer, and tripping me up. I've no doubt it's very amusing for a professional philosopher to catch out a poor ignorant woman like me. It's a pity your audience isn't here. They *would* enjoy it. However, I'm afraid I'm not impressed. You can twist my words into anything you like. You can prove I meant black when I said white, but you know perfectly well what I mean. You know as well as I do that your eccentricity has made you thoroughly unpopular. And what I say is, it's just these little things that matter. Now do put all that nonsense away and have some goat.

SOCRATES—No, thank you. I really can't.

XANTIPPE—It's excellent goat, and there's some garlic in the sauce. I hate garlic, and it's there on purpose for you——

SOCRATES—Oh!

XANTIPPE—Give me your plate.

SOCRATES—I'd really rather not.

XANTIPPE—It would do you all the good in the world.

SOCRATES—But I've had quite enough. I've finished.

XANTIPPE—I suppose you had dinner before you came here, or you're going to have dinner somewhere else presently.

SOCRATES—I haven't touched food since I left the house.

XANTIPPE—Then it's quite ridiculous, your not eating. Let me give you some goat at once.

SOCRATES—I couldn't, really. Besides, I must go in a minute

XANTIPPE—There! I knew it! You're going out to dinner.

SOCRATES—You are mistaken, Xantippe.

XANTIPPE—You'd far better tell me the truth at once. I'm quite certain to find it out sooner or later. You can't think how foolish it is to tell lies and then be found out afterwards. You can't think how much a woman despises a man for that—you couldn't do anything more foolish.

SOCRATES—I promise you by all the gods that I'm not going to dine elsewhere.

XANTIPPE—I suppose you don't expect me to fall into that trap! Swearing by all the gods, when every one in Athens knows you are a professed atheist—when you do nothing but mock the gods from morning till night—and, what's far worse, make other people mock them too; when I scarcely like to have a slave in the house because of your impiety—and your blasphemy.

SOCRATES—I really think you are rather unfair, Xantippe. You will be sorry for this some day.

XANTIPPE—Then may I ask where you are going?

SOCRATES—I've got an important engagement.

XANTIPPE—And with whom?

SOCRATES—I would rather not say, for your sake.

XANTIPPE—That's very clever and ingenious to put it on me. But I'm tired of being bullied. Even a worm will turn, and I demand to be treated just for once like a human being, and with the minimum of courtesy and frankness. I don't ask for your confidence: I know that would be useless. But I do ask to be treated with a grain of straightforwardness and honesty. I insist upon it. I have borne your sneers, your sarcasm, and your sulkiness, your irritability, your withering silence, quite long enough. I will not put up with it any longer.

SOCRATES—Very well. Since you will have it, I have been impeached by Lycon, Meletus, and Anytus on some ridiculous charge, the result of which, however, may be extremely serious—in fact it may be a matter of life or death—and I am obliged to appear before them at once.

XANTIPPE—Oh dear, oh dear! I always said so. I knew it would come to this! This is what comes of not eating meat like a decent citizen! (XANTIPPE *bursts into tears.*)

CURTAIN

The Dragon of the Black Pool

A Satire

By PO CHÜ-I

Translated by Arthur Waley

DEEP the waters of the Black Pool, coloured like ink;
They say a Holy Dragon lives there, whom men have never seen.
Beside the Pool they have built a shrine; the authorities have established a ritual;
A dragon by itself remains a dragon, but men can make it a god.
Prosperity and disaster, rain and drought, plagues and pestilences—
By the village people were all regarded as the Sacred Dragon's doing.
They all made offerings of sucking-pig and poured libations of wine;
The morning prayers and evening gifts depended on a "medium's" advice.

When the dragon comes, ah!
The wind stirs and sighs
Paper money thrown, ah!
Silk umbrellas waved.
When the dragon goes, ah!
The wind also—still.
Incense-fire dies, ah!
The cups and vessels are cold.*

Meats lie stacked on the rocks of the Pool's shore;
Wine flows on the grass in front of the shrine.
I do not know, of all those offerings, how much the Dragon eats;
But the mice of the woods and the foxes of the hills are continually drunk and sated.
Why are the foxes so lucky?
What have the sucking-pigs done,
That year by year *they* should be killed, merely to glut the foxes?
That the foxes are robbing the Sacred Dragon and eating His sucking-pig,
Beneath the nine-fold depths of His pool, does He know or not?

* Parody of a famous Han Dynasty hymn.

McKeon's Graft

By JOHN RUSSELL

McKEON and the melancholy engine-driver swung the final shipment in through the door of the combined freight and baggage car.

"Es heavy," complained the engine-driver in his lugubrious English, looking reproachfully at the clumsy box. "Es wort' extra—to carry of that kind between our 'ands."

"Go on now, Esteban," growled McKeon. "Be satisfied with your graft, can't you? And get steam on that old tea-kettle." He tossed a lone, lean mail sack in before making all fast.

The few ragged loungers who squatted in the dust and rolled interminable cigarettes out of that newspaper which every ribald visitor of the West Coast knows as the "Yell of the People" looked on with languid interest. It was well known to them that the tossing of the mail sack was the signal for departure. Señor McKeon always performed the ceremony with the mail sack when he was just about to abandon his duties as station agent, shipping clerk, postmaster, and freight handler, and assume those of conductor, brakeman, and express messenger. And there would be no other train for forty-eight hours.

McKeon walked to the forward step and gave the signal. A doleful shriek from the whistle responded as the locomotive and two cars, with rattle and clank, staggered out across the plateau. Ticket pad and punch in hand, McKeon stood in the doorway, looking over his collection of passengers from under bushy brows with calculating eye.

The usual crowd, apparently. Small planters from the unhealthy shores of Buenaventura, small tradesmen from the plateau villages, itinerant gold-washers, chance workers in the mines, riff-raff of the mountains and the cattle plains, a motley carful, hazed with cigarette smoke and chattering dialects.

McKeon strolled down the aisle, marking the faces, nodding slightly to an acquaintance here and there. Instinctively he graded his fares, from the coffee coloured mixtures of negro and Indian to the lemon-hued mestizos. And as he marked he scowled.

Tints, as racial emblems, had no significance for McKeon. He owned no prejudice between shades. But in one weighty particular he was concerned with the complexion of the patrons of the road. It had direct bearing upon his profit from the trip. It was a business consideration. And apparently luck was not with him this day. He noted an undue preponderance of lighter skins. That meant, naturally, more passengers who could not be bluffed with safety into paying twice the legal fare, more difficulty in fixing arbitrary freight rates, and less reward for a hard-working functionary like himself.

He was still gauging the possibilities when he came to the rear of the car and a face showed out of the smoke veil that had no part in the prevailing colour scheme. A young man stood on the platform between the cars. A little man, and white—not only white, but pink, with a blue eye that twinkled engagingly.

McKeon regarded him with casual interest, noting the riding suit of ducks that managed to fit so jauntily, and the brand-new Stetson that set so snappily upon him.

"How're you, con?" he inquired, with ready address. "If it's all the same to you, guess I'll ride outside. I'm not good on mixed flavours, and it's too various in there. . . . Fine bunch of assorted ruffians you carry."

McKeon nodded. "Prospectin'?" he inquired.

"Silver," returned the other. "Just

came down through the mountains. Got through without a knife in my back, by luck." He shivered and laughed. "You don't see many Americans this way, do you?"

"Not a dozen a year."

"Like the job?"

McKeon twitched his shoulders.

"Gotta like it," was his laconic answer.

He slouched back into the car and began to collect. The stranger leaned in the doorway to watch him.

It was worth while to watch McKeon in pursuit of his profession. Tall, raw-boned, hard-eyed and bearded, he towered like a giant among the natives. Money he took and money he returned—sometimes. Tickets he punched and distributed, to some. But always without argument, imperturbable, deliberate.

Shrill protests fell to silence before that slow glance. Expostulate hands ceased to gesture at the shift of those big shoulders. There were few who grumbled after he had dealt with them. He proceeded by a masterful system of his own, did McKeon, based on his knowledge of the people. And the men who might have made difficulty, recognized residents of the valley, had no cause to do so.

Only once was the transaction brisk enough to interrrupt the chatter and hum of talk through the car.

At the end section nearest the door sat four men in rough mountain garb, hardy citizens, who had cumbered the aisle with their knapsacks.

"This is freight, señores," announced McKeon, calmly. And he proceeded to fix a price on the knapsacks.

One of the group, a thick, heavy-jawed individual, built like a weight-lifter, objected vigorously, giving McKeon eye for eye, as if testing him. "Are you, then, sole owner of this road?" he demanded. "Must all give money as you ask? . . . Mother of God—and what if we will not pay?"

McKeon gathered the bell rope casually in his hand. "The señores are at liberty to walk down, with their burdens," he answered. "I am told the walking is excellent, and very good for the health."

The señores subsided and paid, murmuring one to the other.

When McKeon returned to the middle platform the prospector was waiting for him with a gold piece. McKeon took the money and returned him the proper change on his fare. But he did not take the trouble to punch a ticket. The prospector noted that detail with a whimsical smile.

"Pretty profitable business," he observed

"So-so," returned McKeon, undisturbed. "I've seen it better."

The train had jolted over the break of the plateau, winding down through natural gorges of the descent towards the coast. The locomotive went plunging and holding like a stubborn little mule with its ears laid back and its feet braced for bumps. McKeon whirled the wheel on the primitive hand brakes to lighten its task and passed into the rear car.

The stranger followed him uninvited. There, amid piles of miscellaneous freight, bags of mineral specimens and stacks of hides, McKeon established himself on the clumsy wooden box at which Esteban had complained and began to charge a black pipe. The prospector, smiling and ingenuous, sat opposite on a fruit crate.

It was hot. At the side they had glimpses of tawny rock wall and boulder-strewn slopes, bare and hideous, quivering in the vivid sun. The car swayed and pounded beneath them. The labouring of the exhaust, thrown back against the cut, hammered in their ears.

"You got good nerve, handling that outfit," remarked the prospector, raising his voice against the racket. "Ever had any trouble?"

"What trouble would I have?"

"Oh, I don't know. They look like pretty tough customers—some of them."

McKeon twitched his shoulders and puffed slowly.

"Ain't civilized enough yet for that kind of trouble. They're only spiggoties."

The prospector shivered and smiled. "Seems to me I'd put it the other way," he commented. "They're too civilized. They carry knives. . . . By the way," he added, "who owns this line?"

"Company up at Bogota."

"Paying any dividends?"

"Sure. It handles all the goods that go into the province. And it owns the platinum mines."

"How about its passenger business?"

McKeon consulted his ticket pad.

"Fifteen fare, this trip."

"That's what you might call a fair division," remarked the prospector quizzically. "You chuck the money up and all that hangs on the bell rope belongs to the company!"

McKeon only nodded. The prospector gazed his admiration. There was no swagger; on the other hand, no hesitation about the tall conductor's admission.

"Don't they kick?"

"Who, the company? Why should they? They make it pay 30 per cent. And what else would they expect? A guy's gotta live. And that blame' engineer, he's got to have his rake-off."

"What's the wage?"

"Ten a week—Mex."

"Well—a good many could manage to live on that down here," said the prospector, brightly.

McKeon turned a slow glance on him.

"A good many ain't got a youngster at school back in the States they got to plan and save for," he returned.

"Oh," said the prospector, and fell silent, sobered.

The doorway was darkened.

Three of the passengers were balancing across the platform and crowding through into the freight car. They were three of the group who had made the outcry about the knapsacks. Apparently they were not prepared to see the prospector. They hesitated an instant. Then, one of them, he of the heavy jaw, thrust to the front and addressed McKeon without preamble.

"Concerning the price you charged us for our blankets, señor," he said. "We have decided to discuss it further."

It was a throaty voice, purring and forceful.

McKeon looked the three over. They stood close together, the speaker a little in advance. Squat, solid-built, swarthy. customers all: of the mountain type of gold seeker and adventurer. Men of their hands —after the Spanish fashion—not to be despised in any argument, particularly the spokesman. But the glint under McKeon's bushy brows made no concession.

"The señores know what they can do," he drawled, tamping the coal in his pipe. "The other car is for passengers," he added.

His manner and his reply were provocative. There was a grim smile on the spokesman's lips as he flung out an expressive hand. "Pardon. We came to discuss," he said. "Is it permitted to ask the señor how much of that tariff he forced us to pay will be turned in to the company?"

The prospector, standing by, had a curious impression that the man's grievance, the supposed indignation of them all, rang false. The three pairs of eyes had come to rest on McKeon, fixed and luminous with expectancy. The prospector had a distinct feeling of suspense, of hidden significance, of suppressed excitement. McKeon's insult had not drawn a spark from them, fired with injustice as they had pretended to be.

McKeon laid his pipe beside him and rested his huge hands on his knees. The speaker met his gaze squarely.

"If it is further permitted," he went on rapidly, "we would ask to know how much of the various sums you collect you keep for yourself. We believe—possibly one-fifth. That is a guess, eh? So be it. But we are sure you have taken on this trip some fifty pesos that will remain in your pocket. . . . Fifty pesos. Are we right, señor?"

McKeon's shoulders straightened with a jerk. He got slowly to his feet, his face darkening like a shadowed cliff. Under knotted brows the lights glinted. His long, spare body was stooped forward a little.

"If this is a jest, señor—" he began, with a rumble. But the spokesman stopped him.

"Your pardon. A moment only. We believe we are right concerning the fifty pesos. And if we are, then we also believe you will be interested in a small matter which will mean not fifty, but fifty thousand pesos. . . . Fifty thousand pesos, señor!"

There was a silence in the jolting car. Outside, the blatting of the exhaust buffeted noisily among the rocks. The three by the door stood tense, their gaze fixed upon McKeon. The big conductor stared back, swaying a little.

"Fifty thousand!" echoed the heavy-jawed man, purring on the words. "That shall be your share, señor. We swear it. Observe. We have watched. We have seen the señor. Why is he? He collects the fares. Good. Forty, maybe fifty, pesos he keeps for himself. Good. We admire. And we say—here is a man who can collect fifty pesos for himself—let us hope he will help us to collect a fortune. If we are right, he shall have his share!"

McKeon had drawn back a short step, still staring. The heel of his boot came in sharp contact with the clumsy box from which he had risen.

The leader of the group nodded and grinned.

"This señor here," he said, indicating the prospector, who sat listening, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, "there is no reason why he

should remain. Shall we invite him to the other car while we further discuss that fifty—that fifty thousand pesos, señor?"

McKeon stood as one dazed, but he shook his head.

"So be it," continued the other. "He can at least do us no harm. Meanwhile—because we have not time to lose—are we right concerning the fifty pesos? Tell us that, señor."

"And if you are?" queried McKeon slowly.

"Ah—if we are, you will doubtless accept our offer."

"Your offer——?"

The leader pointed to the box at McKeon's feet.

"You have the substance of it there," he smiled. "Five hundred pounds of platina. . . . Six months' product of the mines. . . . We know. We have waited. Did they think no one would ever learn of their innocent box and what it held? Did they think wise ones would never reach these places? Truly—it is too simple. And platina sells itself now at seven hundred pesos the pound."

McKeon was breathing slow, deep breaths.

"You want me to join you!"

"Precisely. And the price equals the profits of one thousand journeys like this. Paid into your hand. It is as safe—look you—as easy, as to pocket your fifty. The plan is made. A certain steamer will meet us at a certain point on the coast. Within two hours. We are here. We are gone. We are rich!"

McKeon put out a hand against the side of the car to steady himself. He slipped unconsciously into English, speaking thickly. "And y' thought, because I was plugging away at my own little graft——"

"Pardon——"

"I would say—what exactly do you desire me to do?"

"You can make it much easier for us, that is all. Join us, and all we must do is to tranship at Buenaventura. You shall also come on the steamer, quite safely to escape. . . . This should suit your taste, señor of the fifty pesos."

"Oh, I shall come on the steamer?" repeated McKeon, quietly. "Shall I——?"

And he sprang like a hungry panther.

He had his long, corded arms cradling for the leader's body when something flashed blue in the light and darted forward. The Spaniard held the long barrel jammed against his middle. McKeon checked in full career, with the muzzle pressing into into his flesh, and his hands stayed.

The other two had drawn knives. At mere sight of the naked blades the poor little prospector doubled up with a squeal of terror and collapsed among the stacks of hides.

The leader smiled.

"It is a pity you are not supplied with arms, señor," he purred throatily. "You are sudden. José—" he called. "To your post! Unloose the engine. It is to be that way."

Over the heads of the group McKeon was aware of the fourth bandit at work between the cars. A coupling pin clanked. The fourth man sprang to the passenger coach, a revolver gleaming in his fist. Presently there was a gap, rapidly widening as the two who had shown knives tightened the brake wheel on the baggage car.

A hubbub of voices rose against the lessening pound of the locomotive. McKeon had a glimpse of the fourth man standing in the coach doorway, weapon levelled, and the startled, bobbing faces of the passengers inside.

"That is José," explained the leader, smiling. "He accompanies your engineer down the road some little distance. Far enough so that none shall witness what direction we take. You understand? Meanwhile—we have our knapsacks outside, and they are empty and spacious enough to hold all our fortune. See how foolish you were, señor. It would have been so much easier had you joined us. Now, simply, we shall have to reach the coast by walking, as you recommended. And as to you——"

He smiled.

McKeon took in the situation deliberately. He nodded and backed stiffly away from the end of the revolver, hands still up, leaving the narrow passage between himself and his captor. The car had lumbered to a stop under the pressure of hand brakes.

"It appears, señor, that you were right," he said resignedly. "Truly I did not believe that you could be so swift with a pistol."

The leader was immensely gratified, in some odd criminal way. His smile widened upon his teeth.

"Ah—you must not think that in your country alone is practised the art. We also have the trick of it . . . Tito," he added, aside, "tie me up that little fowl who flutters there among the hides—the sainted mother knows we will be gentle with him.

And, Paulo—do the same by our friend of the fifty pesos here while I keep him contented."

Tito stepped obediently from the platform through the doorway. The leader, unthinking in his vanity, allowed him to step past the end of the revolver.

Once more McKeon leaped. And this time he huddled the unfortunate Tito before him like a bag of salt.

The revolver barked twice. Tito screamed, and was trampled under foot as McKeon snaked a hand through the struggle and gripped the armed wrist. Interlocked, McKeon and the leader caromed across the end of the car through drifting smoke and a bitter scent of scorched clothing, each straining for the instant advantage.

"Paulo!" gasped the leader. "Paulo!"

McKeon whirled his man off his feet and stumbled backward just in time to escape the ripping stab of Paulo's knife as the bandit crept from behind.

It was madness then, in that single car, hung among the foothills of the Andes in the empty quivering sunlight. By matching the agility, the speed of the two, McKeon kept just ahead, battering from side to side of the narrow space like a demon unchained.

The leader crushed his chest with one mighty arm, thrusting his thigh at every foothold for a straight throw. The man had a body and limbs like iron. Once the twisting wrist levered around as McKeon slipped, and he felt the sting of the gunpowder on his cheek when the gun spat again. And it was this opponent who must be hustled and hurried as a barrier and a guard against the prowling, deadly knife.

"Paulo!" gurgled the leader. . . .

But mostly they fought in silence—silence save for the heave and wheeze of painful breath, and always the whimpering moan of the little prospector, cowering among the hides and watching the glittering knife with eyes of helpless horror.

Again and again that darting blade bit to the blood. But McKeon, squirming and dodging, never weakened. He had striven for the thumb lock since the start, working his huge, bony hand slowly—slowly, around the thick neck. And now, with thumb half bitten through, he had it.

For the tenth time the three living went down in a tangle with the body on the floor. And this time they did not rise. The leader's face was purple. His lips writhed, but no sound came. McKeon was pressing home.

Paulo half lifted and wiped the sweat from his blinded eyes. Bracing, he took distance.

An upflung foot caught him on the side of the jaw, and with rattling teeth he yelped and folded backward.

McKeon worked around until he had a knee on the broad chest of the leader. The revolver came away from the flaccid grip as he wrenched at it. He struck with the butt—once and again. . . .

The prospector crawled out of the hides and sat staring stupidly at the shambles. Gone were his healthy pink and his twinkling look. He turned a wild glance up at the ghastly red ruin of a man who leaned against the side of the car beside the box of platinum.

"You did it!" he mouthed. "You did it all yourself!"

McKeon was in rags, scored and crimson-slashed. But his eyes glinted under the brows with hard lights.

The prospector began to laugh, close to hysteria.

"Man," he cried, "I've got to tell! I'm no prospector. I'm the railroad—part of it. American firm. Just bought out your Bogota crowd. Reorganization—extension—and all that. They sent me down to find out who was doing the petty grafting hereabouts!"

McKeon regarded him, dully.

"I've got my report," babbled the little man. "Oh, yes. I have it—a clean bill for any man who can fight like that!"

He caught at his lip to still it. Then burst out.

"But still I don't see," he whimpered. "How could you do it? How? . . . How could you find the nerve, and the strength, and the will? And why? . . . Fifty thousand pesos!"

"The spigotty devils!" answered McKeon, heavily. "They wanted to rob the company!"

Philosophy—By VELMA HITCHCOCK

WHEN roads meet, and trees meet, and lovers meet
There is mystery.
When blades meet, and nations meet, and old wives meet
There is history.

Laughter

By MAX BEERBOHM

MB

MBERGSON, in his well-known essay on this theme, says . . . well, he says many things; but none of these, though I have just read them, do I clearly remember, nor am I sure that in the act of reading I understood any of them. That is the worst of these fashionable philosophers—or rather, the worst of me. Somehow I never manage to read them till they are just going out of fashion, and even then I don't seem able to cope with them. About twelve years ago, when every one suddenly talked to me about Pragmatism and William James, I found myself moved by a dull but irresistible impulse to try Schopenhauer, of whom, years before that, I had heard that he was the easiest reading in the world, and the most exciting and amusing. I wrestled with Schopenhauer for a day or so, in vain. Time passed; M. Bergson appeared "and for his hour was lord of the ascendant"; I tardily tackled William James. I bore in mind, as I approached him, the testimonials that had been lavished on him by all my friends. Alas, I was insensible to his thrillingness. His gaiety did not make me gay. His crystal clarity confused me dreadfully. I could make nothing of William James. And now, in the fullness of time, I have been floored by M. Bergson.

It distresses me, this failure to keep pace with the leaders of thought as they pass into oblivion. It makes me wonder whether I am, after all, an absolute fool. Yet surely I am not that. Tell me of a man or a woman, a place or an event, real or fictitious: surely you will find me a fairly intelligent listener. Any such narrative will present to me some image, and will stir me to not altogether fatuous thoughts. Come to me in some grievous difficulty: I will talk to you like a father, even like a lawyer. I'll be hanged if I haven't a certain mellow wisdom. But if you are by way of weaving theories as to the nature of things in general, and if you want to try those theories on some one who will luminously confirm them or powerfully rend them, I must, with a hang-dog air, warn you that I am not your man. I suffer from a strong suspicion that things in general cannot be accounted for through any formula or set of formulæ, and that any one philosophy, howsoever new, is no better than another. That is in itself a sort of philosophy, and I suspect it accordingly; but it has for me the merit of being the only one I can make head or tail of. If you try to expound any other philosophic system to me, you will find not merely that I can detect no flaw in it (except the one great flaw just suggested), but also that I haven't, after a minute or two, the vaguest notion of what you are driving at. "Very well," you say, "instead of trying to explain all things at once, I will explain some little, simple, single thing." It was for sake of such shorn lambs as myself, doubtless, that M. Bergson sat down and wrote about—Laughter. But I have profited by his kindness no more than if he had been treating of the Cosmos. I cannot tread even a limited space of air. I have a gross satisfaction in the crude fact of being on hard ground again, and I utter a coarse peal of—Laughter.

At least, I say I do so. In point of fact, I have merely smiled. Twenty years ago, ten years ago, I should have laughed, and have professed to you that I had merely smiled. A very young man is not content to be very young, nor even a young man to be young: he wants to share the dignity of his elders. There is no dignity in laughter, there is much of it in smiles. Laughter is but a joyous surrender, smiles give token of mature criticism. It may be that in the early ages of this world there was far more laughter than is to be heard now, and that æons hence laughter will

be obsolete, and smiles universal—every one, always, mildly, slightly smiling. But it is less useful to speculate as to mankind's past and future than to observe men. And you will have observed with me in the club-room that young men at most times look solemn, whereas old men or men of middle age mostly smile; and also that those young men do often laugh loud and long among themselves, while we others—the gayest and best of us in the most favourable circumstances—seldom achieve more than our habitual act of smiling. Does the sound of that laughter jar on us? Do we liken it to the crackling of thorns under a pot? Let us do so. There is no cheerier sound. But let us not assume it to be the laughter of fools because we sit quiet. It is absurd to disapprove of what one envies, or to wish a good thing were no more because it has passed out of our possession.

But (it seems that I must begin every paragraph by questioning the sincerity of what I have just said) *has* the gift of laughter been withdrawn from me? I protest that I do still, at the age of forty-seven, laugh often and loud and long. But not, I believe, so long and loud and often as in my less smiling youth. And I am proud, nowadays, of laughing, and grateful to any one who makes me laugh. That is a bad sign. I no longer take laughter as a matter of course. I realize, even after reading M. Bergson on it, how good a thing it is. I am qualified to praise it.

As to what is most precious among the accessories to the world we live in, different men hold different opinions. There are people whom the sea depresses, whom mountains exhilarate. Personally, I want the sea always—some not populous edge of it for choice; and with it sunshine, and wine, and a little music. My friend on the mountain yonder is of tougher fibre and sterner outlook, disapproves of the sea's laxity and instability, has no ear for music and no palate for the grape, and regards the sun as a rather enervating institution, like central heating in a house. What he likes is a grey day and the wind in his face; crags at a great altitude; and a flask of whisky. Yet I think that even he, if we were trying to determine from what inner sources mankind derives the greatest pleasure in life, would agree with me that only the emotion of love takes higher rank than the emotion of laughter. Both these emotions are partly mental, partly physical. It is said that the mental symptoms of love are wholly physical in origin. They are not the less ethereal for that. The physical sensations of laughter, on the other hand, are reached by a process whose starting-point is in the mind. They are not the less "gloriously of our clay." There is laughter that goes so far as to lose all touch with its motive, and to exist only, grossly, in itself. This is laughter at its best. A man to whom such laughter has often been granted may happen to die in a work-house. No matter. I will not admit that he has failed in life. Another man, who has never laughed thus, may be buried in Westminster Abbey, leaving more than a million pounds overhead. What then? I regard him as a failure.

Nor does it seem to me to matter one jot how such laughter is achieved. Humour may rollick on high planes of fantasy or in depths of silliness. To many people it appeals only from those depths. If it appeal to them irresistibly, they are more enviable than those who are sensitive only to the finer kind of joke and not so sensitive as to be mastered and dissolved by it. Laughter is a thing to be rated according to its own intensity.

Many years ago I wrote an essay in which I poured scorn on the fun purveyed by the music halls, and on the great public for which that fun was quite good enough. I take that callow scorn back. I fancy that the fun itself was better than it seemed to me, and might not have displeased me if it had been wafted to me in private, in presence of a few friends. A public crowd, because of a lack of broad impersonal humanity in me, rather insulates than absorbs me. Amidst the guffaws of a thousand strangers I become unnaturally grave. If these people were the entertainment, and I the audience, I should be sympathetic enough. But to be one of them is a position that drives me spiritually aloof. Also, there is to me something rather dreary in the notion of going anywhere for the specific purpose of being amused. I prefer that laughter shall take me unawares. Only so can it master and dissolve me. And in this respect, at any rate, I am not peculiar. In music halls and such places, you may hear loud laughter, but—not see silent laughter, not see strong men weak, helpless, suffering, gradually convalescent, dangerously relapsing. Laughter at its greatest and best is not there.

To such laughter nothing is more propitious than an occasion that demands gravity. To have good reason for not laughing is one of the surest aids. Laughter

rejoices in bonds. If music halls were schoolrooms for us, and the comedians were our schoolmasters, how much less talent would be needed for giving us how much more joy! Even in private and accidental intercourse, few are the men whose humour can reduce us, be we never so susceptible, to paroxysms of mirth. I will wager that nine-tenths of the world's best laughter is laughter *at*, not *with*. And it is the people set in authority over us that touch most surely our sense of the ridiculous. Freedom is a good thing, but we lose through it golden moments. The schoolmaster to his pupils, the monarch to his courtiers, the editor to his staff—how priceless they are! Reverence is a good thing, and part of its value is that the more we revere a man, the more sharply are we struck by anything in him (and there is always much) that is incongruous with his greatness. And herein lies one of the reasons why as we grow older we laugh less. The men we esteemed so great are gathered to their fathers. Some of our coævals may, for aught we know, be very great, but good heavens! we can't esteem *them* so.

Of extreme laughter I know not in any annals a more satisfying example than one that is to be found in Moore's "Life of Byron." Both Byron and Moore were already in high spirits when, on an evening in the spring of 1813, they went "from some early assembly" to Mr. Rogers's house in St. James's Place and were regaled there with an impromptu meal. But not high spirits alone would have led the two young poets to such excess of laughter as made the evening so very memorable. Luckily they both venerated Rogers (strange as it may seem to us) as the greatest of living poets. Luckily, too, Mr. Rogers was ever the kind of man, the coldly and quietly suave kind of man, with whom you don't take liberties, if you can help it—with whom, if you *can't* help it, to take liberties is in itself a most exhilarating act. And he had just received a presentation copy of Lord Thurlow's latest book, "Poems on Several Occasions." The two young poets found in this elder's Muse much that was so execrable as to be delightful. They were soon, as they turned the pages, held in throes of laughter, laughter that was but intensified by the endeavours of their correct and nettled host to point out the genuine merits of his friend's work. And then suddenly—of joy!—"we lighted," Moore records, "on the discovery that our host, in addition to his sincere approbation of some of this book's contents, had also the motive of gratitude for standing by its authority, as one of the poems was a warm and, I need not add, well-deserved panegyric on himself. We were, however"—the narrative has an added charm from Tom Moore's demure care not to offend or compromise the still-surviving Rogers—"too far gone in nonsense for even this eulogy, in which we both so heartily agreed, to stop us. The opening line of the poem was, as well as I can recollect, 'When Rogers o'er this labour bent'; and Lord Byron undertook to read it aloud;—but he found it impossible to get beyond the first two words. Our laughter had now increased to such a pitch that nothing could restrain it. Two or three times he began; but no sooner had the words 'When Rogers' passed his lips, than our fit burst out afresh,—till even Mr. Rogers himself, with all his feeling of our injustice, found it impossible not to join us; and we were, at last, all three in such a state of inextinguishable laughter that, had the author himself been of our party, I question much whether he could have resisted the infection." The final fall and dissolution of Rogers, Rogers behaving as badly as either of them, is all that was needed to give perfection to this heart-warming scene. I like to think that on a certain night in spring, year after year, three ghosts revisit that old room and (without, I hope, inconvenience to Lord Northcliffe, who may happen to be there) sit rocking and writhing in the grip of that old shared rapture. Uncanny? Well, not more so than would have seemed to Byron and Moore and Rogers the notion that more than a hundred years away from them was some one joining in their laughter—as *I* do.

Alas, I cannot join in it more than gently. To imagine a scene, however vividly, does not give us the sense of being, or even of having been, present at it. Indeed, the greater the glow of the scene reflected, the sharper is the pang of our realization that we were *not* there, and of our annoyance that we weren't. Such a pang comes to me with special force whenever my fancy posts itself outside the Temple's gate in Fleet Street, and there, at a late hour of the night of May 10th, 1773, observes a gigantic old man laughing wildly, but having no one with him to share and aggrandize his emotion. Not that he is alone; but the young man beside him laughs only in politeness and is inwardly puzzled, even shocked. Boswell has a keen, an exquisitely

keen, scent for comedy, for the fun that is latent in fine shades of character; but imaginative burlesque, anything that borders on lovely nonsense, he was not formed to savour. All the more does one revel in his account of what led up to the moment when Johnson "to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot pavement, and sent forth peals so loud that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch."

No evening ever had an unlikelier ending. The omens were all for gloom. Johnson had gone to dine at General Paoli's, but was so ill that he had to leave before the meal was over. Later he managed to go to Mr. Chambers's rooms in the Temple. "He continued to be very ill" there, but gradually felt better, and "talked with a noble enthusiasm of keeping up the representation of respectable families," and was great on "the dignity and propriety of male succession." Among his listeners, as it happened, was a gentleman for whom Mr. Chambers had that day drawn up a will devising of his estate to his three sisters. The news of this might have been expected to make Johnson violent in wrath. But no, for some reason he grew violent only in laughter, and insisted thenceforth on calling that gentleman The Testator and chaffing him without mercy. "I daresay he thinks he has done a mighty thing. He won't stay till he gets home to his seat in the country, to produce this wonderful deed: he'll call up the landlord of the first inn on the road; and after a suitable preface upon mortality and the uncertainty of life, will tell him that he should not delay in making his will; and Here, Sir, will he say, is *my* will, which I have just made, with the assistance of one of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom; and he will read it to him. He believes he has made his will; but he did not make it; you, Chambers, made it for him. I hope you have had more conscience than to make him say 'being of sound understanding!' ha, ha, ha! I hope he has left me a legacy. I'd have his will turned into verse, like a ballad." These flights annoyed Mr. Chambers, and are recorded by Boswell with the apology that he wishes his readers to be "acquainted with the slightest occasional characteristics of so eminent a man." Certainly, there is nothing ridiculous in the fact of a man making a will. But this is the measure of Johnson's achievement. He had created gloriously much out of nothing at all. There he sat, old and ailing and unencouraged by the company, but soaring higher and higher in absurdity, more and more rejoicing, and still soaring and rejoicing after he had gone out into the night with Boswell, till at last in Fleet Street his paroxysms were too much for him and he could no more. Echoes of that huge laughter come ringing down the ages. But is there also perhaps a note of sadness for us in them? Johnson's endless sociability came of his inherent melancholy: he could not bear to be alone; and his very mirth was but a mode of escape from the dark thoughts within him. Of these the thought of death was the most dreadful to him, and the most insistent. He was for ever wondering how death would come to him, and how he would acquit himself in the extreme moment. A later but not less devoted Anglican, meditating on his own end, wrote in his diary that "to die in church appears to be a great euthanasia, but not," he quaintly and touchingly added, "at a time to disturb worshipers." Both the sentiment here expressed and the reservation drawn would have been as characteristic of Johnson as they were of Gladstone. But to die of laughter—this, too, seems to me a great euthanasia; and I think that for Johnson to have died thus, that night in Fleet Street, would have been a grand ending to "a life radically wretched." Well, he was destined to outlive another decade; and, selfishly, who can wish such a life as his, or such a Life as Boswell's, one jot shorter?

Strange, when you come to think of it, that of all the countless folk who have lived before our time on this planet not one is known in history or in legend as having died of laughter. Strange, too, that not to one of all the characters in romance has such an end been allotted. Has it ever struck you what a chance Shakespeare missed when he was finishing the Second Part of King Henry the Fourth? Falstaff was not the man to stand cowed and bowed while the new young king lectured him and cast him off. Little by little, as Hal proceeded in that portentous allocution, the humour of the situation would have mastered old Sir John. His face, blank with surprise at first, would presently have glowed and widened, and his whole bulk have begun to quiver. Lest he should miss one word, he would have mastered himself. But the final words would have been the signal for release of all the roars pent up in him; the welkin

would have rung; the roars, belike, would have gradually subsided in dreadful rumblings of more than utterable or conquerable mirth. Thus and thus only might his life have been rounded off with dramatic fitness, *secundum ipsius naturam*. He never should have been left to babble of green fields and die "an it had been any christom child."

Falstaff is a triumph of comedic creation because we are kept laughing equally at and with him. Nevertheless, if I had the choice of sitting with him at the Boar's Head or with Johnson at the Turk's, I shouldn't hesitate for an instant. The agility of Falstaff's mind gains much of its effect by contrast with the massiveness of his body; but in contrast with Johnson's equal agility is Johnson's moral as well as physical bulk. His sallies "tell" the more startlingly because of the noble weight of character behind them: they are the better because *he* makes them. In Falstaff there isn't this final incongruity and element of surprise. Falstaff is but a sublimated sample of "the funny man." We can not, therefore, laugh so greatly with him as with Johnson. (Nor even *at* him; because we are not tickled so much by the weak points of a character whose points are all weak ones; also because we have no reverence trying to impose restraint upon us.) Still, Falstaff has indubitably the power to convulse us. I don't mean we ever are convulsed in reading Henry the Fourth. No printed page, alas, can thrill us to extremities of laughter. These are ours only if the mirthmaker be a living man whose jests we hear as they come fresh from his own lips. All I claim for Falstaff is that he would be able to convulse us if he were alive and accessible. Few, as I have said, are the humourists who can induce this state. To master and dissolve us, to give us the joy of being worn down and tired out with laughter, is a success to be won by no man save in virtue of a rare staying-power. Laughter becomes extreme only if it be consecutive. There must be no pauses for recovery. Touch-and-go humour, however happy, is not enough. The jester must be able to grapple his theme and hang on to it, twisting it this way and that, and making it yield magically all manner of strange and precious things, one after another, without pause. He must have invention keeping pace with utterance. He must be inexhaustible. Only so can he exhaust us.

I have a friend whom I would praise. There are many other of my friends to whom I am indebted for much laughter; but I do believe that if all of them sent in their bills to-morrow and all of them overcharged me not a little, the total of all those totals would be less appalling than that which looms in my own vague estimate of what I owe to Comus. Comus I call him here in observance of the line drawn between public and private virtue, and in full knowledge that he would of all men be the least glad to be quite personally thanked and laurelled in the market-place for the hours he has made memorable among his cronies. No one is so diffident as he, no one so self-postponing. Many people have met him again and again without faintly suspecting "anything much" in him. Many of his acquaintances—friends, too—relatives, even—have lived and died in the belief that he was quite ordinary. Thus is he the more greatly valued by his cronies. Thus do we pride ourselves on possessing some curious right quality to which alone he is responsive. But it would seem that either this asset of ours or its effect on him is intermittent. He can be dull and null enough with us sometimes—a mere asker of questions, or drawer of comparisons between this and that brand of cigarettes, or full expatiator on the merits of some new patent razor. A whole hour and more may be wasted in such humdrum and darkness. And then—something will have happened. There has come a spark in the murk; a flame now, presage of a radiance: Comus has begun. His face is a great part of his equipment. A cast of it might be somewhat akin to the comic mask of the ancients; but no cast would be worthy of it; mobility is the essence of it. It flickers and shifts in accord to the matter of his discourse; it contracts and it expands; is there anything its elastic can't express? Comus would be eloquent even were he dumb. And he is mellifluous. His voice, while he develops an idea or conjures up a scene, takes on a peculiar richness and unction. If he be describing an actual scene, voice and face are adaptable to those of the actual persons therein. But it is not in such mimicry that he excels. As a reporter he has rivals. For the most part, he moves on a higher plane than that of mere fact: he imagines, he creates, giving you not a person, but a type, a synthesis, and not what anywhere has been, but what anywhere might be—what, as one feels, for all the absurdity of it, just would be. He

knows his world well, and nothing human is alien to him, but certain skeins of life have a special hold on him, and he on them. In his youth he wished to be a clergyman; and over the clergy of all grades and denominations his genius hovers and swoops and ranges with a special mastery. Lawyers he loves less; yet the legal mind seems to lie almost as wide-open to him as the sacerdotal; and the legal manner in all its phases he can unerringly burlesque. In the minds of journalists, diverse journalists, he is not less thoroughly at home, so that of the wild contingencies imagined by him there is none about which he can not reel off an oral "leader" or "middle" in the likeliest style, and with as much ease as he can preach a High Church or Low Church sermon on it. Nor are his improvisations limited by prose. If a theme call for nobler treatment, he becomes an unflagging fountain of ludicrously adequate blank verse. Or again, he may deliver himself in rhyme. There is no form of utterance that comes amiss to him for interpreting the human comedy, or for broadening the farce into which that comedy is turned by him. Nothing can stop him when once he is in the vein. No appeals move him. He goes from strength to strength while his audience is more and more piteously debilitated.

What a gift to have been endowed with! What a power to wield! And how often I have envied Comus! But this envy of him has never taken root in me. His mind laughs, doubtless, at his own conceptions; but not his body. And if you tell him something that you have been sure will convulse him you are likely to be rewarded with no more than a smile betokening that he sees the point. Incomparable laughter-giver, he is not much a laugher. He is vintner, not toper. I would therefore not change places with him. I am well content to have been his beneficiary during thirty years, and to be so for as many more as may be given us.

Here and There

The Eye of the Beholder

"If the Venus de Medici could be animated into life, women would only remark that her waist was large." "Ouida."

The Level of Democracy

Bit by bit the conviction was forced in upon me that if the American democracy does much to level up the lowest class, it is still more successful in leveling down the highest and best. No land on earth is so friendly to the poor illiterate toilers, no land so contemptuous-cold to the thinkers and artists, the guides of humanity. What help is there here for men of letters and artists, for the seers and prophets? Such guides are not wanted by the idle rich and are ignored by the masses, and after all the welfare of the head is more important even than that of the body and feet.

What will become of those who stone the prophets and persecute the teachers? The doom is written in flaming letters on every page in history. Frank Harris.

"I Take My Own"

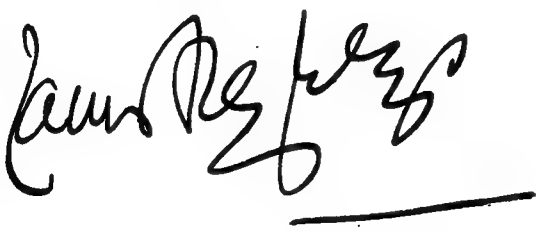
"I milked three hundred cows for it, but the butter I made is mine."
Charles Reade (*when accused of "lifting" material for one of his books.*)

The Last Shall be First

"He loved Amye, till he saw Floriet; and, when he saw Cynthia, forgot them both. But fair Phillis was incomparably beyond them all, Clorris surpassed her; and yet, when he espied Amaryllis, she was his sole mistress. O divine Amaryllis! how lovely, how tall, how comely, she was, till he saw another! and then she was the sole subject of his thoughts. In fine, her he loves best he saw last." R. Burton.

There is a Tavern in the Town

By JAMES STEPHENS



THE old gentleman condescended to accept the last cigar which I had, and, having lit it with my only match, he earnestly advised me never to smoke to excess, because this indulgence brought spots before the eyes, deteriorated the moral character, and was, moreover, exceedingly expensive.—On the subject of smoking and tobacco he spoke as follows——

"I have observed that people who do not smoke are usually of a sour and unsociable disposition. All red-haired people smoke naturally, and they almost invariably use cut-plug. Very dark-haired men smoke twist, and their natural strength and virtue is such that in the intervals of smoking they also chew tobacco. Fair-haired men generally smoke cigarettes—they do this, not for the purpose of enjoyment, but purely in imitation of their betters. However, in later life, when they become bald, as they invariably do, they also became regenerate and smoke pig-tail. Men with mouse-coloured hair do not smoke at all. They collect postage stamps and sea-shells, and are usually to be found sitting round a fire with other girls eating chocolates and seeking for replies to such questions as, when is a door not a door? and why does a chicken cross the road? They are miserable creatures whom I will not further mention.

"The usage of tobacco, or some smokable substitute, is as old as primitive man. Almost all nations of the earth are adepts in this particular habit. It is, of course, an acquired taste, as also are washing and tomatoes. We are born with appetites which are static and unchangeable, but we are also born with a yearning for pleasure which is almost as positive as an appetite and only needs cultivation to become equally imperative. Doubtless, a traveler from some distant planet, who knew nothing of tobacco, would be astonished at the spectacle of a man exhaling smoke from his lips with splendid unconcern, and our traveler's conjectures as to the origin of the smoke and the immunity of the smoker would be highly amusing and instructive.

"I am often surprised on reflecting that our immediate ancestors were debarred from this pleasant indulgence, and I have wondered how they made the evenings pass. The lack of tobacco and pockets in their clothes (both of which are great civilizing agents) may have been responsible for the wars, harryings, kidnapings and cattle raids which, alternating with rigorous and austere religious ceremonial, formed the bulk of their pleasures. Nowadays we leave these violent entertainments to children and the semi-literate, and take our pleasures more composedly. A man who can put his hands in his pockets will seldom remove them for the purpose of slaying some one whose only fault is that he was born in the County Sligo. A man with a pipe in his teeth will be too much at peace with society to endanger its existence.

"If the blessings of tobacco should be extended to the remainder of the verte-

brates (as, why should it not?) I am sure that lions, elephants, and wild boars would avail themselves of it. So, also, would kangaroos, a beautiful and agile race living in Polynesia, or thereabouts—they are beautiful hoppers, and collect large quantities of this plant. In this direction they are especially well equipped, each having a pouch in her stomach in which to carry tobacco and hops, but wherein they now ignorantly secrete their young. Serpents would smoke a pipe with considerable elegance, and might become more benevolent in consequence. Frogs would smoke, but I fancy they would expectorate too elaborately to be neighbourly. Fish, however, would not smoke at all.—They are a cowardly and corrupt people, living in water, which is a singular thing to do. Neither would many birds smoke: they have neither the stamina nor the teeth; but I am certain that crows and jackdaws would chew tobacco eagerly and with true relish. A large proportion of the insecta are too light-minded and frivolous to care for smoking. Beetles, however, a very reserved and dignified race, would smoke cigars, and so would cock-roaches, a rather saturnine and cynical people; but no others.

"As for women—I am astonished they have not smoked, by mere contagion, long ago. If they did they would certainly grow more kind-hearted and manly, and I am sure that a deputation of ladies with pipes in their mouths and hands in their pockets would only have to demand the franchise from an astounded ministry to obtain it.

"Members of Parliament are, I believe, either a separate creation or a composite of the parrot and the magpie. I have not yet discovered their particular function in nature, but have observed them with some particularity. They wear top hats and are constantly making speeches, both of which are easy things to do and quite pleasant minor accomplishments.—So far as I can gather, their chief use has been to pass something called a Budget. From the fact that this Budget contains a disgraceful imposition on tobacco I must take it that Members of Parliament are among the lower animals who do not smoke—they are also uninteresting in other ways."

Having said this, my old friend bowed to me and departed genially with my cigar case in his pocket. The shirt-sleeved Adonis behind the counter wagged his head solemnly at a fly and then clouted it with a dish-cloth.

I Shall Not Die for Love of Thee

By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

O, WOMAN, shapely as the swan,
Shall I turn wan for looks from thee?
Nay, bend those blue love-darting eyes
On men unwise, they wound not me.
Red lips and ripe and rose soft cheek,
Shall limbs turn weak and colour flee;
And languorous grace and foam-white form,
Shall still blood storm because of ye?

Thy slender waist, thy *cool* of gold
In ringlets rolled around thy knee,
Thy scented sighs and looks of flame,
They shall not tame my spirit free.
For, Woman, shapely as the swan,
A wary man hath nurtured me;
White neck and arm, bright lip and eye,
I shall not die for love of ye!

The Darcys of Rosings

By E. BARRINGTON

[A reintroduction to some of the characters of Miss Austen's novels]

Whitehorn Manor, HUNSDON, KENT.
4th *May*, 1814.

YOU will be interested to learn, my dear Sophia, that we are arrived at our new home a se'nnight since, having posted from London with every comfort. Already I feel sure we shall not regret fixing here. Now that the Admiral has retired from the naval service, a rural retreat was his object, and we had a strong recommendation to Hunsdon from Mrs. Colonel Brandon, the Marianne Dashwood of your early days and mine. She spoke of the little domain named as above, and investigation soon convinced my dear Admiral that this was what he had hoped to secure. My approbation followed as a matter of course, and I hope an early visit will convince me of Sophia's. If a fair dawn promises a cloudless day, we may look forward with the highest degree of confidence permissible in human affairs.

The journey from London to the village of Hunsdon is agreeable, and through an affluence of English scenery which must surely compare favourably with any in the world: swelling hills embowered in green; placid rivers enlivened by a delightful concert of feathered songsters; villages clustered about the churchyards, where sleep their rude forefathers; though it were to be desired that a judicious restoration could obliterate the savage Norman and Gothic architecture too often found in the churches, and that they could be restored in harmony with the more elegant taste of the present day. I could never agree with Mr. Walpole's love of the Gothic! Still, I am not to deny that the perspective is sometimes pleasing, and the intention of a ruder age merits respect.

The Admiral, who is not an amateur of scenery, slumbered most of the way. We alighted from the post-chaise at Sundale for a night's rest, and ordered a light repast, with tea for me, and that heady ale which I could wish my Admiral would renounce, both on account of his increasing weight and his tendency to inflammatory gout. But you are not now to learn that it is vain to remonstrate with gentlemen where the pleasures of the table are concerned. Our rooms being unprepared, we sat downstairs, though the inn was full in anticipation of some horse races to-morrow, and some of the gentlemen decidedly in liquor. My attention was early engaged by a lady of prettyish appearance at a table near by, whose bonnet and spencer bespoke a florid taste hardly in keeping with her uncurled ringlets and—dare I add it?—unwashed hands. She was accompanied by a good-looking man in regimentals, of handsome but, as I thought, somewhat dissolute presence (so different from the solid worth of my Admiral!), who was evidently an officer from Chatham, not far distant. I judged them to be husband and wife from their yawning inattention to each other's remarks. Finally, the gentleman, rousing himself, said in a low clear tone:—

"It signifies not, Mrs. Wickham, what your opinion may be, for the thing must be done. Money we must have, and your sister's influence with Mr. Darcy is our only prospect of relief. Your father will do no more. Mr. Darcy's prejudice against me is fixed, and therefore your journey to Hunsdon, now they are staying at Rosings, will be necessary. Argue no more. My mind is made up."

She pouted angrily.

"I am quite as sensible as you are, Wickham, of our need of money; but you know how I hate travelling alone, with all the men ogling me and the servants looking for vails that I have it not to give. Come with me, and all will be well." Her tone was cajoling.

"Oblige me with the letter you received from Mrs. Darcy a week since," was his only reply.

She pulled out a dog's-eared letter from her reticule, and he read aloud:—

"'I regret, my dear Lydia, to be obliged to speak plainly and say that the less Mr. Darcy meets Mr. Wickham the more likely is his benevolence to continue.' Now, Mrs. Wickham, in view of that statement, where

is the sense in urging me to accompany you to Rosings?"

He threw it back to her, and leaned in his chair, staring at his boots with a very discontented expression. I am no eavesdropper, Sophia, but the Admiral was still engaged with his plate, and I could not withdraw; and though I looked pointedly at the lady, she took no notice.

"It would show more consideration for me, Wickham, if you was to come. You know how poor my nerves are, and the flutterations I suffer from at the thought of seeing Darcy. Such a stiff, starched man—I don't know how Elizabeth endures him. And the last time I stayed at Pemberley, the airs of her maid sunk my spirits altogether. I have not a gown equal to her black silk. The miseries our marriage has brought upon me—Good God! what a fool I was!"

"It was certainly not forced upon *you*, Madam, whatever it might be on me."

"A pleasant allusion, I must say," said Mrs. Wickham, tossing her ringlets; then, beginning to giggle: "But you was always a quiz, Wickham, and don't mean the half you say. You know how I hate travelling alone, whereas you and me could pick up some friends on the way, and have a hand at cards. Don't drink no more now. You will want your head clear for the races. Did you ever see such a scare as that bonnet yonder?"

There was no mistaking who she meant, my dear Sophia; and though it is true I had on my beaver bonnet and blue veil, a little disordered by the wind, still there was no excuse for her unladylike freedom. I felt my complexion heighten indignantly. Mr. Wickham took no notice.

"I wish to heaven," he said gloomily, "that I could perform if it were the most trifling service to Darcy, to lessen this load of obligation. There are times—" But his lady was giggling, and waving her hand to a lady at some distance, and, rising, he strode away.

But what was I to think? For I had been informed by Marianne Brandon that Mr. and Mrs. Darcy are the chief residents at Hunsdon, where he inherited the noble estate of Rosings from his aunt, the Lady Catherine de Bourgh, whose daughter and heiress died. Mrs. Darcy was formerly a Miss Elizabeth Bennet, and this sister, Mrs. Wickham, had been of by no means irreproachable conduct. And this was she! Such impropriety of demeanour! Such a vulgar insipidity! If Mrs. Darcy in any way resembled her, I feared our hope of pleasant society was destined to disappointment. Such connections!

I broke the matter with my dear Sir Charles; but he pooh-poohed my anxieties in his sailorly fashion, saying:—

"There's many a bad egg from a good nest, my Lady, and Mrs. Darcy may be a valuable woman, for all her sister looks such a slut. And I would have you by no means be cackling about this meeting all over the neighbourhood."

Cackling! But you, my dear Sophia, know the energy with which the Admiral expresses himself. It was his mode of recommending discretion.

Next morning we started, and saw them no more; but I understood from the remark of one waiter to another that Mr. Wickham was a well-known figure in the betting ring, and the races would engage their stay.

As our chaise and four rolled into Hunsdon, my spirits were elevated by the beauty of the prospect, where a flourishing peasantry dwells in prosperity under the protection of the worthy Darcy. The cottages, with their rose-decked gardens and beehives, the rich pastures, with grazing cattle and dotted with sheep, all expressed the idea of pastoral plenty; and the handsome carriages and curricles passing gave us a high opinion of the consequence of the neighbourhood. I roused the Admiral to partake my pleasure, as we passed a beautiful little church with a handsome portico in the Italian taste. We next drove by the Parsonage, standing in a green lane and faced by the park palings of Rosings; and as we passed I observed a sensible-looking lady at the window, whom I judged to be Mrs. Collins. The Rector, a tall heavy-featured man, tying up his carnations, hastened at once to the gate, and by low bows, repeated until we were out of sight, gave us our first welcome to Hunsdon. I would have prevailed on the Admiral to stop in response to so much civility; but he refused, and putting his head out of the window, desired John to drive on. I could only hope Mr. Collins did not hear him.

How shall I describe, my dear Sophia, the gratification with which I beheld our new home! It is a long, low, white house, covered with roses and clematis, with pleasant windows opening to smooth green lawns, and an air of purity and order within which is peculiar to English homes. Having travelled to Boulogne, I may be allowed to

be a judge. The rows of curtseying servants, headed by good Mrs. Williams, the housekeeper, and the Admiral's faithful butler, Sampson, gave us a rude but honest welcome, and were ordered a couple of bottles of port to drink our healths.

Next day Mr. and Mrs. Collins waited upon us. She strikes me as a woman of judgment, much inclined to reserve, and with a demure and settled manner; but this, in her position, may be very necessary. The Rector—what shall I say? This was his greeting:—

"It is with profound pleasure I have the honour to welcome Sir Charles Sefton and your Ladyship to your magnificent abode in our humble village of Hunsdon. We are indeed honoured by the choice of newcomers so distinguished, to whom the highest circles of London or the amenities of the world are alike open. But the refined and elegant society of this neighbourhood will be found worthy of even such a mark of approbation. Mrs. Collins shares my sense of the distinction thus conferred upon us, and I speak for her as well as myself."

She looked somewhat uncomfortable at this exuberance, accompanied with a formal bow for every comma, but is probably used to it, for she quietly made me a sensible little speech of welcome, to which I responded in kind.

"I thank you, Sir," replied my Admiral bluntly; "and you will find us regular attendants at Divine Service, where we hope to benefit by your discourses, which I hope excel in quality rather than quantity. Ha, ha!"

"My discourses, Sir Charles, never exceed half an hour, that being the length preferred by the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourgh, who presented me to this parish; and though she is now elevated to a sphere higher even than that which she adorned on earth, I still observe her wishes, and the rather that I have not had any intimation to the contrary from Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy, her nephew, or his amiable lady, to whom I have the honour to be related."

"Indeed?" I said; "I was not aware. Do Mr. and Mrs. Darcy always reside here?"

"They divide the year between Rosings and Pemberley in Derbyshire, your Ladyship. But their daughters, the Misses Darcy, prefer Rosings, so they are oftener here. And I am frequently in the habit of saying to Mrs. Darcy that when these fair flowers are transplanted to Pemberley, the gardens of Rosings droop and wither. Elegant females are very susceptible to these little attentions, as you are aware, and I never hesitate to offer them."

"Flummery and females!" interjected the Admiral. "I hope, Sir, it is not your intention to spoil my Lady Sefton's digestion with this sort of whipped cream!"

Mr. Collins bowed and sidled, and Mrs. C. observed:—

"The Misses Darcy are two extremely handsome young women—sixteen and fifteen respectively. Miss Darcy is most prepossessing. I feel sure your Ladyship will agree with me."

"Don't omit the Admiral, Mrs. Collins!" said Sir Charles. "I like a pretty face as well as anyone, as you may judge by my Lady."

The dear man! He expresses himself with bluntness occasionally, but the heart is gold!

"Are you as good a judge of pigs as of ladies, Mr. Collins?" he added; "for if so, pray accompany me on my first visit to my pigsties, and we will leave the ladies to their gossip."

Mr. Collins went, with a rueful glance at his boots, but bowing and smiling all the way. I learnt much of the neighbourhood from Mrs. Collins, but with the warm colouring she judged amiable. I must except, however, the poor of the parish. There she spoke, with a censure no doubt deserved, of thriftlessness and ingratitude. These indeed are tokens of a spirit of discontent which we cannot view with composure, especially in the light of late events in the unhappy country of France—the prey of impiety and revolution.

The visit was, on the whole, pleasant, though Mr. Collins's courtesy is overstrained, and the Admiral, throwing himself into his chair when they departed, made use of language which, however suitable for gentlemen, the female pen declines to record, adding:—

"When Mr. Collins's foot slipped, and he fell prone in the muck, he got up and apologized until I fairly ran for it."

Next day Mr. and Mrs. Darcy waited upon us, having thoughtfully sent a mounted messenger to enquire if we felt equal to receiving company after our journey. On our agreeing, they presented themselves in the most unostentatious way, having walked through their park and down the lane, though the weather was showery. All forebodings were instantly banished.

Mr. Darcy is a tall, well-formed man, in

early middle life, distinguished in bearing and manners, a little haughty, but not more so than is becoming in his position. Mrs. Darcy, some years younger, is veritably charming. You know, my dear Sophia, that I am not rash and do not use such words unguardedly. She smiled, disclosing beautiful teeth, and, as I observed, has the peculiar grace of one whose eyes smile in harmony with her lips. Nothing could be more obliging than her manners, and I could scarce think it possible that the tawdry, noisy Mrs. Wickham could be her sister. Her eyes are dark and animated, with long eyelashes which soften their somewhat alarming brilliance. She is extremely conversible.

"I am glad you were pleased with the village, Lady Sefton. What did you think of the church? The old one was a venerable structure, dating from the Plantagenet kings, and I personally should have preferred that; but Sir Lewis de Bourgh, who had made the grand tour with Mr. Horace Walpole and other notable amateurs, had acquired a passion for Italy, and when restoring the church, Italianised it. Had he also presented us with Naples, where the original stands, the gift would have been complete; but to my mind it stands as ill in little Hunsdon as would the dress of an Italian Signora on good Mrs. Collins."

She smiled so archly that I laughed, and the Admiral joined in.

"Quite right, my dear Madam," he exclaimed. "There can be no greater folly than sticking the buildings of one country in the surroundings of another. What the English builders built is good enough for English men and women, and more suitable than any Greek and Roman temples and such idle gazebos. They will be having Divine Worship in a Belvedere next!"

I blushed for my dear Admiral's taste, but was unable to check his loud voice. Mrs. Darcy applauded with her gloved hands, and sparkling eyes.

"I make a point of applauding any judgment which agrees with my own," she said playfully; "and I congratulate you, my dear Sir, on an excellent taste, and vigour in expressing it. I foresee we shall be always applauding one another. Am I not fortunate in our new neighbours, my dear Darcy?"

He agreed, with the utmost kindliness and a graceful touch of formality, and requested permission to examine the exquisite set of ivory chessmen presented to the Admiral at Bombay. They are a superb work of art, all the pieces being mounted on elephants, camels, and horses, elegantly carved. Having bestowed his meed of admiration, he added:—

"Since you are acquainted with India, Sir Charles, it will give me the utmost pleasure if you and her Ladyship will do me the honour to inspect those which Mr. Lorenzo Darcy, my uncle, brought from that wonderful country. The Ivory Shrine is considered a masterpiece, and some have recommended that it should be in some public collection. But family associations——"

"Public collections!" interrupted the Admiral (I could wish, Sophia, that the dear man would not interrupt when persons of consideration are speaking). "They are an encroachment by the lower orders, on all accounts to be resisted. What? Are private treasures to be exhibited to their pawings and ignorance? No, Mr. Darcy! Preserve the Ivory Shrine as an heirloom, and let those who would engage the votes of the vulgar be——"

I will not record the end of the sentence. Mrs. Darcy apologized for her daughters not waiting upon me by mentioning that they had a prior engagement with Mrs. Collins, relative to a treat for the village school in honour of Mr. Darcy's natal day.

"I bespeak your kindness for them, my dear Madam," she was pleased to say. "My elder, Charlotte, has a strong taste for sketching and music, in both of which I am aware you excel. Rumour, as you see, has preceded you with her trumpet! Caroline is more studious. We hope, when your son is here on leave, that many little pleasure parties and balls may be made up. My young people and all those of the neighbourhood are excessively fond of dancing."

I protested this was a taste my Henry shared, and was very sensible of her attention. Indeed, Sophia, I trust you will not set me down as a Mrs. Busybody (a character I detest) if I say that certain possibilities flashed across my mind at the moment. No young man can be more attractive nor stronger in moral principle than Henry, and if these young women— But I need say no more! Miss Darcy is so great an heiress as to be an object to many.

"You have met Mr. Collins as well as his wife, I conclude?" she added smiling.

"We have had that distinction!" I said, and could not forbear smiling also.

"A worthy man! But there are peculi-

arities of manner. His discourses are always adapted to the occasion, and his allusions— He will, no doubt, to-morrow refer to your arrival in his sermon."

"My dear Mrs. Darcy," said I, much alarmed, "have you any real reason to suppose this? I have never been the object of public comment. And the Admiral! I trust you are mistaken."

"I may be," she replied archly; "but can only say that the Sunday after we settled at Rosings, Mr. Collins preached from the text, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah,' and made it very clear that Mr. Darcy was that individual."

I could only gaze at her in dismay, but was obliged to check my impulse of consulting the Admiral, lest he should take some compromising step as regards Mr. Collins, who might be entirely innocent of such an intention.

When our visitors rose to take leave, and Sir Charles and I attended them to the gate, I felt a friendship was commenced which might have the happiest results for both families. At the gate we were joined by the young ladies, who had walked up the lane from the Parsonage, and the introductions were made. They curtseyed with the prettiest air of good breeding. Charlotte, the elder, is a glowing brunette. Her purity of expression and correct features positively charmed me. The younger, not so unusual in beauty, is still extremely attractive, and has her mother's penetrating and sparkling eyes.

The next day brought us a visit from my old friend, Marianne Brandon, who settled here with her Colonel Brandon after Delaford was sold to Mr. Edward Ferrars on his second marriage. Her chief inducement at Delaford being thus removed by the death of her sister, Mrs. Edward Ferrars, they decided to fix nearer London.

I need not describe to you, who know her, the warmth of her greeting. Her feelings are always strong and strongly expressed.

"It adds delight to delight itself," she cried, embracing me, "that you should be settled here, my dear Anne. What happy days are in store for us! With our pencils we will seek the beech woods of Whitethorn, and transcribe the various moods of nature."

"Beechmast," said the Admiral, "is one of the most fattening things I know for swine, and if you will not object to their presence, Mrs. Brandon, I doubt not they will allow of yours. What say you, Colonel Brandon?"

Their old friendship makes this permissible, however unromantic, and he has always rallied her thus. She continued with ardour:—

"I look forward to the most delightful *al fresco* meals in the green shades. We will make up little parties to recline on the moss——"

"In that case, my dear, I fear I must ask you to leave me out!" said dear Colonel Brandon, smiling mischievously. "You forget my rheumatism and flannel waistcoats!"

She bit her lip. It is a point on which she is sensitive, for she would not have him thought much older than she, though there is twenty years' disparity.

"Let us leave them to their own dullness, my dear Marianne, and tell me all your news," said I.

She drew her chair to mine and talked with all her old animation. Pity they have no children! Her excellent qualities and his deserve repetition. One of her items, I own, surprised me. They are expecting a visit in August from—whom do you think? You can not guess, nor could I. Young Willoughby, now twenty-one years old, son of her ancient flame, John Willoughby! She speaks of him now without any consciousness, and there is evidently no painful feeling. Spending his wife's large fortune, Mr. Willoughby, senior, on her death accepted an appointment at Calcutta, where he has since resided. This is his only son, landed in England after the Cape voyage, and he has written them with a very proper letter of introduction, begging that the young man may present himself and bespeaking the patronage and civility for him of Colonel and Mrs. Brandon. Her kindly heart gives her a peculiar pleasure in this opportunity, for you will remember Mr. Willoughby, senior, made explanations which removed much of the seeming heartlessness of his treatment of her. I might be mistaken in supposing that Colonel Brandon was less eager for the visit; but such was my impression. He is not impulsive as she. Their visit was in all respects a delightful one.

We attended Divine Service next day, and naturally there was a little curiosity, especially among the white-headed village children, as we approached our pew, a handsome enclosure with armchairs, which I feared but too truly would soon invite Sir Charles to the arms of Morpheus. I

think, Sophia, it were to be desired that there should be a certain rigour in the design of church furniture. I myself sometimes—but to-day my senses were on the alert, especially when Mr. Collins ascended the pulpit, and pompously announced his text: "A mighty man of valour."

The beginning was harmless, and my thoughts became a little indistinct, when suddenly I was aware that the allusion was to the Admiral, and to his services in our actions with the French. Special allusion was made to his victory in the Arrogant off Ushant! I sat in such apprehension as can not be expressed in words. You are as well aware as I that the modesty of a hero will admit of no encomiums, and the prayer formed itself on my lips (I hope without impiety) that his sleep might continue, as I could not be answerable for the consequences. I sat on tenterhooks, and meanwhile the Admiral slumbered placidly, his gentle snores punctuating Mr. Collins's discourse, his mouth open, nor dared I push him with my foot as is my custom. Fortunate indeed was I that the height of the pew prevented my catching Mrs. Darcy's eye. I can not but think all this was in deplorable taste. What think you? As we left the sacred building, the Admiral said:—

"An excellent discourse! I know not when I have heard a better. Pointed and instructive. I shall offer a word of commendation to his Reverence."

I could but look at him with an imploring eye as Mr. Collins bowed.

"I am happy, Sir Charles," he rejoined, after the encomium, "to have met with your approbation. Ensamples of heroism may surely as justly be drawn from modern instances as from Alexander and Cæsar, and I am not now to be informed that such ensamples are of more interest to the infant mind when the illustrious model is seated among them in all the majesty of success and honour."

The Admiral stared, but Mrs. Darcy, joining us, staved off the disclosure.

"I told you so!" she whispered in my ear, her eyes dancing with humour.

I pressed her hand for silence and it blew over, the Admiral later demanding jealously: "What was it all about, my Lady?" when I replied with a show of countenance: "A droll allusion of Mrs. Darcy's, my dear." So it ended.

So also must this letter, my dear Sophia; but I do not apologize for its length, knowing your interest in all that touches us. Your truly affᵉ sister,

ANNE SEFTON.

4th *September*, 1814.

I resume my pen, my dear Sophia, to narrate the most extraordinary series of incidents which can have ever taken place in such surroundings. You may have seen some reports in the public journals, but can not have heard the details. Let me strive to impart my news in as collected a manner as they merit.

I should premise that my Henry arrived on his leave, and the very day after received cordial invitations from Mr. and Mrs. Darcy to wait on them and join in all the parties of pleasure consequent on young Willoughby's arrival. A number of friendly gatherings took place, and Captains Gilbert and Ord from the Chatham garrison were visitors at Rosings. Still, I ventured to hope that though thus besieged, the lovely Charlotte did sometimes cast an eye on Henry, though Willoughby was ever at her side. An invitation to inspect the Indian rarities followed later, and we drove in my pony carriage to Rosings, and were received with all Mrs. Darcy's obligingness. She was attended by her two daughters, and I observed Charlotte's complexion heighten in the most interesting manner as Henry made his compliments, though young Willoughby was by her side, and very much at his ease. The young man is extremely handsome — very brown-complexioned and with piercing eyes, of a good height and person. His manners I thought a little disposed to be familiar; but from the beginning of the acquaintance, I had set this down to the account of an Indian life and its freedoms. He remained fixed to Miss Darcy's chair, a manœuvre I could not see with comfort. Elegant refreshments—cold meat, fruit, etc.—were immediately served, the Collinses being present and the Brandons arriving later.

When all had been refreshed, Mr. Darcy led the way to the library, and the curiosities were produced. The Admiral was in his element, and young Willoughby was called on for explanations which he gave well enough. At last the famous Ivory Shrine was removed from its glass case, and set upon a round table where all could view it.

I must now be particular in my description. It was a cabinet of the richest ivory, carved with images of idols whose histories I know not.

"The thinking mind," said Collins, "must

lament to see such skill lavished on such a worthless subject, were it not the happy destiny of this cabinet to become an appanage of the great. In the magnificent mansions of our nobles (titled and untitled) such objects afford the instructive contrast of an inferior civilization with all that is Christian and elegant."

Mr. Darcy slightly bowed. He then threw open the doors of the cabinet, disclosing a surprising object indeed—a seated figure of clumsy proportions with the head of an elephant, supposed by these poor heathen to be a god, of whom the name escapes me. This also was ivory, with a necklace and girdle of small jewels inset. Mr. Darcy applied to young Willoughby, by his side, for information of the attributes of this strange being, which he gave with an elegance as much out of the common as his figure, Mr. Darcy following with the story of its aquisition by his uncle, Mr. Lorenzo Darcy. We all drew near to examine the carvings, the hideousness of the image precluding admiration; and Mrs. Brandon was gratified, as she told me, to find her *protégé* distinguish himself by his address.

"We find his company very agreeable," she said aside, to me and Mrs. Darcy. "He is a young man of parts, and his travels have made him very conversible. Our servants find his Indian attendant, Tippoo, an endless source of surprise. He cannot speak a word of English, and to see him roll his black eyes and gesticulate causes laughter which penetrates even to our end of the house."

Mrs. Darcy inquired if he were a troublesome inmate on account of caste prejudices; but Marianne assured her that such was not the case. He was perfectly obliging.

Still, Sophia, I felt one should be on one's guard where foreigners are concerned. A young man, though of English parentage, brought up in India and surrounded by wily Orientals, can scarcely be expected to have the solid principles of an English training. I am told that attendance on Divine Service is sadly lax among our wealthy nabobs; that it is even a practice to give entertainments on the Sabbath, when other than sacred music is performed. What must be the result on the young mind?

The afternoon ended, as I feared, in Mr. Darcy giving Willoughby an invitation to spend a week at Rosings, that he might assist him to classify his Indian collection, a proposal to which the young man instantly agreed. That I thought it imprudent, I must not deny, unless indeed there were a settled intention as regards Miss Darcy, since it would throw them so much together, and already they were more easy than my judgment could approve. I observed Henry's spirits, like my own, a little sunk at such a distinction, though to him also the manners of both Miss Darcy's parents were conciliatory in the extreme. Both have a generosity of disposition which will suspect no evil. Yet, Sophia, we hear on the highest authority that the wisdom of the serpent is equally desirable with that of the dove.

Willoughby now became a guest at Rosings, and the parties of pleasure were fewer, the young officers from Chatham having left. The week passed, and the invitation was extended by a few days, the lists of Indian rarities still being unfinished.

I was seated in the late afternoon at my embroidery frame, when Mrs. Collins was ushered in, so pale, so trembling and overcome, that I cried without any ceremony, "Good God! what is it?" and fell back in terror. She sank into a chair and endeavoured to collect her spirits, the Admiral hurrying in from the lawn. At length she spoke, but with difficulty.

"Miss Darcy is fled with Willoughby!" and could utter no more.

The Admiral hastily fetched a glass of Constantia, and, on partaking, she resumed with more composure. O Sophia, how express our feelings!

It now appeared that, when Willoughby was summoned to a cold collation, prepared in view of an afternoon excursion, he could nowhere be found. Tippoo was called, that he might seek his master, but to the consternation of all, his scanty possessions were removed and the room entirely empty; and the servants, hastening to his master's chamber, found a dressing-case known to stand on his table disappeared.

Theft was the first suspicion, and Willoughby's presence doubly desirable. Again they sought, and in vain. Miss Caroline was seated with her mother, and hearing all this, she rose with a countenance pale as ashes and trembling in every limb, and cried:—

"O Mama, where is Charlotte? I saw her last after breakfast in the shrubbery with Willoughby. The lake—O God, can it be possible!"

These fears at once communicated themselves to her parents and, hastily summoning help, Mr. Darcy ran to the lake. The boat was loose and floating on the water, with an oar beside it, and a coat of

Willoughby's on the bank; instantly the worst was feared and Tippoo forgotten. The lodge-keeper and his men were summoned with drags, poor Mrs. Darcy on the bank wringing her hands in speechless affliction

"Thus," pursued Mrs. Collins, "were two valuable hours lost in dragging the lake, and more might have been the case, owing to the success of this vile scheming, but that the gamekeeper—Ward, you know, Ma'am —came running up in hot haste. One of his underlings had seen, hours before, a post-chaise standing in the road before the north gate, as if awaiting a party, but took no particular notice at the time. Returning later to the east gate, he observed the same post-chaise dashing along at full speed, and will be positive he saw Miss Darcy's face at the window and Willoughby with her. Such was the speed, that he could say no more than that the driver was a dark, handsome young man in a triple cape. Thinking it was merely one of the parties of pleasure which had been so common, he loitered along, resumed his work, and only by a chance mentioned it to the gamekeeper, who with more presence of mind ran at once to his master.

"O my dear Lady Sefton," continued Mrs. Collins; "what a scene of horror was here! An elopement! And with a man virtually unknown, and of whose parent Marianne Dashwood's experience was dreadful! Pursuit was immediately ordered, and Mr. Darcy mounted his horse, though none can be sure what way they will have taken at the crossroads. Who —who could have supposed this of a young lady so virtuously brought up as Miss Darcy?"

"A sly little jade!" said the Admiral; and actually smiled! Such are even the best of men!

Scarcely able to articulate for horror, I was able to say:—

"True, dear Ma'am. Yet must we not own there was imprudence in permitting a young girl of Miss Darcy's beauty and expectations to be so unguardedly in the company of Willoughby? Forcibly indeed has that thought struck me more than once. Poor, unfortunate parents! Let us hasten to condole with them."

Mrs. Collins was too overcome to attend us, and the Admiral giving me his arm, we set off through the Park, he speaking his mind with the bluffness of a sailor on Miss Darcy's behaviour. Well did she know, he said, that her parents would never consent to a match so far below her pretensions, and therefore— But I dare not emulate his frankness.

We found Mrs. Darcy pale but composed, a mounted messenger having returned from Mr. Darcy with the news that he had heard of a post-chaise going at full galloping speed on the road to Merton, and was following it up. He begged Mrs. Darcy to sustain her spirits, and call on the Admiral for aid if occasion should arise in his absence.

O Sophia, how describe the looks of fear and horror which surrounded us on all sides in that hitherto so happy household! Caroline fainted in her mother's arms and was instantly conveyed to her room, where we attended her until consciousness was restored and misery with it. The Admiral employed himself in the library, in questioning the men and women, with a view to discover some more certain clew to pursuit, or possibly some accomplice, his experience as president of courts-martial standing him in such good stead that he terrified them all; and I feel certain, had any been a party to the flight, it must have been known. So valuable is manly presence of mind in such emergencies! Nothing, however, transpired.

Time advanced, and Mrs. Darcy requested we would remain. The shades of night darkened, and still no news. It was impossible not to admire Mrs. Darcy's fortitude, for indeed this must have forcibly recalled the time when her sister Mrs. Wickham (as I have learnt from Marianne Dashwood) made the fatal elopement with Wickham which has secured her a lifetime of wretched poverty and uneasiness. I readily understood her deplorable appearance at the Sundale inn on hearing her story. Fatal indeed, Sophia, are the steps of female error, and how impossible to be retrieved!

We are not to judge Providence, yet it certainly appears that masculine imprudences are viewed more leniently from on high. Rectitude, no doubt, is demanded from all; but it must be owned the consequences are less severe when a man forsakes the narrow path of virtue. As the Admiral frequently observes—woman is the weaker vessel and therefore much more is rightly expected from her, and the punishment justly more severe, as we observe in the case of Eve and other examples for our learning. This, however, is a bewildering subject, and more suited to my dear Admiral's understanding, so I pursue it no further.

We were all unable to eat, and were sitting listless in the parlour as midnight approached, when my ear caught the gallop of a horse. "Mr. Darcy!" I cried, starting to my feet and trembling with agitation.

Mrs. Darcy, exercising an almost superhuman composure, sat rigidly in her chair. The door was flung open and in rushed *Mr. Wickham*—disordered with speed and riding, but recognizable to me as the handsome, dissipated-looking man we had seen at the inn at Sundale. He seized Mrs. Darcy's almost lifeless hand and cried: "Courage, Ma'am! She is safe. She is with Mrs. Wickham at Sundale, and the miscreant fled."

How is it possible, Sophia, that I should describe the scene that ensued?

Hearing the commotion, Caroline tottered downstairs and swooned again at our feet, yet was scarcely heeded—all crowding round Wickham, who obligingly soothed our anxiety.

"When," he said, "the officers of our regiment returned to Chatham from the enjoyment of Mr. Darcy's hospitality, the incidents of their stay were naturally broached, and Willoughby spoken of. Nothing, however, transpired until Colonel Vaughan returned from leave, when the subject happened to come up again. 'But, good God, who is this?' cried Colonel Vaughan. 'Young Willoughby died eight months ago at Calcutta, and was an only child. My own brother attended his obsequies. Who can this person be?' All was astonishment. His brother, Mr. James Vaughan, was hastily summoned from his residence in the Dockyard, and fully confirmed this, he having lately returned from India. He looked very gravely upon the matter, and mentioned that Mr. Willoughby, senior, had formed years ago an illicit connection with a Portuguese female, of which there were two sons of most disreputable character. I waited not to hear more, but called for my horse, and in regimentals, as you see me, rode at full speed for Sundale, where Mrs. Wickham was awaiting me for the Sundale Steeplechase, that being the nearest way here."

Mrs. Darcy pressed his hand, but was still unable to speak. He proceeded:—

"It was now almost dusk and she pressed a little necessary refreshment on me in the inn parlour. I was swallowing it hastily, when a post-chaise drew up at the door and a man alighted, supporting in his arms an almost senseless female, a large veil concealing her bonnet and face. He called for a private room and refreshment in a haughty, impatient tone, and was turning to the stair with his burden, when, struggling from his arms, she tottered toward Mrs. Wickham, exclaiming, 'O Aunt Lydia, save me—save me!' and dropped at her feet."

A sob broke from Mrs. Darcy's pale lips, but still she spoke not.

"Mrs. Wickham removed her veil, and there was Miss Darcy, in a truly pitiable condition. The baffled villain, little thinking how he had run into a trap of his own making, stood one second a mask of terror. I made for him instantly, sword in hand, but he ran with the speed of lightning through the ostler's yard and was lost in the beech woods behind. I gave directions for search to be made and returned to the ladies."

Mrs. Darcy lifted his hand in both hers and pressed it to her lips. "The hand that saved my Charlotte!" was all she could murmur; and indeed we were all in tears of thankfulness and joy. Mr. Wickham's own manly tones trembled as he resumed:—

"Between the agitations that ensued, the dear girl told us how he had forced her into the post-chaise and driven off at full speed, determined so to compromise her that a marriage would be insisted on, or even besought by her parents. He had sent a decoy chaise on the Merton road, and driven furiously to Sundale, counting on the coast being clear. I waited not, however, to hear more, but left her in Mrs. Wickham's arms, and rode on hither."

"Brother, you are weary—famished!" cried Mrs. Darcy, ever considerate. "Are we to have no thought for you, who have had so much for us? I knew—I knew my Charlotte could not so fearfully be lost to all sense of propriety, and knowing this, can now recover. Oh, could my Darcy but know his girl is safe!"

O Sophia, what a scene was here—all pressing refreshments on our deliverer—all joyful excitement. The only element lacking, dear Mr. Darcy's presence! And two hours later,—for none could go to rest—that also was supplied; for finding his pursuit of the Merton chaise mistaken, he returned home, drooping and almost despairing, in the faint hope of tidings.

Words sink beneath the effort to describe his manly gratitude to Wickham, and the relief of hearing he had not been deceived in his belief in Miss Darcy's principles. Never have I seen his majesty of demeanour so softened. He also addressed Mr. Wickham as "Brother," and the latter was

profoundly touched. If I mistake not, this will be an epoch in his career and that of his unhappy wife. Mr. Darcy's is a spirit that will never leave an obligation unacknowledged. They rode together next day to escort Mrs. Wickham and the interesting victim to Rosings—Miss Darcy in a pitiable condition, but yet fully sensible of her safety.

"On such occasions," observed Mr. Collins to the Admiral, "it can not be denied that a special Providence appears to attend the great. Had Miss Darcy been a humbler female, had she not been possessed of relatives willing and able to defend her, what might not have been dreaded! This leads us to devout admiration of the discriminating bounties of heaven, so well bestowed where most needed and deserved. For what, Sir Charles, is the downfall of a female of low birth, however worthy, compared with that of a young lady who has adorned elevated circles and is the cynosure of all eyes and hearts!"

The Dear Admiral owned to me later that this exordium so bewildered him that he knew not "at which end to take hold of it," to use his own expression. I feel the difficulty myself.

The public prints will have informed my Sophia that the miscreant escaped, and that it is now known the pair were brothers, a dark stain for the complexion having converted the younger into the attendant, for the visit to Hunsdon. Reassuming his own appearance, he acted as the driver and was of course wholly in his brother's interest in securing a wealthy prize in Miss Darcy. What machinations, and what a deliverance!

Mrs. Darcy, who is all candour, said later to me that she had suspected the beginning of an attachment in my Henry's mind, and that, if it were so— Here she hesitated in the most interesting manner.

I took her hand in mine. "Hesitate not to open the subject, my dear Ma'am," said I, "for I can confirm your view. Henry is deeply, deeply interested in your sweet girl—poor, lovely innocent! And if there is any hope——"

It was my turn to hesitate. She resumed more calmly:—

"Then, if it be so, Lady Sefton, I may speak plainly. Candour is a necessity of Mr. Darcy's character and mine. I can not deny that Charlotte's imagination was touched, however slightly, by Willoughby's romantic tales and appearance. Young minds are susceptible——"

Indeed, Sophia, there was a false glitter about him which I, for one, instantly distrusted; but the inexperience of the young will ever be a danger. I said as much and she continued:—

"Calm recollection and these frightful events have, however, wrought a complete cure and a revulsion of feeling which has turned her mind to Mr. Sefton's worth with full appreciation. If later—*much* later—he should make an application, I believe he might hope for a success which I venture not to promise. Her parents are also to blame for incaution. But the future may yet be all brightness."

As for Henry, his affection is unaltered and perhaps deepened, by these occurrences. And it has impressed me, Sophia, that possibly Mr. and Mrs. Darcy might have had more exalted aspirations for their lovely heiress than a mere baronet's son had not this shade fallen on her opening flower. I think it is the Swan of Avon who observes that there is a soul of goodness in things evil, and so it may have proved in this instance.

As to Marianne Brandon, the whole affair has cost her a severe illness, in which she incessantly deplored her own impulsive nature, though all did their utmost to mitigate the blow. "Shall I never acquire the calm judgment and sober reason which alone can preserve from such errors?" was her cry. "Surely I, who have so much reason to distrust the name of Willoughby, should have hesitated to introduce one of that fatal race to the notice of friends."

I fear she will never forgive herself; but it may prove a warning to a being whose only fault is incaution, and a too warm belief in human nature. The Colonel is, and will be, her unfailing support.

Although nothing definite has yet been said, the Admiral is now inspecting Hoddesden House, with a view to our young couple's occupation, and I hope ere long to send you the joyful news of the addition of a daughter to my comforts.

I should not conclude without dwelling on the danger of insufficient introductions; and something might also be said of the impiety of admitting false gods to adorn a Christian library, even as objects of art. But my Sophia is well able to draw her own conclusions and her affectionate sister will now, with all good wishes and endearing thoughts, conclude.

ANNE SEFTON.

Postscriptum.—Mr. and Mrs. Wickham are now visiting at Rosings.

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

The Christmas wish of a daughter of the bourgeoisie is for a nice business man or government official (widower with child acceptable). I am twenty-seven years old, have retained my girlish bloom and am an excellent cook.
Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten.

Remember the oysters you got at the Royal Café last year? You can now get them again.
Brooklyn (N. Y.) Chronicle.

FOR SALE — Sacrifice — Seven-room California house, partly furnished, lot 40 x 160. Price $3,000 (including 4 lady boarders).
Los Angeles Times.

Hair cutting 50 cents, face shaving 40 cents, Lady dressing 60 cents.
Shanghai Barber's Sign.

IF THE PERSON is sensible and kind enough to return immediately the blue bag which they took from the lady's lap on going up the aisle with everything in it to the box office at Harmanus Bleecker hall there will be no further trouble made for them as they are known.
Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker Press.

ATTENTION

Dear Customers and Friends: . . .
Seeing the need of a real Negro tailoring establishment in the state as there is not one, I will use my best efforts to obtain a state-wide tailoring business, and employ many of our young ladies when they have finished school, instead of having them to go into the wash tub. . . .
W. A. DeGroff.
Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Journal.

ADVERTISEMENT IN CURRENT MAGAZINES

With the ——— ——— and ——— records you can even hear the singer inhale for the next note!

Station WJAZ will use 10,000 watts on a Sioux City woman charged with 1:45 p. m. central standard time. *Sioux City (Iowa) Tribune.*

FOR SALE—Milk Goat, Saanan breed, fond of children, bedroom slippers, linen napkins and stove polish. Price $65 to good home.
Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.

Ford car, new tyres, price £20, or will sell the tyres separately for £19. *Rhodesian paper.*

Safety Zone Marked on City Streets; Motorists Must Not Hit Pedestrians on White Spot.
Columbia (Ind.) Commercial-Mail.

It is certain that the water is less hard now than it was before it was filtered, when there was practically no hardness at all. Coos Bay Water Co.
North Bend (Ore.) paper.

The reason I have hitherto been able to practice medicine so much cheaper than the other doctors did was because I am a widower and have no children to support. Its now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn. You will therefore do well to send in your choice cases at once for the old rate.
Adv. reported by Journal Am. Med. Assoc.

NOTICE

Ladies, it may not be polite to speak about it, but please do not comb your hair at the tables.
Sign in Berlin Restaurant.

I lose my dog about two weak. His colour about black. His tail cut short to my body. If find her, keep him. I belong to it.
Canadian paper—(advertisement received from a French-Canadian).

Milady Beauty Shoppe announces it will give special reduced prices on permanent paving.
Ocala (Fla.) Times.

FOR SALE—House in a good neighbourhood by a widow lady three stories high and heated with furnace. *Alvah Advance.*

LOST—A gentleman's gold watch; $25 reward and no questions asked—unless my wife should happen to answer the door bell.
Mineral Wells (Tex.) Index.

An Adventure of St. Valentine's Night

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

Melville D. Post

ON THE night of the fourteenth of February, I came to New York from Philadelphia. The fast train from the South was late and did not arrive until nine o'clock. It was very cold, the windows of the cars were incrusted with ice, there were miniature snow-drifts across the vestibules, and the steam pipes smoked. I was exceedingly hungry. The dining-car had been cut off at Philadelphia and my hope of dinner was beyond me, in New York. When the boat which carried us across from Jersey City to the Twenty-third Street ferry touched the dock, I jumped off and ran into the checking room to give directions about the transfer of my luggage. I was delayed by the oriental leisure of the man in charge. When I got out, finally, into the street, not a cab was to be seen. The wind was driving past every moment with increasing fury, the frozen snow-flakes cut one's face. I started to cross the street to a waiting street-car. I had hardly stepped out from the ferry house when a hansom pulled up and I hailed it.

As I put my foot on the cab step, I heard behind me a little smothered cry of disappointment. I took my foot down from the step and turned around. A little way behind me, under the eaves of the building, stood a woman wearing a long fur coat to her feet, and carrying in her hand a traveling bag. Her face above the fur collar of her coat was wrapped in a black veil. I went at once to her.

"Madam," I said, "did you call this cab?"

"No," she replied, in a voice low, musical, but greatly troubled; "I did not call it, but I hoped to get it."

Then she added with a flutter in her voice:

"I am alone. I cannot possibly walk in this storm, and I must get quickly to the Dresden."

"Madame," I said, "this hansom is at your service; pray take it."

"But you?" she answered.

"I shall get up-town some way," I said; "the elevated station is only a few blocks away."

I helped her into the hansom, then another tremendous gust came roaring down by the ferry house. I banged the doors and ducked my head to escape the fierce onslaught of the wind. When the gust passed I looked up to find the cab standing beside me. A little hand threw open the hansom door, the soft musical voice said:

"I cannot leave you here in this terrible storm; get in."

I got in, howled to the driver to get over town to the Dresden, and sat down by the unknown. As the hansom wheeled into the street, the woman leaned over me and looked back. I looked over her shoulder. Another boat had arrived and the passengers were coming out. I saw in the heavy snow a man running toward us, waving a hand; then we were out of sight, bowling over the Belgian blocks.

The woman tucked the fur coat around her feet, pulled the long sleeves over her hands and nestled up against her corner of the hansom.

"Pardon me," she said, "I thought I had stupidly left my bag on the curb, but here it is at my feet."

I smiled at the pretty lie.

"Madam," I said, "I am sure it is at your feet. There must be some trace of feeling even in alligator leather."

I think she was undecided whether to chill me with irony or laugh. The laugh prevailed, then came the irony.

"How stupid of me," she said; "perhaps you do not wish to go to the Dresden. We are approaching the elevated station, I notice."

Her tone was in that admirable middle pitch which reveals nothing.

I wished to answer that the Dresden seemed just then to be a fairy Mecca, and that if I were put out, I should probably trot after the cab like a faithful puppy; but were there not faint breaths of frost in the little voice? I might be put out after all, and I wished greatly to remain. At any rate, I must take no risks until the elevated station was behind us, so I laid before her the details of my discomfort.

"I shall be glad of the Dresden," I said. "I am cold, I am starving. My fingers are quite numb, and I could gladly eat the straps on the hansom."

She laughed.

"Have you gone so long, then, without dinner?"

"Long?" I echoed. "Why madam, it has been eight mortal hours! Men have become cannibals in less time than that."

We were well past the elevated station now.

She shrugged her dainty shoulders.

"Observe," she said, "how I shudder."

We were getting on famously.

"And with reason," I answered; "was not the taste of the bear for the bee-tree known even to the ancients?"

"One of the Gospels, I think," she said, "tells us how bad such food is for the digestion."

Then, fearing that she had been led too far into pleasantry, she turned it, after the manner of a woman.

"Let us hope," she added, "that you will find something more substantial than the Baptist's meager fare at the Dresden. I would suggest a loin of beef, washed down with Burgundy, a dish of salad, a pot of coffee."

Then her voice slipped up into that dangerous, indeterminate note.

"We are crossing Broadway," she said; "perhaps you would get down here?"

"What!" I cried, "and leave the loin of beef, the Burgundy, the dish of salad? The suggestion is inhuman."

"Very well," she said, and there was no mistaking the indifference in the tone. In fact, it was rather too indifferent. I fancied it masking some aroused emotion.

We bowled along and turned into the Dresden. The porter helped us down from the hansom and into the hotel. Here I saw my companion clearly for the first time—and yet that statement is wholly inaccurate. I saw clearly only a splendid sealskin coat with a sable collar, a fashionable hat, two well-gloved hands, and a thick, impenetrable veil. This chance acquaintanceship was about to end. I could not follow her, spying, to the clerk's desk, and yet I must act within the next thirty seconds before the house porter reached her bag if I wished ever to go a step further. He was passing the elevator now. I set my feet into the Rubicon.

"Madam," I said, "this is St. Valentine's night, sacred to the unknown. Its privileges have been respected since Claudius. I beg you to share my loin of beef."

The woman started perceptibly, glanced up and down the corridor and then hurried to the elevator. For a moment I was at a loss to account for this instant flight. Then I observed that a second hansom had arrived and a man was coming in with the porter through the door. The obsequious flunkey was in the midst of a reply.

"Just arrived, sir, in the first hansom, sir."

I glanced at the elevator, the door clicked; the escape was by a hair's thickness. I turned to follow the man. He was advancing to the clerk's desk, his back toward me. I observed that he was rather tall and wore a dark ulster with a strap across the back. The incident required no reflection. Here was the hurrying stranger of the ferry-shed, certainly one of the several kinds of dragons to be found at the heels of escaping beauties. I should presently see to which type of dangerous beast he belonged. I strolled over to the big leather settle opposite the clerk's desk, planted myself in it and lighted a cigaret. The new-comer wrote his name in the register, took off his coat, and turned. I saw then that he was not an irate father, obviously. He was either the brother, or, alas, the husband of this charming unknown. He was a tall young man, evidently from the South or West. His eyes were gray, he wore gold-rimmed spectacles, his nose was aquiline, his mouth and chin firm and well cut. He was evidently a person of determination and courage.

"Aha!" I said behind my cigaret; "there is here certainly snuffings of battle, but not afar off. However, before the shouting of the captains begin to arise, it might simplify matters if I knew whether the Nemesis is brother or husband."

I should arrive at the solution from his bearing; Monsieur Lecoq or Dupin would read it, instantly, like a weather report. I looked up at the man's face. He was smiling! Then the beast was not an avenging husband. Such a one does not

smile when he pursues the faithless. I had all the reeking dramas as authorities for that. He might chuckle in his throat, or draw his lips into a sinister, foreboding curl; but he did not fall into facial sunshine. This man was grinning like a Cheshire cat; and, by the Lord Harry, he was off to the bar below for grog! He must be the brother, then—and yet, no. He was too big-limbed for a brother; the types of the two were distant as the poles—nor would a brother be so bedecked with grins. He would have nothing to conceal, he would buzz like a hornet around the truant, stow her safely under his wing and then take his Scotch with his eye on her. This dragon was evidently less the brother than the husband; but was he not, indeed, the husband? Did Pinero draw always faithfully from life? A greater than he had written of those who smile and smile.

Look at it now: the first domestic wrenchings were old enough to be calloused to the fingers, the home was shattered beyond all hope of patching, the woman had gone out over bridges that straightway fell in behind her, the man followed like an Indian—not to win her back to his hearth, but for some object more sinister. He had found her at the Twenty-third Street ferry and lost her, but here she was, run fast into a pocket, and so he smiled and took a glass of grog. There was time a-plenty for the blow. I thought the husband theory had rather the better of the argument.

Meanwhile, I was ravenously hungry. I threw away the cigaret, went into the dining room and ordered a somewhat elaborate dinner. Events were marching over me; the good St. Valentine slept. I must dine alone, while the unhappy truant trembled and went hungry, and, while perhaps, tragedy knotted the tie strings of her mask.

I was leaning over a cup of bouillon when a low, merry voice said:

"You are not very thoughtful of a guest."

I sprang up to confront a dainty figure in a gray traveling dress, two merry dark eyes, a trace of smiling scarlet above a defiant chin, and a mass of brown hair wound in loose coils.

"I beg you, madam," I said, "to lay this discourtesy to my meager knowledge of fairies. I thought you vanished."

"What!" she quoted, "and lose the loin of beef, the Burgundy, the salad?"

My tone was reproduced adorably. Then she sat down opposite me at the table, as bewitching a madcap as ever danced out of the kingdom of Queen Mab.

So, then, I had been mistaken. She had not seen the Nemesis after all. Or better, perhaps, the person who had arrived was not he, or there was no Nemesis except in my disordered fancy. I looked over the room for the man. If he were spying, he would be in some corner of the café, with his eye on us,—and so he was. I found him presently, a little behind a palm in a nook by the door, and such eyes! They burned like dull green lamps. The smile was faded out to its last vestige, the face was sallow, its tense lines could not be read incorrectly. Some huge, skulking emotion sat watching with this man. The woman had not seen him—that was the whole solution in a word.

I could not eat much, for all my boastings of hunger—no one could under those ugly eyes. They seemed now to glitter when the leaves of the palm threw little shadows on spectacle glass. That glass added a certain terror, the eyes became like one moving behind a screen, and there was something sinister in the smiles and laughter of this charming woman under an espionage she did not dream of. I held my place as carelessly as I could, under this menace like a cocked pistol. I fished a little for a clue.

"Madam," I said, tipping a little of my wine into the plate, "the king, your father, doubtless sends an invisible escort with you. I pour out a libation to it."

She put aside the bait.

"I am an orphan," she said, "not even a brother on the throne."

That lopped off one limb of the problem, —if it were the truth.

"But, madam—" I began.

She held up her ungloved hand, as bare of rings as my own good nose. That dismissed the husband—if the ring were not in her pocket.

"I beg your pardon," I continued. "How could one hope that you had escaped bondage for so long? The men of your land must resemble that foolish people railed at by the Prophet."

She lifted her little chin with a quaint challenge.

"Am I so old, then?" she said.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Inconnue," I answered, "quite eighty years old, I think. The letters to you have been published thirty years."

"Excellent, Monsieur Mérimée," she said. "We are now supplied with names; we shall get on better."

I could have taken this promise with a greater joy had it not been for the sentinel behind the palm. I have rarely seen a more

bewitching woman than this Mademoiselle Inconnue. She was evidently of Latin stock. French, I thought. The outlines of her face were Continental, the vivacity of it Parisian. Her words had now and then a noticeable accent. She was perhaps born in the Faubourg St. Germain, and expatriated in her short skirts. I thought of her as descended from those women of the Empire who, Halévy says, began their memoirs with so subtle and piquant a listing of their charms that no man, after the first page, ever laid down the volume until he had the last word.

If it had been any other than St. Valentine's night, I should have set a doubt against this sudden geniality of my companion. She had not been so sunny in the hansom, but here she laughed like a brook. We might have been runaway lovers with no horses galloping behind us. I would have given kingdoms for a red-hot spit in those eyes under the palm; but there sat the man watching like the Devil's imp. Who was he? I laid another ambush for her with a piece of fiction.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "in the corner yonder by that palm, Madame Bernhardt recited for the disabled sailors; the spot is marked with a mosaic star."

She followed my eye boldly to the spot, held a level glance on the very glasses of the dragon without the flicker of an eyelid.

"How lugubrious!" she said. "There is such a star in the railroad station in Washington marking the place where a President was shot."

Then she shrugged her shoulders and looked me squarely in the face.

"Why should they mark with the sign of tragedy the spot where Madame Bernhardt recited—that place there by the palm?"

I tried to evade the directness of the query.

"Lay it," I said, "to the unimaginative nature of our people. A Latin would have marked one place with a mosaic of laurel, and the other with a black cross. Let us suggest it to the Players."

She looked at the palm again with a slow, heavy-lidded glance and then back to me.

"No," she said, "now that I think it over, perhaps the mark of tragedy is fittest there." And then, "Does not Bernhardt indeed represent the embodiment of tragedy?"

I had new lights on the problem. The woman was perfectly aware that a sentinel watched. She knew when he entered with the porter. She knew that he sat behind that palm when she came in to dinner, and yet she came, and played with me a comedy of sweethearts crowded with suggestive incident, and overplayed it. No woman would so goad a man who had any rights over her. Her subtle knowledge of the savage always somewhere in him would warn her against bearing on the sore spot too hard. If nothing else, she would fear the danger of a scene in a public dining-room. But she defied the man. Obviously, then, he was one who watched without any authority to control her. To what class did such persons belong? Plainly, to the sleuths of the law. The man in the spectacles was a paid spy. He could report what he saw, but he could not interrupt it. The explanation had arrived.

I had barely settled the matter to my satisfaction, when the man arose and came through the dining-room past our table to the door. He doubtless saw that the woman had discovered him, and so deemed it wise to leave the café like an ordinary guest. I observed again that his face was strong, determined and very pale. Such a type of person did not become a detective in New York; but all manner of men came from the great West, and why not a spy with an open, honourable face? The next moment my last theory went to pieces.

The young woman looked up from her coffee, smiled, and spoke to him in as pleasant a voice as I have ever heard.

"Good evening, Henry," she said.

The man bowed courteously and passed on through the door, a show of colour mounting slowly to his cheeks.

I withdrew then from the field of Lecoq and Dupin. The mystery was beyond me. One did not speak thus cordially to a hired trailer, and where in Christendom was there a spy who blushed? The man went out into the lobby of the hotel, got a cigar somewhere and sat down in a leather chair by the wall where he could have a view of the dining-room. Still he watched, and my Lady Unknown knew that he watched. She returned to me with a play of still more bewitching coquetry. It was exquisitely done for an audience that could not hear the lines. There was now an air of deep, trusting confidence, now a gush of banter, now a moment of affection, restraining with difficulty a caress. I have not seen the thing done better behind any footlights in the world.

When the dinner was ended, I went with her to the elevator, wondering if she would

play it out with her fingers to kiss at the parting. But she only smiled alluringly and I stepped into the steel cage with her. Even the Hebrew Scriptures scorned the weakling who turned back.

"The parlours are on the next floor," she said.

Then the door clicked and the elevator began to rise. Instantly she changed as under some hideous sorcery. Her hands trembled, her face grew as white as a grave-cloth. When she spoke her voice clicked like a steel rail under an express.

"Get out here," she said, when the car touched at the next landing, "and manage to leave the hotel unobserved. You have done me a great favour. I thank you."

I got out. The car vanished. I started to go down the steps, when I saw over the rail the mysterious stranger coming up. I turned back and stepped quickly behind the elevator shaft. The man came slowly up the stairway and went into the public drawing-room. I got into the next car that came down. As it descended, I looked back through the wire net over the roof of the car. The man was coming out of the drawing-room door into the hall. His face was purple.

It was late when I got down-town the next morning. Pietro let me in and I went at once to my table in the front office. I was scarcely seated when I became aware of some one talking in the adjoining room. There was a familiar tone in the low voice that took my attention from the pile of letters before me. The door was not quite closed. I arose softly and looked through the crack. Randolph Mason sat in his chair, his fingers plucking impatiently at the heavy mahogany arms, his head held a little to one side, his eyes wandering aimlessly over the room. Opposite him, with her two elbows on the table, her face pressed together in her hands, and a long seal coat falling to the floor over the back of her chair, sat the woman with whom I had dined the night before at the Dresden. I could not see her face, but her voice was tense, vibrant, low, packed with emotion. If I had not been consumed with a special interest, I still had not been able to put away this espionage. The soft, quivering, overcharged tones held me like the droning of some incantations. I caught the words pouring hot as from a crucible.

"After that he was always at the door when I came out, heaping on me things that I did not want—flowers, bon-bons, and the like. I was hideously poor. I mended with my own fingers the stockings in which I danced every Wednesday night at the *Théâtre Français* in the great ballet of the Fata Morgana. I needed warm clothes, good food, a fire. They said I had limbs like a fairy. I had; they were starved thin. An exquisite pallor, I had that too, but it came from sour bread, chocolate made with water and sweetened with sugar picked off with my nails from the bon-bons. I did not love the man, or any man. I was a child. In the place of a mother, I had the warnings of an instinct. I feared the touch of a man's fingers as the beast of the field does; but the old concierge who had kept life in me with hot soup every night after the ballet, took the thing in hand. She discovered, I know not how, that the young man's father was a rich American. So she bundled me off to Passy and handed me over to him, but under a ceremony of marriage set out fully on the records of Passy. She was the only friend I ever had, this old, crooked, evil-featured Madame Duroque. She could more easily have sold me to him at the door of her lodge for a hundred louis. After this, I was, at least, not hungry. My husband was little more than a boy. We lived over the Seine, by the Luxembourg. I did not dance any more at the *Théâtre Français*, but I went every Monday morning to see Madame Duroque to tell her everything and to divide with her my handful of francs. My husband studied art under the usual masters, but it was every morning thrown away. He was indolent, utterly worthless, wholly given over to a life of pleasure.

"One noon in May, his father arrived, handed me twenty-five napoleons and told me to go down into the street. I went with the money in my hand to Madame Duroque. She put her shawl over her head and hurried out. I did not see her again for five days. Then she came with the great American and took me to the Hotel Continental and to my husband. Madame Duroque kissed me at the door, put my certificate of marriage and the wedding ring in a silk bag and fastened it around my neck with a little gold chain. Then she took me to one side, and bade me remain with my husband and demand a hundred thousand francs before I would set foot out of Paris, after which she went back to her lodge.

"The father prepared then to return with us to America. I refused to go, and my husband, who was now aroused, refused also to go unless I accompanied him. I got finally

the one hundred thousand francs and we arrived in New York. My father-in-law, who owned railroads in a Western state, took us there and installed my husband as the clerk of a court in a little town built along the side of a mountain above the fork of a river where three railroads joined. He was trying to make a man out of my husband, he said. At his urging, I invested the money which I had received in the bonds of a railroad which he was building through the county.

"We lived there five years in the smoke, the mud, the unutterable dreariness of this frontier village. One day my husband fell and broke his wrist. He went to a hospital in a neighbouring town to have the bone set, and died under the influence of ether on the operating table. I found in his pocket this letter, which he had written to me before the operation."

She took one of her hands down from her face, unhooked the bosom of her dress, took out a letter and read it. It was a meager note, a sort of memorandum to her, in the event of any serious consequence attending the operation. It told her briefly that the money which he had invested was lost, that his father had wrecked the railroad, reorganized it and absorbed its assets; but that there were twenty-five thousand dollars in a tin box in the bottom of his trunk in her room. She should say nothing to any one and keep that money for her own. It was all the provision he could make for her.

She laid the paper before Randolph Mason, then she took a newspaper clipping out of her purse and held it in her hand.

"I found the money packed in big bills in the tin box. In a few days I knew where my husband had got this money.

Then she read the clipping. It was an ordinary newspaper notice, reciting the death of the clerk of the court, and the fact that a sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, which had been paid into his hands, could not be discovered anywhere on deposit in any of the banks. This money he had received under the following conditions: The main line of the railroad belonging to the clerk's father had condemned and taken the bottom lands of the town for a freight yard, and, the land owners refusing to take the money allowed in the condemnation proceedings and the circuit court not being in session, the railroad had paid it into the hands of the clerk of this court.

The woman crumpled up the piece of paper and threw it on the floor, set her elbow on the table, pressed her open hand once more against her face and hurried on with her story.

"My husband's office accounts were gone over and this money could not be found. He was presumed to have spent it. I said nothing. It was merely my one hundred thousand francs with its interest returned to me, and from the very one who, in his own fashion, had taken it. I was glad, glad of this settlement by the good God, glad to the very bottom of my heart. I made ready to return to Paris, to Madame Duroque, to life. Then I learned another thing."

She moved uneasily in her chair, her voice sank lower, her fingers tapped nervously on her face.

"There was one honourable man in this hideous village. From the very day on which we arrived he did incredible things to make life possible for us. He got a house, servants, everything that long patience could secure for our comfort. I came to regard him as an elder brother. My husband would have been a common drunkard but for him, and I should have been stark mad from dreariness. Well, he came to me and said that he was the surety on my husband's bond as clerk of the court, that if the money could not be found the railroad would force him to pay it. He was not rich; it would take all he had. He did not believe that my husband had used the money; it ought to be on deposit in some bank, or locked up in a box in some trust vault. I set my teeth down on my tongue and made a pretense of helping in the search. Months passed. I remained in the village, unable to decide between this man's ruin and Madame Duroque."

For the first time in the torrent of words, the woman hesitated, her voice became almost inaudible.

"I learned also in this time a thing that I had not suspected—that the man loved me. Oh, I don't mean love as I have seen it all my life long, the passion of the hunter, a hunger to be fed. I mean something like a religion that carries your burdens for you and is glad of it, that thinks of itself last. A thing like the feeling of that old concierge. Mon Dieu! I was made then! On the heels of it I learned that Madame Duroque was ill in a house of public charity in Paris. Then I took the money and ran away to New York. This man discovered that I had gone and followed me. I arrived last night. He came, too, just behind me to the Dresden. Oh, I was mad, wholly, utterly, hideously mad! Now that I had decided against him, I wanted to hurt him, I wanted to do him

all the injury I could. I wanted him to believe me low, vile, common, vulgar. Fate helped me. I came to the hotel in a hansom with a man I did not know. I dined with him!"

Her voice went up strong again, almost defiant.

"There was no wrong in it, no actual wrong in it. I made the man get out at the first landing and return in the next car to the hotel office; but, don't you see, I made him think I was bad."

She brought her two hands down clenched on the table.

"I wanted him to see with his own eyes that I was bad!"

The words clanged like a bell.

I became aware then of some one breathing heavily behind me. I turned, expecting to see Pietro. Instead, at my back, looking over my shoulder, was the man who had sat watching at the Dresden. His face looked as though it were coated with chalk, his eyes stared over my shoulder into the next room. I saw, too, that the door of the house stood half open. He had come in unnoticed by Pietro.

The woman got her voice painfully in hand again.

"Here," she said, "here is the money." And she took up her traveling bag from the floor and threw it down on the table among the books.

"Send it back to him. You are a lawyer, you can do that somehow. I have kept only a thousand dollars for Madame Duroque. Let him arrest me for stealing that, if he likes. I should be glad of a cell."

The woman's face was set now in a distressing tension.

"Madame," said Randolph Mason, "you might have spared yourself this nonsense. You are guilty of no crime in taking this money; neither was your husband guilty of any crime in keeping it, nor yet is the bondsman of your husband liable for this money. This money was paid to your husband as clerk of the circuit court of this county, during the vacation of that court. It was not, then, money paid into court, to the clerk, as contemplated by the statute of the state in which he lived. It, therefore, did not come into his possession by virtue of his office, and his bondsmen are not liable for its misappropriation. Such bonds require only that the clerk shall account for and pay over, as required by law, all money which may come to his hands by virtue of his said office. It is no crime for you to keep the money, since it was neither stolen nor embezzled, but merely entrusted to your husband under an incorrect idea of the law. The loss, madame, will fall on the railroad which paid this money into court—that is, your father-in-law, the one who should properly lose it."

I looked to see the woman grow suddenly radiant; but, instead, she buried her face in her hands and began to cry. The tears trickled through her fingers. She rocked, sobbing, in her chair. I caught the handle to the folding-doors between the two rooms and flung them open. The woman sprang up, stammering incoherently. The man took her in his arms.

Randolph Mason spoke then in his cold, even voice, but there was almost a smile on his lips.

"Parks," he said, "go out and engage a stateroom on the Kaiser Wilhelm for Cherbourg."

For the legal principle involved in this story see the case of State to Use of Blake v. Enslow et al. 41 W. Va.; 744.

Quatrains by Goethe

HE WHO with life makes sport,
Can prosper never;
Who rules himself in naught,
Is a slave ever.

WHEN head and heart are busy, say,
What better can be found?
Who neither loves nor goes astray,
Were better under ground.

Rules for Monarchs

IF MEN are never their thoughts to employ,
Take care to provide them a life full of joy;
But if to some profit and use thou wouldst bend them,
Take care to shear them, and then defend them.

Remembered from the Play

"The Constant Nymph"

Charles—But what's to be done with you, my child?

Tessa—I've no vocation for anything, it seems to me. I love music. But that's not enough. I love apples, but I don't want to be a green-grocer. It's got to be something more than that. Something that comes quite first, so that there isn't any question of a second.

Charles—And there's nothing that comes quite first with you?

Tessa—Everybody has something that comes quite first. But sometimes, you know, it's complicated. Sometimes it's a person who comes first, not a thing. That leads to complications.

Tessa—Which do you prefer? A charming woman, or one who knows a lot?

Charles—Charming women are never ignorant——

Tessa—Charles! Tell the truth! Which is nicer? An ignorant woman with charm, or an educated woman without?

Charles—Of course the world would stop if women weren't charming, but, please God, they always will be, however we educate 'em.

By Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean, London and New York, 1926.

"The Silver Cord"

Hester—My idea about children is: Have them, love them, and leave them be!

By Sidney Howard, New York, 1926.

"Perdita"

Perdita—Have you no profession? Aren't you doing anything?

Robert—I live. And, believe me,—it's difficult. It seems to me as if it were a gigantic enterprise—if one wants to make it a success.

Perdita—I have been living in America for six years. Everybody works there, the wealthy as well as the others. When they have money they think of one thing only: to make more money. But I know that they work merely because they cannot do otherwise. If they didn't work they would die of boredom. They cannot find enough life in themselves. To them, work is sacred—and they forget that it is nothing but a punishment.

Robert—A punishment?

Perdita—Of course, the punishment for the first sin: "Thou shalt earn thy bread with the sweat of thy brow!" I like you because you have the courage not to work. One must be very strong to be able to throw away work. *By Claude Anet, Paris, 1923.*

"The Cherry Orchard"

Trofimoff—What does it mean, you'll die? Perhaps a man has a hundred senses, and when he dies only the five known to us are destroyed, and the remaining ninety-five are left alive. *By Anton Chekhov, Moscow, 1904; New York, 1923.*

"The Brothers Karamazov"

Aloisha Karamazov—Father, why did you humble yourself before my brother?

Father Zossima—I did not humble myself before your brother. I bowed to the sufferings which will be his share in the future.

By Feodor Dostoievsky, dramatized by Jacques Copeau, New York, 1927.

"The Captive"

Françoise—When a woman promises to love you, you mustn't always believe her. But when a woman promises not to,—well, then you mustn't believe her, either.

Jacques—Jealousy is the most natural thing in the world when one's in love; it becomes meaningless when one isn't, that's all.

By Edouard Bourdet, Paris and New York, 1926.

"Jitta's Atonement"

Agnes—A widow is not an invalid, and it doesn't help her to be treated as one when the first shock is over.

Fessler—Men's lives consist mostly of their making the same mistake over and over again. I see a lot of that as a doctor. Look at your mother: she knows that if she eats prawns and cucumbers she will have a wretched night; but she never can resist them. I knew a man who was married three times; and every one of his wives drank.

Jitta—Nothing annoys a man more than a woman who talks to him about his business and pretends to understand it.

Lenkheim—I don't believe there's a woman alive who doesn't look on herself as a special creation, and consider her husband an inferior and common sort of animal.

By Siegfried Trebitsch (translated by G. B. Shaw), Vienna, 1920; New York, 1923.

"Passion, Poison, and Petrifaction"

Adolphus—I hope, Mr. Fitztollemache, you are not laughing at my clothes. I warn you that I am an Englishman. You may laugh at my manners, at my brains, at my national institutions; but if you laugh at my clothes, one of us must die.

By George Bernard Shaw, London, 1905.

"L'amoureuse"

Pascal—After all, what's the use? Until the end of time there will be poor and rich, rascals with luck and honest people without luck. You can shut yourself in your house and work, you may have genius, but you will never change the order of things. Nothing is worth while.

Étienne—You are preaching the doctrine of cowardice, the uselessness of effort. If our fathers had reasoned like you, the earth would still be uninhabitable and men would go about naked. . . . You paint trees, but your forefathers climbed them. . . . You make fun of savants, artists, and poets, but they are the ones who have improved this imperfect world. It is they who have made it more bearable, less disagreeable to those who are pleasure-mad and to the destitute. I grant that they have been bad husbands, lukewarm friends and disobedient sons. What difference does that make? Their labours and their dreams have sown the seed of happiness, of justice, and of beauty in the world. These egoists did not love, but they created love for succeeding ages.

By Georges de Porto-Riche, Paris, 1891.

The Statute of Limitations

By ERNEST DOWSON

DURING five years of an almost daily association with Michael Garth, in a solitude of Chili, which threw us, men of common speech, though scarcely of common interests, largely on each other's tolerance, I had grown, if not into an intimacy with him, at least into a certain familiarity, through which the salient features of his history, his character, reached me. It was a singular character, and an history rich in instruction. So much I gathered from hints, which he let drop long before I had heard the end of it. Unsympathetic as the man was to me, it was impossible not to be interested by it. As our acquaintance advanced, it took (his character, I mean) more and more the aspect of a difficult problem in psychology, that I was passionately interested in solving: to study it was my recreation, after watching the fluctuating course of nitrates. So that when I had achieved fortune, and might have started home immediately, my interest induced me to wait more than three months, and return in the same ship with him. It was through this delay that I am enabled to transcribe the issue of my impressions: I found them edifying, if only for their singular irony.

From his own mouth indeed I gleaned but little; although during our voyage home, in those long nights when we paced the deck together under the Southern Cross, his reticence occasionally gave way, and I obtained glimpses of a more intimate knowledge of him than the whole of our juxtaposition on the station had ever afforded me. I guessed more, however, than he told me; and what was lacking I pieced together later, from the talk of the girl to whom I broke the news of his death. He named her to me, for the first time, a day or two before that happened: a piece of confidence so unprecedented, that I must have been blind, indeed, not to have foreseen what it prefaced. I had seen her face the first time I entered his house, where her photograph hung on a conspicuous wall: the charming, oval face of a young girl, little more than a child, with great eyes, that one guessed, one knew not why, to be the colour of violets, looking out with singular wistfulness from a waving cloud of dark hair. Afterwards, he told me that it was the picture of his *fiancée:* but, before that, signs had not been wanting by which I had read a woman in his life.

Iquique is not Paris; it is not even Valparaiso; but it is a city of civilization; and but two days' ride from the pestilential stew, where we nursed our lives doggedly on quinine and hope, the ultimate hope of evasion. The lives of most Englishmen yonder, who superintend works in the interior, are held on the same tenure: you know them by a certain savage, hungry look in their eyes. In the meantime, while they wait for their luck, most of them are glad enough when business calls them down for a day or two to Iquique. There are shops and streets, lit streets through which black-eyed Señoritas pass in their lace mantilas; there are *cafés* too; and faro for those who reck of it; and bull fights, and newspapers younger than six weeks; and, in the harbour, taking in their fill of nitrates, many ships, not to be considered without envy, because they are coming, within a limit of days, to England. But Iquique had no charm for Michael Garth, and when one of us must go, it was usually I, his subordinate, who, being delegated, congratulated myself on his indifference. Hard-earned dollars melted at Iquique; and to Garth, life in Chili had long been solely a matter of amassing them. So he stayed on, in the prickly heat of Agnas Blancas, and grimly counted the days, and the money (although his nature, I believe, was fundamentally generous, in his set concentration of purpose, he had grown morbidly avaricious) which should restore him to his beautiful mistress. Morose, reticent, unsociable as he had become, he had still, I discovered by degrees, a leaning towards the humanities, a nice taste, such as could only be the result of much knowledge, in the fine things of literature. His infinitesimal library, a few French novels, an Horace, and some well-

thumbed volumes of the modern English poets in the familiar edition of Tauchnitz, he put at my disposal, in return for a collection, somewhat similar, although a little larger, of my own. In his rare moments of amiability, he could talk on such matters with *verve* and originality: more usually he preferred to pursue with the bitterest animosity an abstract fetish which he called his "luck." He was by temperament an enraged pessimist; and I could believe that he seriously attributed to Providence some quality inconceivably malignant, directed in all things personally against himself. His immense bitterness and his careful avarice, I could explain, and in a measure justify, when I came to understand that he had felt the sharpest stings of poverty, and, moreover, was passionately in love, in love *comme on ne l'est plus*. As to what his previous resources had been, I knew nothing, nor why they had failed him; but I gathered that the crisis had come, just when his life was complicated by the sudden blossoming of an old friendship into love, in his case, at least, to be complete and final. The girl too was poor; they were poorer than most poor persons: how could he refuse the post, which, through the good offices of a friend, was just then unexpectedly offered him? Certainly, it was abroad; it implied five years' solitude in Equatorial America. Separation and change were to be accounted; perhaps, disease and death, and certainly his "luck," which seemed to include all these. But it also promised, when the term of his exile was up, and there were means of shortening it, a certain competence, and very likely wealth; escaping those other contingencies, marriage. There seemed no other way. The girl was very young: there was no question of an early marriage; there was not even a definite engagement. Garth would take no promise from her: only for himself, he was her bound lover while he breathed; would keep himself free to claim her, when he came back in five years, or ten, or twenty, if she had not chosen better. He would not bind her; but I can imagine how impressive his dark, bitter face must have made this renunciation to the little girl with the violet eyes; how tenderly she repudiated her freedom. She went out as a governess, and sat down to wait. And absence only rivetted faster the chain of her affection: it set Garth more securely on the pedestal of her idea; for in love it is most usually the reverse of that social maxim, *les absents ont toujours tort*, which is true.

Garth, on his side, writing to her month by month, while her picture smiled on him from the wall, if he was careful always to insist on her perfect freedom, added, in effect, so much more than this, that the renunciation lost its benefit. He lived in a dream of her; and the memory of her eyes and her hair was a perpetual presence with him, less ghostly than the real company among whom he mechanically transacted his daily business. Burnt away and consumed by desire of her living arms, he was counting the hours which still prevented him from them. Yet, when his five years were done, he delayed his return, although his economies had justified it; settled down for another term of five years, which was to be prolonged to seven. Actually, the memory of his old poverty, with its attendant dishonours, was grown a fury, pursuing him ceaselessly with whips. The lust of gain, always for the girl's sake, and so, as it were, sanctified, had become a second nature to him; an intimate madness, which left him no peace. His worst nightmare was to wake with a sudden shock, imagining that he had lost everything, that he was reduced to his former poverty; a cold sweat would break all over him before he had mastered the horror. The recurrence of it, time after time, made him vow grimly that he would go home a rich man, rich enough to laugh at the fantasies of his luck. Latterly, indeed, this seemed to have changed; so that his vow was fortunately kept. He made money lavishly at last: all his operations were successful, even those which seemed the wildest gambling: and the most forlorn speculations turned round, and showed a pretty harvest, when Garth meddled with their stock.

And all the time he was waiting there, and scheming, at Agnas Blancas, in a feverish concentration of himself upon his ultimate reunion with the girl at home, the man was growing old: gradually at first, and insensibly; but towards the end, by leaps and starts, with an increasing consciousness of how he aged and altered, which did but feed his black melancholy. It was borne upon him, perhaps, a little brutally, and not by direct self-examination, when there came another photograph from England. A beautiful face still, but certainly the face of a woman, who had passed from the grace of girlhood (seven years now separated her from it), to a dignity touched with sadness: a face, upon which life had already written some of its cruelties. For many days after this arrival, Garth

was silent and moody, even beyond his wont: then he studiously concealed it. He threw himself again furiously into his economic battle; he had gone back to the inspiration of that other, older portrait: the charming, oval face of a young girl, almost a child, with great eyes, that one guessed one knew not why, to be the colour of violets.

As the time of our departure approached, a week or two before we had gone down to Valparaiso, where Garth had business to wind up, I was enabled to study more intimately the morbid demon which possessed him. It was the most singular thing in the world: no man had hated the country more, had been more passionately determined for a period of years to escape from it; and now that his chance was come the emotion with which he viewed it was nearer akin to terror than to the joy of a reasonable man who is about to compass the desire of his life. He had kept the covenant which he had made with himself; he was a rich man, richer than he had ever meant to be. Even now he was full of vigour, and not much past the threshold of middle age, and he was going home to the woman whom for the best part of fifteen years he had adored with an unexampled constancy, whose fidelity had been to him all through that exile as the shadow of a rock in a desert land: he was going home to an honourable marriage. But withal he was a man with an incurable sadness; miserable and afraid. It seemed to me at times that he would have been glad if she had kept her troth less well, had only availed herself of that freedom which he gave her, to disregard her promise. And this was the more strange in that I never doubted the strength of his attachment; it remained engrossing and unchanged, the largest part of his life. No alien shadow had ever come between him and the memory of the little girl with the violet eyes, to whom he at least was bound. But a shadow was there; fantastic it seemed to me at first, too grotesque to be met with argument, but in whose very lack of substance, as I came to see, lay its ultimate strength. The notion of the woman, which now she was, came between him and the girl whom he had loved, whom he still loved with passion, and separated them. It was only on our voyage home, when we walked the deck together interminably during the hot, sleepless nights, that he first revealed to me without subterfuge, the slow agony by which this phantom slew him. And his old bitter conviction of the malignity of his luck, which had lain dormant in the first flush of his material prosperity, returned to him. The apparent change in it seemed to him just then, the last irony of those hostile powers which had pursued him.

"It came to me suddenly," he said, "just before I left Agnas, when I had been adding up my pile and saw there was nothing to keep me, that it was all wrong. I had been a blamed fool! I might have gone home years ago. Where is the best of my life? Burnt out, wasted, buried in that cursed oven! Dollars? If I had all the metal in Chili, I couldn't buy one day of youth. Her youth too; that has gone with the rest; that's the worst part!"

Despite all my protests, his despondency increased as the steamer ploughed her way towards England, with the ceaseless throb of her screw, which was like the panting of a great beast. Once, when we had been talking of other matters, of certain living poets whom he favoured, he broke off with a quotation from the "Prince's Progress" of Miss Rossetti:

> "Ten years ago, five years ago,
> One year ago,
> Even then you had arrived in time,
> Though somewhat slow;
> Then you had known her living face
> Which now you cannot know."

He stopped sharply, with a tone in his voice which seemed to intend, in the lines, a personal instance.

"I beg your pardon!" I protested. "I don't see the analogy. You haven't loitered; you don't come too late. A brave woman has waited for you; you have a fine felicity before you: it should be all the better, because you have won it laboriously. For Heaven's sake, be reasonable!" He shook his head sadly; then added, with a gesture of sudden passion, looking out over the taffrail, at the heaving gray waters: "It's finished. I haven't any longer the courage." "Ah!" I exclaimed impatiently, "say once for all, outright, that you are tired of her, that you want to back out of it." "No," he said drearily, "it isn't that. I can't reproach myself with the least wavering. I have had a single passion; I have given my life to it; it is there still, consuming me. Only the girl I loved: it's as if she had died. Yes, she is dead, as dead as Helen: and I have not the consolation of knowing where they have laid her. Our marriage will be a ghastly mockery: a marriage of corpses. Her heart, how can she give it me? She gave it years ago to the man I was, the man who is dead. We, who are left, are nothing to one another, mere strangers."

One could not argue with a perversity so infatuate: it was useless to point out that in life a distinction so arbitrary as the one which haunted him does not exist. It was only left me to wait, hoping that in the actual event of their meeting, his malady would be healed. But this meeting, would it ever be compassed? There were moments when his dread of it seemed to have grown so extreme that he would be capable of any cowardice, any compromise to postpone it, to render it impossible. He was afraid that she would read his revulsion in his eyes, would suspect how time and his very constancy had given her the one rival with whom she could never compete; the memory of her own self, of her gracious girlhood, which was dead. Might not she too, actually, welcome a reprieve; however readily she would have submitted, out of honour or lassitude, to a marriage which could only be a parody of what might have been?

At Lisbon, I hoped that he had settled these questions, had grown reasonable and sane, for he wrote a long letter to her which was subsequently a matter of much curiosity to me; and he wore, for a day or two afterwards, an air almost of assurance which deceived me. I wondered what he had put in that epistle, how far he had explained himself, justified his curious attitude. Or was it simply a *résumé*, a conclusion to those many letters which he had written at Agnas Blancas, the last one which he would ever address to the little girl of the earlier photograph?

Later, I would have given much to decide this, but she herself, the woman who read it, maintained unbroken silence. In return, I kept a secret from her, my private interpretation of the accident of his death. It seemed to me a knowledge tragical enough for her, that he should have died as he did, so nearly in English waters; within a few days of the home coming, which they had passionately expected for years.

It would have been mere brutality to afflict her further, by lifting the veil of obscurity, which hangs over that calm, moonless night, by pointing to the note of intention in it. For it is in my experience that accidents so opportune do not in real life occur; and I could not forget that, from Garth's point of view, death was certainly a solution. Was it not, moreover, precisely a solution, which so little time before he had the appearance of having found? Indeed, when the first shock of his death was past, I could feel that it was after all a solution: with his "luck" to handicap him, he had perhaps avoided worse things than the death he met. For the luck of such a man, is it not his temperament, his character? Can any one escape from that? May it not have been an escape for the poor devil himself, an escape too for the woman who loved him, that he chose to drop down, fathoms down, into the calm, irrecoverable depths of the Atlantic, when he did, bearing with him at least an unspoilt ideal, and leaving her a memory that experience could never tarnish, nor custom stale?

The Meeting

By S. E. KISER

ONE day, in Paradise,
Two angels, beaming, strolled
Along the amber walk that lies
Beside the street of gold.

At last they met and gazed
Into each other's eyes,
Then dropped their harps, amazed,
And stood in mute surprise.

And other angels came,
And, as they lingered near,
Heard both at once exclaim:
"Say, how did you get here?"

Man Proposes

Why don't the men propose, mamma, Why don't the men propose? T. H. Bayly.

An English King's Way

King Henry— . . . I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say "I love you": then, if you urge me further than to say "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith do: and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Katharine—*Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand vell.

King Henry—Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Of if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift too woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Katharine—Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

King Henry—No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Katharine—I cannot tell vat is dat. . . .

Katharine—*Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

King Henry—No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me?

Katharine—I cannot tell.

King Henry—Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George,

compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

King Henry V. SHAKESPEARE.

A French Monarch of the Days of Romance

Then the king began for to speake in this maner and sayd. Gentill damoysell pleasaunt, vertuous, garnished of al beautie in whome I have totali set the love of my herte, is it not wel your wil that I be your husband. Pleaseth it you not to be my wife and spouse thende that I make you to be crowned as quene and lady of Lilefort. May ye finde in your herte by suche maner to accomplishe my wil, that you and I might be assembled and conionct by mariage. Answere ye nowe and say your advise. Ha sir saide she right humblye. I am not digne ne suffisaunt that ye do to me suche honour, for the handmaiden or subgecte ought not ne marye nor in any thinge compare to her prence and lorde. But sith that it pleaseth you to commaund me so to doo, in disparsinge to me of your grace I wer right simple and evil instruct if I refused your pleasure, and the excellent honour that ye so benignely and of your goodnesse unto me present. For if it shoulde please you to marye me to the least knight of your noble company yet ought I to consent of right. Wherfore to you that is my lorde, and to other incomparable: I am all redy to obey and accept your good and noble wil in the honour wherto ye require me, the which with good herte I ottroye and graunt you. And then king Oriant tooke her by the hand and said Certes lady I promise you on the faith of knighthod that as long as ye be on live never to espouse other woman than you, and I assure you even here that I shal be your husbande. And thus bi a comin accorde and by the consentement of them bothe was promised the saide mariage with one cordiall love.

Helyas, the Knight of the Swanne. (COPLAND.)

Mr. Pickwick's Unconscious Proposal to Mrs. Bardell

"'Chops and Tomata Sauce. Yours, Pickwick.'

"Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata Sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?"

CHARLES DICKENS.

A Self-Conscious Russian

"You say that, Alexandra Pavlovna, because you don't know me. You think I am a stock, a perfect stock, a sort of wooden man; but if you knew that I could melt like sugar and pass whole days on my knees!"

"I must say I should like to see that."

Leschnieff arose suddenly. "Well, marry me, Alexandra, and you will see it."

Alexandra blushed crimson.

"What did you say, Michaël Michaëlovitch?" she said with embarrassment.

"I said," answered Leschnieff, "what has for a long time been on the tip of my tongue. I have now said it, and you can act on it as you please. In order not to embarrass you, I will go away. Yes, I'm going. . . . If you consent to be my wife . . . if that is not disagreeable to you, send someone after me."

Alexandra wanted to detain Leschnieff, but he went quickly into the garden without his hat, and leaned on a little gate, letting his eyes wander in the distant prospect.

"If you please, sir," said a maid-servant behind him, "my mistress told me to ask you to come in." TURGENIEV.

With the Help of Budge

"Yes," continued Budge, "I know all about it. Only Uncle Harry don't say it right. What he calls espect, *I* calls *love*."

There was an awkward pause—it seemed an age. Another blunder, and all on account of those dreadful children. I could think of no possible way to turn the conversation;

stranger yet, Miss Mayton could not do so either. Something *must* be done—I could at least be honest, come what would—I would be honest.

"Miss Mayton," said I, hastily, earnestly, but in a very low tone, "Budge is a marplot, but he is a truthful interpreter for all that. But whatever my fate may be, please do not suspect me of falling suddenly into love for a holiday's diversion. My malady is of some months' standing. I——"

"*I* want to talk *some*," observed Budge. "You talk all the whole time. I—I—when *I* loves anybody, I kisses them."

Miss Mayton gave a little start, and my thoughts followed each other with unimagined rapidity. *She* did not turn the conversation—it could not be possible that she *could* not. She was not angry, or she would have expressed herself. Could it be that——

I bent over and acted upon Budge's suggestion. As she displayed no resentment, I pressed my lips a second time to her forehead; then she raised her head slightly, and I saw, in spite of darkness and shadows, that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion.

JOHN HABBERTON.

IN THE REFINED SIXTIES

Roderick advanced a step. "*Me voici! Je suis revenu*," was all he said, speaking in French, as seemed most natural.

"*Oui! oui! oui!*" and, with a glad cry, Silence clasped her hands, the first impulsive gesture he had ever seen her use. "*Oui, il est revenu!*"

The minute afterward—he knew not how; in truth, neither ever did know—he felt her in his arms, gathered close to his breast, sheltering and sheltered there as if it were her natural refuge. He did not kiss her—he dared not; but he touched her soft hair as it lay on his shoulder; he pressed her, all shaking with sobs, to his breast; he called her by her name, first "*ma cousine*," and then "Silence." An instant more, and putting her a little apart from him, so that he could look down into her eyes, he breathed, rather than spoke, another word—an English word—"My wife!"

Silence shrank back for one moment, trembling violently, drooped her face, all scarlet, and then lifted it up with a strange pathos of entreaty, almost appeal, as if she had but him in the whole world.

"Your mother," he whispered—"your mother knew it all."

"Then—yes!"

Roderick drew her back again, close into his very heart, and pressed his lips upon hers. In that long, silent, solemn troth-plight the two became one—forever.

"MISS MULOCK." (DIANA MARIA CRAIK.)

JEAMES STARTS TO "ALIE" HIMSELF WITH THE "ARISTOXY"

Lady Hangelina, too, igspawstulated in her hartfl way. "Mr. De la Pluche (seshee), why, why press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me?"

"I adoar you, charming gal!" says I. "Never, never go to say any such thing."

"You adored Mary Ann first," answers her Ladyship; "you can't keep your eyes off her now. If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him. You will break the girl's heart if you don't marry her, and perhaps some one else's—but you don't mind *that*."

"Break yours, you adoarible creature! I'd die first! And as for Mary Hann, she will git over it; people's arts ain't broakn so easy. Once for all, suckmstances is changed betwigst me and her. It's a pang to part with her" (says I, my fine hi's filling with tears), "but part from her I must."

It was curius to remark abowt that singlar gal, Lady Hangelina, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so disml—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all.

"What a sacrifice!" says she; "it's like Napoleon giving up Josephine. What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!"

"It does," says I—"Hagnies!" (Another laff.)

"And if—if I don't accept you—you will invade the States of the Emperor my papa, and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you!"

"I don't know what you're eluding to about Joseyfeen and Hemperors your Pas; but I know that your Pa's estate is over hedaneers morgidged; that if some one dont elp him, he's no better than an old pawper; that he owes me a lot of money; and that I 'm the man that can sell him up hoss & foot; or set him up agen—*that's* what I know, Lady Hangelina," says I, with a hair as much as to say, "Put *that* in your Ladyship's pipe and smoke it."

And so I left her, and nex day a serting fashnable paper enounced—

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the *tapis* between a gentleman who has made a colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D—ddles—x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event." W. M. THACKERAY.

THE RECKLESSNESS OF PASSION

Rosier was silent for a moment. "There is one thing I am sure he knows!" he broke out presently. "He knows that when I come here, it is, with all respect to him, with all respect to Mrs. Osmond, who is so charming—it is really," said the young man, "to see you!"

"To see me?" asked Pansy, raising her vaguely troubled eyes.

"To see you; that's what I come for," Rosier repeated, feeling the intoxication of a rupture with authority. Pansy stood looking at him, simply, intently, openly; a blush was not needed to make her face more modest.

"I thought it was for that," she said.

"And it was not disagreeable to you?"

"I couldn't tell; I didn't know; you never told me," said Pansy.

"I was afraid of offending you."

"You don't offend me," the young girl murmured, smiling as if an angel had kissed her.

"You like me then, Pansy?" Rosier asked very gently, feeling very happy.

"Yes—I like you."

They had walked to the chimney-piece, where the big cold Empire clock was perched; they were well within the room and beyond observation from without. The tone in which she had said these four words seemed to him the very breath of nature, and his only answer could be to take her hand and hold it a moment. Then he raised it to his lips.

HENRY JAMES.

AN ORIENTAL REMEMBRANCE

So he smoked again.

The fragrant fumes of his pipe, with the light of the lamp playing upon them, laid a shining ribbon of gold from his heart to the pavilion.

His feet stepped softly upon it. He reached the pavilion, and entered.

The Plum Blossom was sitting erect on a chair of ebony and lacquer encrusted with rose-quartz, and the sweep of his heart's desire came down upon Yung Han-Rai like a gentle, silvered miracle.

"Hayah! my bridegroom!" she said, rising, and bowing low.

"Hayah! my bride!" he replied, and kowtowed three times.

He trembled a little. In his blood he felt pulsing the whole earth with her myriad expressions of life and the making of life, as if dancing to the primal rhythm of all creation.

He looked at her.

He saw her very clearly. The poppy smoke had faded into memory.

Her face was like a tiny, ivory flower, beneath the great wedding-crown of paper-thin gold leaves, with emeralds like drops of frozen green fire, with carved balls of moonstone swinging from the lobes of her ears. The finger-nails of her right hand were very long, and encased by pointed filagrees of lapis lazuli studded with seed pearls.

She wore a long gown, that was like a current of glossy silver, embroidered with trailing powder-blue clouds and peach blossoms and, along the bottom of the skirt, a golden dragon in whose head shimmered the seven mystic jewels. The jacket, with its loose sleeves of plum-colour encircled by bands of coral lotus buds, was tight and short, of apple-green satin embroidered with sprays of *yulan* magnolias and guelder roses, looped with fretted buttons of white jade; while her slippers were of porcelain, of the one called *Ting-yao.*

which is fifth in rank among all perfect porcelains, thin as a paper of rice, fragile as the wings of the silk-moth, melodious as the stone *khing* when gently struck by a soft hand, violet as a summer's night and with an over-glaze like the amber bloom of grapes.

Again he kowtowed.

She was very close to him. Nothing separated them except the delicate threshold between dream and fact. Beyond that threshold there was peace, there was love, there was the eternal thrill of fulfilment, there was an end of those yearnings, of the loneliness and the pains of actual life that had bruised his soul these many years.

So he smoked again. He enveloped himself in a thick, strongly-scented poppy cloud, and he stepped a little beyond the threshold, and knelt at her feet.

"I love you, Plum Blossom," he said. "I love you, O very small Blossom of the Plum Tree!"—and he reached for the *kin*, the Chinese lute, which was at her elbow on a pillow of yellow satin embroidered with an iridescent rain of pearls.

His fingers caressed the instrument. They brushed over the cords.

The ancient Tartar melody winged up in minor, wailing harmonies, like the fluting of long-limbed rice birds flying against the dead-gold of the autumn sky; and he sang:

"I love you. You are in my heart. You are in my soul. You are in the soul within my soul, where the world has not been spotted by dirt and lies, but is pure as the laughter of little children; where there are no fetters of the flesh nor galls of earthly restraint; where the winds roam the pathless skies of outer creation, with none but the Buddha's will to check their vagabond waywardness. . . ." ACHMED ABDULLAH.

"TOILERS OF THE SEA"

Deruchette joined her two hands in a suppliant attitude, and looked at the speaker, silent, with fixed eyes, and trembling from head to foot.

The voice continued:—

"I love you. God made not the heart of man to be silent. He has promised him eternity with the intention that he should not be alone. There is for me but one woman upon earth. It is you. I think of you as of a prayer. My faith is in God and my hope in you. What wings I have, you bear. You are my life and already my supreme happiness."

"Sir," said Deruchette, "there is no one to answer in the house!"

The voice rose again:—

"Yes, I have encouraged that dream. Heaven has not forbidden us to dream. You are like a glory in my eyes. I love you deeply, mademoiselle. To me you are holy innocence. I know it is the hour at which your household has retired to rest, but I had no choice of any other moment. . . . I speak to you, mademoiselle, without venturing to approach you; I would step even farther back if it was your wish that my shadow should not touch your feet. You alone are supreme. You will come to me if such is your will. I love and wait. . . ."

"I did not know, sir," stammered Deruchette, "that any one remarked me on Sundays and Thursdays. . . ."

The voice continued:—

"God manifests his will in the flowers, in the light of dawn, in the spring; and love is of his ordaining. You are beautiful in this holy shadow of night. This garden has been tended by you; in its perfumes there is something of your breath. The affinities of our souls do not depend on us. They can not be counted with our sins. You were there, that was all. I was there, that was all. I did nothing but feel that I loved you. Sometimes my eyes rested upon you. I was wrong, but what could I do? It was through looking at you that all happened. . . . To have your spirit in my house—this is the terrestrial paradise for which I hope. Say, will you be mine. . . . Oh, be my betrothed; will you not? More than once have my eyes, in spite of myself, addressed to you that question. I love you; answer me. . . ."

Deruchette hung her head, and murmured, "Oh! I worship him."

. . . There was a pause. No leaf among the trees was stirred. . . . In the midst of that retirement, like a harmony making the silence more complete, rose the wide murmur of the sea.

The voice was heard again:—

. . . "You are silent."

"What would you have me say?"

"I wait for your reply."

"God has heard it," said Deruchette.

Then the voice became almost sonorous, and at the same time softer than before, and these words issued from the leaves as from a burning-bush:—

"You are my betrothed. Come then to me. Let the blue sky, with all its stars, be witness of this taking of my soul to thine, and let our first embrace be mingled with that firmament."

Deruchette arose and remained an instant motionless, looking straight before her, doubtless into another's eyes. Then, with slow steps, with head erect, her arms drooping, but with the fingers of her hands wide apart, like one who leans on some unseen support, she advanced toward the trees, and was out of sight.

A moment afterward, instead of the one shadow upon the graveled walk, there were two. They mingled together. VICTOR HUGO.

THE BISHOP'S EPISTOLARY EFFORT

"The Palace, Melchester, June 28, 18—

"MY DEAR LADY CONSTANTINE,

"During the two or three weeks that have elapsed since I experienced the great pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with you, the varied agitation of my feelings has clearly proved that my only course is to address you by letter, and at once. Whether the subject of my communication be acceptable to you or not, I can at least assure you that to suppress it would be far less natural, and upon the whole less advisable, than to speak out frankly, even if afterward I hold my peace forever.

"The great change in my experience during the past year or two—the change, that is, which has resulted in my advancement to a bishopric—has frequently suggested to me, of late, that a discontinuance in my domestic life of the solitude of past years was a question which ought to be seriously contemplated. But whether I should ever have contemplated it without the great good fortune of my meeting with you is doubtful. However, the thing has been considered at last, and without more ado I candidly ask if you would be willing to give up your life at Welland, and relieve my household loneliness here by becoming my wife.

"I am far from desiring to force a hurried decision on your part, and will wait your good pleasure patiently, should you feel any uncertainty at the moment as to the step. I am quite disqualified by habit and experience, for the delightful procedure of urging my suit in the ardent terms which would be so appropriate toward such a lady, and so expressive of my inmost feeling. In truth, a prosy cleric of five-and-forty wants encouragement to make him eloquent. Of this, however, I can assure you: that if admiration, esteem, and devotion can compensate in any way for the lack of those qualities which might be found to burn with much outward brightness in a younger man, those it is my power to bestow for the term of my earthly life. Your steady adherence to church principles and your interest in ecclesiastical polity (as was shown by your bright questioning on those subjects during our morning walk round your grounds) have indicated strongly to me the grace and appropriateness with which you would fill the position of a bishop's wife, and how greatly you would add to his reputation, should you be disposed to honour him with your hand. Formerly there have been times when I was of opinion—and you will rightly appreciate my candour in owning it—that a wife was an impediment to a bishop's due activities; but constant observation has convinced me that, far from this being the truth, a meet consort infuses life into episcopal influence and teaching.

"Should you reply in the affirmative I will at once come to see you, and with your permission will, among other things, show you a few plain, practical rules which I have interested myself in drawing up for our future guidance. Should you refuse to change your condition, on my account, your decision will, as I need hardly say, be a great blow to me. In any event, I could not do less than I have done, after giving the subject my full consideration. Even if there be a slight deficiency of warmth on your part, my earnest hope is that a mind comprehensive as yours will perceive the immense power for good that you might exercise in the position in which a union with me would place you, and allow that perception to weigh with you in determining your answer.

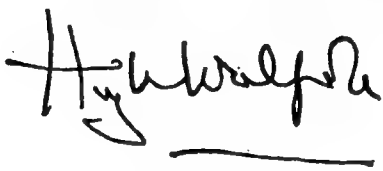
"I remain, my dear Lady Constantine, with the highest respect and devotion,

"Yours always, C. MELCHESTER."

THOMAS HARDY.

Bombastes Furioso

By HUGH WALPOLE



THAT year, Nineteen-Nineteen, threw up to the surface, because of the storm and disorder of its successive tidal waves, many strange fish; and of all that I encountered, the strangest, most attractive, and, I venture to think, the most typical of our times and their uncertainties, was my friend Bombastes Furioso—otherwise Benedick Jones.

I should certainly never have met him had it not been for Peter Westcott. Westcott, somewhere in the spring of Nineteen-Nineteen, took for a time the very handsome rooms of Robsart, the novelist, at Hortons in Duke Street, St. James's. It was strange to see Peter in those over-grand, over-lavish rooms. I had known him first in the old days when his *Reuben Hallard* and *Stone House* had taken London by storm, and when everything seemed "set fair" for his future. Then everything crumbled: his child died, his wife ran away with his best friend, and his books failed. I didn't hear of him again until Nineteen-Fifteen, when somebody saw him in France. His name was mentioned on several occasions through the terrible years, but nobody seemed to know him well. He kept away, apparently, from everybody. Then on the very day that the Armistice was signed, I met him in the crowd about Whitehall, looking just the same as in the old days—a little older, a little stouter, stocky and resolved and aloof and observant, in a world, as it had always seemed, to which he only half belonged, a sailor on leave in a country strange, dangerous, and interesting.

But this story is not about Westcott. To cut this prologue short, then, he asked me to come and see him, and I went to the magnificent Horton rooms, not once, not twice, but many times. I had loved Peter in the old days. I loved him much more now. The story of those years of his life that immediately followed the war is a wonderful story. I hope that one day he will give it to the world; whether he does or no, I saw in those summer months the beginning of the events that were to lead him back to life again, to give him happiness and self-confidence and optimism once more, to make him the man he now is.

In the story of that recovery, Benedick Jones has his share; but, I must repeat, this is Benedick Jones's story and not Westcott's.

The first day that I saw Jones was one lovely evening in April when Peter's (or rather, Robsart's) sitting-room was lit with a saffron-purple glow, and the clouds beyond the window were like crimson waves rolling right down upon us across the pale, glassy sky. In the middle of this splendour Jones stood, a whisky-and-soda in one hand, and a large meerschaum pipe in the other. He was, of course, orating about something. The first thing that struck me was his size. It was not only that he was well over six feet and broad in proportion, but there seemed to be in his large mouth, his great head with its untidy mop of yellow hair, his big, red hands, a spiritual size as well. He gave one always the impression of having more fire within his soul than he could possibly manage. . . .

He was fat, but not unpleasantly so. His clothes were comfortably loose, but not disorderly. His stomach was too prominent, but the breadth of his chest saved him from unsightliness. His face was a full moon, red, freckled, light yellow eyebrows, light yellow, rather ragged moustache. He was always laughing—sometimes when he was astonished or indignant.

He was forever in the middle of the room orating somebody or something, and his favourite attitude was to stand with his

legs wide apart, a pipe or a glass or a book in his extended hand, his body swaying a little with the rhythm of his eager talk.

On this afternoon, I remember, he really seemed to fill the room—words were pouring from his mouth in a torrent, and I stood, stopped by this flood, at the door. Westcott, lying back in a leather chair, smoking, listened, a smile on his generally grave face, something of the indulgent look in his eyes that one might give to a favoured and excited child.

"Hullo, Lester!" he cried, jumping up. "Come along—This is Captain Jones. Bomb, let me introduce you to Mr. Lester. I told you to read *To Paradise* years ago in France, but of course you never have."

"No, I never have," cried Jones, turning round upon me very suddenly, seizing my hand and shaking it up and down like the handle of a pump. "How do you do! How do you do! I'm just delighted to see you. I don't read much, you know. Better for me if I read more. But I've got to take exercise. I'm getting fat." Then he wheeled round again. "But, Peter," he went on, suddenly taking a great draught from his glass, "it was the most extraordinary thing—I swear it was just as I'm telling you—the girl gave the man a look, spat at him, and ran for her life. There were three men after her then, one a vicious-looking little devil——"

I sat down in the chair nearest to me and listened. I heard a most astonishing story. I'm afraid that I cannot remember at this distance of time all the details of it: it had murder in it, and rape and arson and every sort of miraculous escape, and apparently, so far as I could make it out, Jones had been a spectator of all that he described. There were discrepancies in his narrative, I remember, about which I should have liked to question him, but the words came out so fast, and the narrator's own personal conviction in the reality of his story was so absolute, that questions seemed an impertinence. He stopped at last, wiped his brow, collapsed upon a chair, finished his whisky with a great sucking smack of approval, dug his fingers into the bowl of his pipe, struck matches that were, one by one, ineffective, and lay scattered about him on the floor, and then smiled at me with a beaming countenance.

"That's a very good story, Bomb," said Peter.

"Story!" cried Captain Jones, contemptuously. "That ain't no story. That's God's own truth—every word of it." He looked at me, smiling all over his face.

"I've had some very remarkable experiences," he said.

"You must have had," I answered.

He did not, I think, on this occasion, stay very long.

When he had departed I looked at Westcott interrogatively.

"That's a prince of a man," said Peter enthusiastically. "I don't know where I'd have been without him in France. Everyone loved him there, and they were right."

"What an experience he must have had there," I said, a little breathless.

"Oh, that!" said Peter laughing. "That was all lies from beginning to end."

"Lies!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Westcott. "He's known among his friends as Bombastes Furioso. That's an unfair name, really, to give him, because he's gentle as any suckling dove, and all his wonderful stories are about somebody else's great deeds, never about his own. Young Harper was saying the other day that if only he would tell of some of his stories about himself, his lies wouldn't be so tremendous, but his natural modesty prevents him. He's a dear fellow, and the biggest liar in Europe."

"Well, of course," I said, rather doubtfully, "if he *always* tells lies it isn't so bad. You know that you need never believe him. It's the half-and-half liars that are so tiresome——"

"No," Peter interrupted. "That isn't quite fair. Lies isn't the true word. He's all imagination—far more imagination than either you or I will ever have, Lester. He simply can't write it down. If he could he would be the greatest novelist of our time. I used to tell him to try, but I've given that up now. He can't string three sentences together. He can't write an ordinary letter without misspelling every other word. He never reads anything—that's why his imagination is so untrammelled. And it isn't all untrue either. He has been all the world over—South Seas, Africa, China, South America, Russia, anywhere you like. All sorts of wonderful things have happened to him, but it isn't the real things he cares to tell of."

"Does he know he's lying?" I asked.

"Not the least in the world," Peter answered, laughing. "And I fancy he'd be most indignant if you accused him of it. And the really strange thing is that no one ever does accuse him. I can't remember that a single man in France ever challenged

his stories, and they'd pull any one else up in a moment. You see, he never does any harm. He's the most generous soul alive, thinks the best of everybody, and all his stories go to prove that people are better than they ever possibly could be. I confess, Lester, I have him here deliberately because he feeds my imagination. I'm beginning to feel that I may get back to writing again, and if I do it will be Bomb that will be responsible."

"How did he do in France?" I asked.

"Very well," Peter said. "But he never got the jobs that he ought to have had. Fellows distrusted him for responsible duty. They needn't have: he is as efficient as he can be. His inventive fancy only works over ground that he's never covered. In his own job he's an absolute realist."

"Is he married?" I asked.

"No. I don't think that women have much use for him. He doesn't appeal to them. They like to have the story-telling field to themselves. He's a man's man absolutely. He had a pal in France to whom he was entirely devoted, and when the boy was killed I think something cracked in him that's not been mended since. He's a colossal sentimentalist: cynicism and irony make him sick. He thinks I'm a desperate cynic—so I am, perhaps. . . ."

Well, I saw a lot of Bomb Jones. He loved Westcott more than I did, and admired him frantically. He knew, too, something about Westcott's many troubles, and the maternal spirit that is in every Englishman and Scotchman came out beautifully in his attitude to him. His stories soon became part of the pattern of one's life, and by no means the least interesting part. I quickly understood why it was that his friends allowed him to pursue his wild, untrammelled way without rudely pulling him up. In the first place, truth and fiction were curiously mingled. He had lived in San Francisco for a number of years, and many of his tales were drawn from that romantic city. He had obviously known well such men as Frank Norris and Jack London, and he had been in the place during the earthquake and fire. His picture of Caruso running out of his hotel in his night-shirt was a masterly one. He knew Russia well, had had tea with Witte, in the old days, and had once dined with Rasputin. He had shared in the Boxer rising, run for his life in Constantinople, and helped a revolution in Guatemala; and so on, and so on. . . .

But as I have said, about his actual experiences he had very little to say. It was his fairy stories, his fantastic, fabricated romances, that gave him his remarkable quality—and it was about London that these were mostly invented. I say invented—but were they invented or no?

There will, I think, be more men and women than any one now supposes who will look back to that year Nineteen-Nineteen in London as a strangely fantastic one. You might say with some justice that the years during the war, with their air-raids and alarms and excursions, newspaper rumours, and train-loads of wounded and dying at Charing Cross station, must have been infinitely more moving—I think not. In those years, at any rate, the stage was set for a play in which we must all, as we knew, act our parts. That year that followed the Armistice was uncanny, uncertain, unaccountable. Many reports there were about cities during war time—none at all, so far as we knew, about cities just after war. London, contrary to all prophecy, was just twice as full after the war as it had been before it; there was nowhere to live, little place even for sleeping. Every one who had had money had lost it—many who had been notoriously penniless now were rich. London was moving uncertainly into some new life whose forlorn form no one could foretell, and we were all conscious of this, and all, perhaps, frightened of it.

It was just this upon which Bomb Jones unwittingly seized. I say "unwittingly," because he was the least self-conscious of men, and the things that came to him arrived without any deliberate agency on his part—his stories and anecdotes rising to his lips as naturally and inevitably as the sun rises above the hill. He did not, I think, care for me very greatly: I was dried up, desiccated with a humour that he could only find morbid and cynical.

He had too fine and open a nature to suffer greatly from jealousy, but I fancy that he very much preferred to be alone with Peter, and sighed a little when I made an appearance.

He very soon found himself most happily at home with all the staff of Hortons. Even Mr. Nix, the sacred and rubicund head of the establishment, liked him, and listened, wide-eyed, to his stories. Mr. Nix had met so many strange characters in London and seen so many odd sights that a story less or more did not affect him very deeply.

Certainly Captain Jones flung his net with greater success than was the general rule; never a day passed but he returned with some strange prize.

It was amusing to see them together in the green hall downstairs, with the grandfather clock ticking away at them sarcastically. The little man, round as a ball, neat and dapper, efficient, his bowler hat a little on one side of his head; Jones, his great legs apart, his red face ablaze with excitement, his large hands gesticulating. They were great friends.

In spite of his withdrawal from me, he continued to tell me his stories. I began to find it an amusing game to divide the true from the false. This was a difficult task, because he had a great love of circumstantial detail. He would begin—"Lester, what do you think of this? An hour ago I was going down John Street, Adelphi. You know the place behind the Strand there where the Little Theater used to be. You know there's an alley there cutting up into the Strand. They sell fruit there. Well, I was just climbing the steps when I heard a woman's voice cry out for help. I looked back; there was not a soul there—the street was as empty as your hand. I heard the cry again, and there was a woman's face at the open window. As I looked she vanished. I ran back to the door of the house——"

Now this may appear somewhat commonplace. How many stories in how many magazines have begun with just such an incident? This, you would say, is the cheapest invention. Not quite. Jones had always some unexpected circumstantial detail that clamped his tale down as his own. I think that he was, in reality, on certain occasions involved in fights and quarrels that were actual enough. I have seen him with a black eye, and again with a long scratch down his cheek, and once with a torn hand. But what he did was to create behind him a completely new vision of the London scene. One could not listen to his stories for long without seeing London coloured, blazing with light, sinister with calculated darkness, ringed about with gigantic buildings that capped the clouds, inhabited by beings half human, half magical, half angel, half beast.

I remember when I was young and credulous, getting something of this impression from "The New Arabian Nights," but for me, at any rate, Stevenson never quite joined the flats. I was never finally taken in by his invention, but felt to the last that he was having a game with me. Bomb Jones's eloquence had the advantage over the written word of being direct and personal. Although you might be sure that what he was telling you was not true, nevertheless you felt that behind his stories some facts must be lying. I know that soon I began to discover that London was changing under my eyes. My own drab and dull flat in Kensington took a romantic glow. I would look from my window down the long street to the far distance filled by the solemn blocks of the museum, and would imagine that the figures that crossed the gray spaces were busied on errands about which fates of empires might hang—ludicrous for a man of my age who might be said to have experienced all the disillusionment of life. Well, ludicrous or no, I walked the streets with a new observation, a new expectation, a new pleasure, and to Bomb Jones I owed it.

However, it is not of his effect on myself that I want to speak. I was too far gone for any very permanent revival. It was Jones's effect on Peter that was the important thing. I saw that a new life, a new interest, a new eagerness was coming into Peter's life. He laughed at Jones, but he liked him and listened to him. Gradually, slowly, as stealthily as, after the rains, the water creeps back over the dry bed of the sun-baked river, so did Peter's desire for life come back to him.

"I know that Bomb's stories are all nonsense," he said to me. "A hundred times a day I'm tempted to break out and ask him how he dares to put such stuff over on us, but, after all, there may be something it it. Do you know, Lester, I can't go through Leicester Square without wondering whether a murderer isn't coming out of the Turkish Baths, an Eastern Prince out of 'Thurston's,' or the Queen of the Genii peeping at me from a window of the Alhambra! I've tried several times to get back into things here. I tried the Vers Librists, and I tried the drunkards down in Adelphi, and I've tried the Solemn Ones up in Hampstead, and the good commonplace ones in Kensington, and it was all no use until Bomb came along. I hope to Heaven he won't stop his stories for another month or two. There's a book beginning to move in my head—again, after ten years! Just think of it, Lester! Dead for ten years—I never thought it would come back, and now Bomb and his stories——"

"It's all right," I said. "He'll never stop till he dies."

But I'd reckoned without one thing—something that had never entered my poor brain, and, as always happens in life, it was the one thing that occurred—Bomb fell in love.

It is, of course, a commonplace that you can never discover the reasons that drive human beings toward one another—even the good old law of the universal attraction of opposite for opposite does not always hold good, but I may say that both Peter and I had the surprise of our lives when we discovered that Bomb Jones cared for Helen Cather. Helen was a friend of Bobby Galleon's, who was a friend of Peter's. Alice Galleon, Bobby's wife, had been with her on some War Committee, and the orderliness of her mind, her quiet when the other women were pushing and quarrelling, her clean serenity upon which nothing, however violent, seemed to make the slightest stain, appealed to Alice. She took Helen home to dinner, and discovered that she was a very well-read, politically-minded, balanced woman. "Too blamed balanced for me," said Bobby, who believed in spontaneity and rash mistakes and good red blood. He thought, however, that she would be good for Peter, so he took her to see him. Helen and Peter made friends, and this in itself was odd, because Helen at once asserted that all Peter's ideas about modern literature were wrong. She said that Peter was a Romantic, and that to be a Romantic in these days was worse than being dead. She talked in her calm, incisive, clear-cut way about the Novel, and said that the only thing for any novelist to do to-day was to tell the truth; and when Peter asked her whether invention and imagination were to go for nothing, she said that they went for very little, because we'd got past them and grown too old for them; and Peter said thank God he hadn't and never would, and he talked about Stevenson and Dumas until Helen was sick.

She dug up Peter's poor old novels, and disembowelled their corpses and praised Miss Somebody or other Smith's who wrote only about what it felt like to be out of a job on a wet day when you had only enough money in your pocket to eat a boiled egg in an *A.B.C.* shop.

"You're sentimental, Westcott," she said, "and you're sloppy and, worst of all, you're sprightly. You've no artistic conscience at all."

Peter laughed at her and liked her, and she liked him. I don't think that I was at all taken with my first view of her. She was thin and pale, with pince-nez and a very faint moustache on her upper lip. Her best feature was her eyes, which were good, gray, steady, kindly, and even at times they twinkled. She was neatness and tidiness itself, and she sat in her chair, quite still, her hands folded on her lap, and her neat little shoes crossed obstinately in front of her.

I shall never, of course, forget the day when she first met Bomb. It was one evening in Peter's flat. A number of people sat about talking, smoking and drinking. The Galleons were there, Maradick, large and red-faced, an old friend of Peter's, Robin Trojan and his wife, and so on. Bomb was late. He burst into the room, large, untidy and, as usual, excited.

"I say," he began at once. "I've just come from Penter's. There's been a fellow there who's the most remarkable man I've ever seen. He's going round England with a circus, and three of his elephants escaped this afternoon and were found examining Cleopatra's Needle half an hour ago and being fed with buns by a lot of street boys. This chap wasn't a bit alarmed, and said they'd be sure to turn up at Howarton or somewhere where he's got his circus, if he gave them time. He says that one of the elephants is the most intelligent——"

Now this story happened, as we discovered in the morning, to be quite, or almost, true, but you can fancy how Helen Cather was struck with it.

"Elephants!" she said, turning round upon him.

"Oh, you don't know one another," said Peter, hastily. "Bomb, this is Miss Cather. Miss Cather—Captain Jones."

Bomb has since declared that he fell in love with his Helen at first sight. Why? I can't conceive. There was nothing romantic about her. She certainly looked upon him on that first occasion with eyes of extreme disapproval. Everything about him must have seemed dreadful to her. "A red-hot liar," she described him to Alice Galleon afterwards. I remember on that very evening wishing that he had stopped for a moment before he came into the room and tidied himself up a little. His hair wasn't brushed, his face was hot and perspiring, his waistcoat was minus a button, and his boots were soiled. He didn't care, of course, but sat down quite close to Miss Cather, smiled upon her, and poured into her ears all that evening a remarkable series of narratives, each one more tremendous than the last.

Peter was amused. Next day he said: "Wasn't it fun seeing Helen Cather and Bomb together? Fire and water. She thought he'd drunk too much, I presume. She can look chilly when she likes, too."

It was not more than three days after this eventful meeting that the great surprise was sprung upon me.

I had been given two tickets for the first night of Arnold Bennett's *Judith*. We arrived late, and it was not until the first interval that Peter could deliver to me his astounding news.

"What do you think has happened?" he cried. "I give you three guesses, but you may as well resign at once. If I gave you a hundred, you'd never guess."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Bomb is in love with Helen Cather."

I was, of course, incredulous.

"But that's absurd," I answered; "that's worse than any of Bomb's best stories."

"It's true, all the same," he assured me. "He came in this afternoon. He can think of nothing else. His stories have for the moment all deserted him. He told me that he's been awake three nights thinking of her. He says that he loved her the first moment he saw her. He says that he's never loved a woman before, which is, I expect, true enough, and that he's going to marry her."

"Well, that last isn't true, anyway," I answered. "Miss Cather hated him at first sight."

My impression that night was that this was simply one of Bomb's exuberant, romantic fancies, and that it would pass away from his heart and brain as quickly as many of his stories had done. I was, of course, completely wrong.

He said very little about it to me, because he didn't like me, and was less naturally himself with me, I think, than with any one. But he talked to every one else, and to Peter he never ceased pouring out his soul.

A week later he proposed to her. She refused him, of course. He was not in the least disturbed. He would propose to her again very shortly, and then again and again to the end of time. . . .

I fancied, however, that that first refusal would be the end of it.

He would see in a little how absurd his pursuit was, and would abandon it. I must confess that I looked forward to that abandonment. This sudden passion had not, from my point of view, improved him. It made him a little absurd, and it had checked absolutely for the moment the flow of his stories. I was surprised to find how seriously I missed them.

Then one morning my telephone rang, and, answering it, I recognized Miss Cather's voice.

"May I come and have tea with you this afternoon?" she asked.

"Why, of course," I answered. "I'll be delighted. Whom shall I invite?"

"Nobody," she answered. "I want to talk to you."

I was flattered and pleased. Any widower of over fifty is pleased when any woman wants to come and have tea with him alone. Besides, I liked Miss Cather—liked her surprisingly. In the first place, she liked me, found my mind "truly realistic" and my brain well balanced. But in reality I liked her, I think, because I was beginning to discover in her a certain freshness and childishness and even *naïveté* of soul which I had certainly not expected at first. But seriousness and balance and austerity of manner did not go nearly as deep as it pretended. She knew not nearly as much about life as she herself fancied.

When she came she had some difficulty in beginning. At last it was out. Captain Jones had proposed to her. Of course, it was quite absurd, and, of course, she had refused him. He didn't know her at all, and she knew quite enough about *him* to be sure that they would never get on. Nevertheless—nevertheless— What did I—did I know?— At least, what she meant was that she liked Captain Jones, had liked him from the beginning, but there were certain things about him that puzzled her— Now I knew him well. Would I tell her?

"I don't know him well," I interrupted her. "That's a mistake—we're not intimate at all, but I do know him well enough to be sure that he's a good man. He's a splendid man!" I ended with, perhaps, a little more enthusiasm than I had myself expected.

She talked a little more, and then I challenged her.

"The fact of the matter is, Miss Cather," I said, "that you're in love with him and intend to marry him."

At this she shook her head indignantly. No, that was not true at all. She did not love him—of course she did not. But there was something about him—difficult for her to describe—his childishness, his simplicity—he needed looking after— Oh, he *did* need looking after!

As she said that, the whole of the sweetness that was in her nature shone in her

eyes and made her austere, unyielding, almost plain as she was, for the moment divine.

"Of course you're going to marry him," I repeated. She shook her head, but this time less surely.

Then, looking me full in the face, and speaking with great solemnity as though she were uttering a profound and supremely important truth, she remarked:

"Any woman who did marry him would have to stop that lying."

"Lying!" I repeated feebly.

"Yes, lying—the stories he tells."

"But they aren't lies," I said. "At least, not exactly."

She emptied then all the vials of her wrath upon my head. Not lies? And what were they then? *What* were those romances if they were not lies? Was I trying to defend lies in general or only Captain Jones's lies in particular? Did I not realize the harm that he did with his stories? What had we all been about that we had not pulled him up long ago?

"Can't you conceive it as possible, Miss Cather," I asked her, "that lies should occasionally do good rather than harm? I don't mean really *bad* lies, of course—lies told to hurt people—but gorgeous lies, magnificent lies; lies that keep your sense of fantasy, your imagination alive; lies that paint your house a fairy palace and your wife a goddess?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Lester," she answered me. "I must confess I'm disappointed in you, but I suppose one never knows with a novelist—But never mind—thank you for your tea—I can only assure you that any woman who marries Captain Jones will have to reform him first. Good-night."

Even after this I did not realize the situation that was upon us. I saw now what I had not seen before, that she did, in truth, care for Bomb Jones—that that same affection would affect all our lives I had not yet perceived. Then, two days later, came the next development.

I was sitting in Peter's flat waiting for his return, when Bomb burst in. He was a creature transfigured, whether by triumph or rage I could not immediately tell. He stood there, out of breath, swelling out his chest, struggling for words, panting. At last they came.

"Where's Peter? Oh, *where's* Peter? Not back! But he must be back. It's always his time to be here just now. He must be here! Lester, I'm dumfounded. I've no strength left in me. I'm finished. What do you think? Oh, but you'll never guess—you couldn't——"

"Miss Cather's accepted you," I interrupted.

"How did you know? How the devil—" He stared at me as though his eyes were struggling with an unaccustomed light—"Well, she has, if you want to know, and that's remarkable enough, but that's not the only thing— She—she——"

He paused, then flung it at me with the strangest burst of mingled rage, incredulity, bewilderment, and wonder— "She says I'm a liar!"

He looked at me, waiting.

"A liar?" I feebly repeated.

"A liar! She says she'll only marry me on one condition—that I stop my lying. When she first said it I thought she was laughing at me, then I suddenly saw that she was in the deadliest earnest. I asked her what she meant. She said that she couldn't conceive that I didn't know, that I *must* know, how wicked it was to tell the untruthful stories that I did, the harm that they worked and so on. I! A liar! I!— Why, you might say it about some fellows, but about me! . . . Why, Lester, she simply didn't believe that I'd had any of the fun, been to any of the places, seen anything. . . . Of course, I see what it is. She's never been anywhere, seen anything herself. Everything's strange to her. But to say that every one *knew* I was a liar. . . . Lester, tell me. You've been about. You know I'm not a liar, don't you?"

His astonishment was the most genuine thing I'd ever faced. I admit that I was staggered by it. I had not, of course, supposed that he had deliberately said to himself: "Now, to-day I'm going to tell a lie so as to astonish those fellows," but I *had* imagined that he knew quite well it had not all been true.

But here, in the face of his most ingenuous astonishment, what was I to say?

"No, Jones, of course not—lies is the wrong word altogether, but I do think that sometimes you've exaggerated."

He stared at me.

"Do they all think that?"

"Well, yes, they do——"

He resembled then nothing so much as a balloon from which the air has suddenly been withdrawn. He sat down.

"My God," he said, suddenly dropping his head between his great red hands. "It's true then."

It was at that moment that I saw the

catastrophe that was upon us. I saw what Bomb would be without his tales: he would be dull, ordinary, colourless—nothing. The salient thing, the life, the salt, the savour would be withdrawn from him. And not only Bomb, but all of us—myself, Peter, young Gale, Alice Galleon, even Maradick. I saw, by my own experience, how we should suffer. I saw slipping away from under my very nose the whole of that magical world that Bomb had created; and, above all, that magical London, the fairy palaces, the streets paved with gold, the walls of amethyst; the dark, shuttered windows opened for an instant to betray the gleaming, anxious eyes; the bearded foreigner conveying his sacred charge through the traffic of Trafalgar Square; the secrets and mysteries of the Bond Street jewelers. . . . I saw all that and more. But, after all, that was not the heart of the matter. We could get on without our entertainment; even Peter had been brought to life again whether Bomb went on with him or no. The tragedy was in Bomb's own soul; Helen Cather was slaying him as surely as though she stuck a dagger into his heart. And she did not know it— She did not know that she was probably marrying him for that very energy of imagination that she was bent upon destroying. Only, months after she had married him, she would discover, with a heavy and lifeless Bomb upon her hands, what it was that she had done.

"Look here, Jones," I said. "Don't take it too seriously. Miss Cather didn't know what she was saying. Don't you promise her anything. She'll forget——"

"Don't promise her!" He looked up at me wildly. "I have promised her! Of course I have— Don't I love her? Didn't I love her the first moment that I saw her? I'm never going to tell any one about anything again."

Well, all my worst anticipations were at once fulfilled. You may think that this story is about a very small affair, but I ask you to take some friend of yours and be aware that he is in process, before your eyes, of dying from some slow poison skilfully administered by some one. You may not in the beginning have cared very greatly for the man, but the poignancy of the drama is such that before long you are drawn into the very heart of it; it is like a familiar nightmare; you are held there paralyzed, longing to rush in and prevent the murder and unable to move.

In no time at all I had developed quite an affection for Jones, so pathetic a figure was he.

Beneath the stern gaze of his beloved Helen ("not quite of Troy," as some one said of her) he became a commonplace, dull, negligible creature, duller, save for the pathos of his position, than human. Very quickly we lost any sense of chagrin or disappointment at our own penalties in the absorption of "longing to do something for Bomb." Again and again we discussed the affair. Bomb's soul must be saved; but how? Before our eyes a tragedy was developing. In another month they would be married; Helen Cather would marry the greatest bore in Europe, and about six months after marriage would discover that she had done so.

Bomb was already miserable, sitting there silent and morose, his tongue tied, adoring Helen, but saying nothing to her lest he should be accused of "romancing."

At last Peter insisted that I should speak to her—she liked me better than she did the others—she would listen to me. Needless to say, she did not. Not only did she not listen, but turned on me ferociously.

"I'm proud of Benedick!" she cried. "I've cured him of the only fault he had. If you think I'm going to turn him back into a liar again, Mr. Lester, just for the entertainment of yourself and your friends, you're greatly mistaken. You have a strange notion of morality."

She was proud, but she was uneasy. She realized that he was not happy, that, in one way or another, the spring had gone out of him—yes, thank God, she was uneasy.

Well, there was the situation. There was apparently nothing to be done, no way out. This is simply the story, after all, of our blindness. Just as we had not seen the influence that was to check our Bomb, so we did not see the influence that would make his fancy flow again. It's a wonderful world, thank God!

About a week before the wedding Peter Westcott said to me:

"Lester, don't you think that Bomb's reviving a little again?" I fancied I had seen something. Bomb was a little brighter, a little less heavy . . . yes, I *had* noticed.

"His fancy is being fed again somewhere," said Peter again. "Where? He tells *us* no stories."

No, he certainly did not. His determination to achieve perfect accuracy was painful. It was a case of——

"Where have you been, Bomb?"

"Oh, just down to the bank to cash a cheque. The Joint Stock branch in Wigmore Street. I took a bus up Regent

Street and got off at the Circus——" and so on, and so on.

Nevertheless, he was reviving. The Old Man was being blown back into him just as surely as one prick of Helen Cather's determination had let it out. Where was he feeding his imagination? How had he got round his Helen's autocracy without her knowing it? Because she did not know. She was completely satisfied—she was even more than satisfied, she was—I watched her. Something was happening to her, too. She was dressing differently. Her austerity was dropping from her. She did her hair in a new way, no longer pulling it back, harsh and austere, from her forehead, but letting it have freedom and colour. She had very pretty hair. . . .

She was wearing bright colours and pretty hats. . . .

What was happening?

The day came when the problem was solved. Bomb's old mother came up to town, a dear old lady of nearly eighty, who adored Bomb and thought him perfection. She came up for the wedding. She was to see Helen for the first time. It was agreed that the meeting should be at Hortons, a nice, central spot. We were gathered there waiting—old Mrs. Jones with her lace cap and bright pink cheeks, Peter, Bomb, and myself. Helen was late.

"You know, Benedick," said the old lady in a voice like a withering canary, "you've told me very little about Helen. I've no real idea of her at all."

A moment's pause, and Bomb had sprung to his feet. Peter and I, spiritually, so to speak, rushed towards one another. This was the old attitude. We had not seen Bomb stand like this, his legs spread apart, his chest out, his eyes flashing, for weeks. The old attitude, the old voice, the old Bomb.

"Helen, mother!" he cried, and he was off.

The picture that he drew! It was about as much like the real Helen Cather as the Venus de Milo is like Miss Mary Pickford in the pictures; but it was a glorious picture, the portrait of a goddess, a genius, a Sappho. The phrases tumbled from his lips in the good old way—it was all the old times come back again. And how his imagination worked! How magnificently he flung his colours about, with what abandon he splashed and sprawled! For a breathless ten minutes we listened.

"Dear me," said old Mrs. Jones, "I do hope she's a good girl as well."

For myself I sat there entranced. The old Bomb was not lost. He had found, or Fate had found him, a safe outlet after all. He could see Helen as before he had seen the whole world, and it would do for him as well. His soul was saved.

The one question that now remained was how would Helen take this glorification of herself? Would she not resent it as deeply as she had resented the earlier "lies"?

On the answer to that question hung the whole of the future of their married life.

I was soon to have my answer. Helen came in. I did not perceive that old Mrs. Jones felt very deeply the contrast between reality and her son's picture. Her son was all that she saw.

He took her home. I walked away with Helen. Before we parted she turned to me. Happiness was burning in her face.

"Mr. Lester," she said, "you've been a good friend to both of us. You were all wrong about Benedick, but I know that you meant it well." She hesitated a little. "I'm terribly happy, almost too happy to be safe. Of course, I know that Benedick is a little absurd about me, has rather an exaggerated idea of me. But that's good for me, really it is. Nobody ever has before, you know, and it's only Benedick who's seen what I really am. I knew that I had all sorts of things in me that ought to come out, but no one encouraged them. Everyone laughed at them. But Benedick has seen them, and I'm going to be what he sees me. I feel free! Free for the first time in my life! You don't know how wonderful that is!"

She pulled the bright purple scarf more closely over her shoulders.

"We've done something for one another, he and I, really, haven't we? He's freed me, and I—well, I've stopped those terrible untruths of his, in spite of you all. I don't believe he'll ever tell a lie again! Goodnight. We'll see lots of you after we're married, won't we? Oh, we're going to be so happy——"

"Yes—*now* I believe you are," I answered.

"What do you mean, *now?*" she asked. "Didn't you always think so?"

"There was a moment when I wasn't sure," I said. "But I was wrong. You're going to be splendidly happy."

And so they are. . . .

"What does your husband do?"
"He takes castor oil." ANTON CHEKHOV.

A Kentucky Cardinal

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

James Lane Allen

VI

THIS morning, the 3d of June, the Undine from Green River rose above the waves.

The strawberry bed is almost under their windows. I had gone out to pick the first dish of the season for breakfast; for while I do not care to eat except to live, I never miss an opportunity of living upon strawberries.

I was stooping down and bending the wet leaves over, so as not to miss any, when a voice at the window above said, timidly and playfully:

"Are you the gardener?"

I picked on, turning as red as the berries. Then the voice said again:

"Old man, are you the gardener?"

Of course, a person looking down carelessly on the stooping figure of *any* man, and seeing nothing but a faded straw hat, and arms and feet and ankles bent together, might easily think him decrepit with age. Some things touch off my temper. But I answered, humbly:

"I am the gardener, madam."

"How much do you ask for your strawberries?"

"The gentleman who owns this place does not sell his strawberries. He gives them away, if he likes people. How much do you ask for *your* strawberries?"

"What a nice old gentleman! Is he having those picked to give away?"

"He is having these picked for his breakfast."

"Don't you think he'd like you to give me those, and pick him some more?"

"I fear not, madam."

"Nevertheless, you might. He'd never know."

"I think he'd find it out."

"You are not afraid of him, are you?"

"I am when he gets angry."

"Does he treat you badly?"

"If he does, I always forgive him."

"He doesn't seem to provide you with very many clothes."

I picked on.

"But you seem nicely fed."

I picked on.

"What is his name, old man? Don't you like to talk?"

"Adam Moss."

"Such a green, cool, soft name! It is like his house and yard and garden. What does he do?"

"Whatever he pleases."

"You must not be impertinent to me, or I'll tell him. What does he like?"

"Birds—red-birds. What do *you* like?"

"Red-birds! How does he catch them? Throw salt on their tails?"

"He is a lover of Nature, madam, and particularly of birds."

"What does *he* know about birds? Doesn't he care for people?"

"He doesn't think many worth caring for."

"Indeed! And *he* is perfect, then, is he?"

"He thinks he is nearly as bad as any; but that doesn't make the rest any better."

"Poor old gentleman! He must have the blues dreadfully. What does he do with his birds? Eat his robins, and stuff his cats. and sell his red-birds in cages?"

"He considers it part of his mission in life to keep them from being eaten or stuffed or caged."

"And you say he is nearly a hundred?"

"He is something over thirty years of age, madam."

"Thirty? Surely we heard he was very old. Thirty! And does he live in that beautiful little old house all by himself?"

"*I* live with him!"

"*You!* Ha! ha! ha! And what is *your* name, you dear, good old man?"

"Adam."

"*Two* Adams living in the same house! Are you the *old* Adam? I have heard so much of him."

At this I rose, pushed back my hat, and looked up at her.

"*I* am Adam Moss," I said, with distant politeness. "You can have these strawberries for your breakfast if you want them."

There was a low quick "Oh!" and she was gone, and the curtains closed over her face. It was rude; but neither ought she to have called me the old Adam. I have been thinking of one thing: why should she speak slightingly of *my* knowledge of birds? What does *she* know about them? I should like to inquire.

Late this afternoon I dressed up in my high gray wool hat, my fine long-tailed blue cloth coat with brass buttons, my pink waistcoat, frilled shirt, white cravat, and yellow nankeen trousers, and walked slowly several times around my strawberry bed. Did not see any more ripe strawberries.

Within the last ten days I have called twice upon the Cobbs, urged no doubt by an extravagant readiness to find them all that I feared they were not. How exquisite in life is the art of not seeing many things, and of forgetting many that have been seen! They received me as though nothing unpleasant had happened. Nor did the elder daughter betray that we had met. She has not forgotten, for more than once I surprised a light in her eyes as though she were laughing. She has not, it is certain, told even her mother and sister. Somehow this fact invests her character with a charm as of subterranean roominess and secrecy. Women who tell everything are like finger-bowls of clear water.

But it is Sylvia that pleases me. She must be about seventeen; and so demure and confiding that I was ready to take her by the hand, lead her to the garden-gate, and say: "Dear child, everything in here—butterflies, flowers, fruit, honey, everything—is yours; come and go and gather as you like."

Yesterday morning I sent them a large dish of strawberries, with a note asking whether they would walk during the day over to my woodland pasture, where the soldiers had a barbecue before setting out for the Mexican war. The mother and Sylvia accepted. Our walk was a little overshadowed by their loss; and as I thoughtlessly described the gayety of that scene—the splendid young fellows dancing in their bright uniforms, and now and then pausing to wipe their foreheads, the speeches, the cheering, the dinner under the trees, and, a few days later, the tear-dimmed eyes, the hand-wringing and embracing, and at last the marching proudly away, each with a Bible in his pocket, and many never, never to return—I was sorry that I had not foreseen the sacred chord I was touching. But it made good friends of us more quickly, and they were well-bred, so that we returned to all appearance in gay spirits. The elder daughter came to meet us, and went at once silently to her mother's side, as though she had felt the separation. I wondered whether she had declined to go because of the memory of her father. As we passed my front gate, I asked them to look at my flowers. The mother praised also the cabbages, thus showing an admirably balanced mind; the little Sylvia fell in love with a vine-covered arbour; the elder daughter appeared to be secretly watching the many birds about the grounds, but when I pointed out several less-known species, she lost interest.

What surprises me most is that they are so refined and intelligent. It is greatly to be feared that we Kentuckians in this part of the State are profoundly ignorant as to the people in other parts. I told Mrs. Walters this, and she, seeing that I am beginning to like them, is beginning to like them herself. Dear Mrs. Walters! Her few ideas are like three or four marbles on a level floor: they have no power to move themselves, but roll equally well in any direction you push them.

This afternoon I turned a lot of little town boys into my strawberry bed, and now it looks like a field that had been harrowed and rolled. I think they would gladly have pulled up some of the plants to see whether there might not be berries growing on the roots.

It is unwise to do everything that you can for people at once; for when you can do nothing more, they will say you are no longer like yourself, and turn against you. So I have meant to go slowly with the Cobbs in my wish to be neighbourly, and do not think that they could reasonably be spoiled on one dish of strawberries in three weeks. But the other evening Mrs. Cobb sent over a plate of golden sally-lunn on a silver waiter, covered with a snow-white napkin; and acting on this provocation, I thought they could be trusted with a basket of cherries.

So next morning, in order to save the ripening fruit on a rather small tree of choice variety, I thought I should put up a

scarecrow, and to this end rummaged a closet for some last winter's old clothes. These I crammed with straw, and I fastened the resulting figure in the crotch of the tree, tying the arms to the adjoining limbs, and giving it the dreadful appearance of shouting, "Keep out of here, you rascals, or you'll get hurt!" And, in truth, it did look so like me that I felt a little uncanny about it myself.

Returning home late, I went at once to the tree, where I found not a quart of cherries, and the servants told of an astonishing thing: that no sooner had the birds discovered who was standing in the tree, wearing the clothes in which he used to feed them during the winter, than the news spread like wildfire to the effect that he had climbed up there and was calling out: "Here is the best tree, fellows! Pitch in and help yourselves!" So that the like of the chattering and fetching away was never seen before. This was the story; but little negroes love cherries, and it is not incredible that the American birds were assisted in this instance by a large family of fat young African spoon-bills.

Anxious to save another tree, and afraid to use more of my own clothes, I went over to Mrs. Walters, and got from her an old bonnet and veil, a dress and cape, and a pair of her cast-off yellow gaiters. These garments I strung together and prepared to look life-like, as nearly as a stuffing of hay would meet the inner requirements of the case. I then seated the dread apparition in the fork of a limb, and awaited results. The first thief was an old jay, who flew towards the tree with his head turned to one side to see whether any one was overtaking him. But scarcely had he alighted when he uttered a scream of horror that was sickening to hear, and dropped on the grass beneath, after which he took himself off with a silence and speed that would have done credit to a passenger-pigeon. That tree was rather avoided for some days, or it may have been let alone merely because others were ripening; so that Mrs. Cobb got her cherries, and I sent Mrs. Walters some also for the excellent loan of her veil and gaiters.

As the days pass I fall in love with Sylvia, who has been persuaded to turn my arbour into a reading-room, and is often to be found there of mornings with one of Sir Walter's novels. Sometimes I leave her alone, sometimes lie on the bench facing her, while she reads aloud, or, tiring, prattles. Little half-fledged spirit, to whom the yard is the earth and June eternity, but who peeps over the edge of the nest at the chivalry of the ages, and fancies that she knows the world. The other day, as we were talking, she tapped the edge of her *Ivanhoe* with a slate-pencil—for she is also studying the Greatest Common Divisor—and said, warningly, "You must not make epigrams; for if you succeeded you would be brilliant, and everything brilliant is tiresome."

"Who is your authority for *that* epigram, Miss Sylvia?" I said laughing.

"Don't you suppose that I have any ideas but what I get from books?"

"You may have all wisdom, but those sayings proceed only from experience."

"I have my intuitions; they are better than experience."

"If you keep on, *you* will be making epigrams presently, and then I shall find you tiresome, and go away."

"You couldn't. I am your guest. How unconventional I am to come over and sit in your arbour! But it is Georgiana's fault."

"Did *she* tell you to come?"

"No; but she didn't keep me from coming. Whenever any one of us does anything improper we always say to each other, 'It's Georgiana's fault. She ought not to have taught us to be so simple and unconventional.'"

"And is she the family governess?"

"She governs the family. There doesn't seem to be any real government, but we all do as she says. You might think at first that Georgiana was the most light-headed member of the family, but she isn't. She's deep. I'm shallow in comparison with her. She calls me sophisticated, and introduces me as the elder Miss Cobb, and says that if I don't stop reading Scott's novels and learn more arithmetic she will put white caps on me, and make me walk to church in carpet slippers and with grandmother's stick."

"But you don't seem to have stopped, Miss Sylvia."

"No; but I'm stopping. Georgiana always gives us time, but we get right at last. It was two years before she could make my brother go to West Point. He was wild and rough, and wanted to raise tobacco, and float with it down to New Orleans, and have a good time. Then when she had gotten him to go she was afraid he'd come back, and so she persuaded my mother to live here, where there isn't any tobacco, and where I could be sent to school. That took her a year, and now she

is breaking up my habit of reading nothing but novels. She gets us all down in the end. One day when she and Joe were little children they were out at the wood-pile, and Georgiana was sitting on a log eating a jam biscuit, with her feet on the log in front of her. Joe had a hand-axe, and was chopping at anything till he caught sight of her feet. Then he went to the end of the log, and whistled like a steamboat, and began to hack down in that direction, calling out to her: 'Take your toes out of the way, Georgiana. I am coming down the river. The current is up and I can't stop.' 'My toes were there first,' said Georgiana, and went on eating her biscuit. 'Take them out of the way, I tell you,' he shouted as he came nearer, 'or they'll get cut off.' 'They were there first,' repeated Georgiana, and took another delicious nibble. Joe cut straight along, and went whack right into her five toes. Georgiana screamed with all her might, but she held her foot on the log, till Joe dropped the hatchet with horror, and caught her in his arms. 'Georgiana, I *told* you to take your toes away, he cried; 'you are such a little fool,' and ran with her to the house. But she always had control over him after that."

To-day I saw Sylvia enter the arbour, and shortly afterwards I followed with a book.

"When you stop reading novels and begin to read history, Miss Sylvia, here is the most remarkable history of Kentucky that was ever written or ever will be. It is by my father's old teacher of natural history in Transylvania University, Professor Rafinesque, who also had a wonderful botanical garden on this side of the town; perhaps the first ever seen in this country."

"I know all about it," replied Sylvia, resenting this slight upon her erudition. "Georgiana has my father's copy, and his was presented to him by Mr. Audubon."

"Audubon?" I said, with a doubt.

"Never heard of Audubon?" cried Sylvia, delighted to show up my ignorance.

"Only of the great Audubon, Miss Sylvia; the *great*, the very *great* Audubon."

"Well, this was the *great*, the very *great* Audubon. He lived in Henderson, and kept a corn-mill. He and my father were friends, and he gave my father some of his early drawings of Kentucky birds. Georgiana has them now, and that is where she gets her love of birds—from my father, who got his from the *great*, the very *great* Audubon."

"Would Miss Cobb let me see these drawings?" I asked, eagerly.

"She might; but she prizes them as much as if they were stray leaves out of the only Bible in the world."

As Sylvia turned inside out this pocket of her mind, there had dropped out a key to her sister's conduct. Now I understood her slighting attitude towards my knowledge of birds. But I shall feel some interest in Miss Cobb from this time on. I never dreamed that she could bring me fresh news of that rare spirit whom I have so wished to see, and for one week in the woods with whom I would give any year of my life. Are they possibly the Henderson family to whom Audubon entrusted the box of his original drawings during his absence in Philadelphia, and who let a pair of Norway rats rear a family in it, and cut to pieces nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air?

There are two more days of June. Since the talk with Sylvia I have called twice more upon the elder Miss Cobb. Upon reflection, it is misleading to refer to this young lady in terms so dry, stiff, and denuded; and I shall drop into Sylvia's form, and call her simply Georgiana. That looks better—Georgiana! It sounds well, too—Georgiana!

Georgiana, then, is a rather elusive character. The more I see of her the less I understand her. If your nature draws near hers, it retreats. If you pursue, it flies—a little frightened perhaps. If then you keep still and look perfectly safe, she will return, but remain at a fixed distance, like a bird that will stay in your yard, but not enter your house. It is hardly shyness, for she is not shy, but more like some strain of wild nature in her that refuses to be domesticated. One's faith is strained to accept Sylvia's estimate that Georgiana is deep—she is so light, so airy, so playful. Sylvia is a demure little dove that has pulled over itself an owl's skin, and is much prouder of its wicked old feathers than of its innocent heart; but Georgiana—what is she? Secretly an owl with the buoyancy of a hummingbird? However, it's nothing to me. She hovers around her mother and Sylvia with a fondness that is rather beautiful. I did not mention the subject of Audubon and her father, for it is never well to let an elder sister know that a younger one has been talking about her. I merely gave her several chances to speak of birds but she ignored them. As for me and *my* love of birds, such trifles are beneath her notice. I don't like her, and it will not be worth while to call again soon, though it would be pleasant to see those drawings.

This morning as I was accidentally passing under her window I saw her at it and lifted my hat. She leaned over with her cheek in her palm, and said, smiling:

"You mustn't spoil Sylvia!"

"What is my definite offense in that regard?"

"Too much arbour, too many flowers, too much fine treatment."

"Does fine treatment ever harm anybody? Is it not bad treatment that spoils people?"

"Good treatment may never spoil people who are old enough to know its rarity and value. But you say you are a student of nature; have you not observed that nature never lets the sugar get to things until they are ripe? Children must be kept tart."

"The next time that Miss Sylvia comes over, then, I am to give her a tremendous scolding and a big basket of green apples."

"Or, what is worse, suppose you encourage her to study the Greatest Common Divisor? I am trying to get her ready for school in the fall."

"Is she being educated for a teacher?"

"You know that Southern ladies never teach."

"Then she will never need the Greatest Common Divisor. I have known many thousands of human beings, and none but teachers ever have the least use for the Greatest Common Divisor."

"But she needs to do things that she dislikes. We all do."

I smiled at the memory of a self-willed little bare foot on a log years ago.

"I shall see that my grape arbour does not further interfere with Miss Sylvia's progress towards perfection."

"Why didn't you wish us to be your neighbours?"

"I didn't know that you were the right sort of people."

"*Are* we the right sort?"

"The value of my land has almost been doubled."

"It is a pleasure to know that you approve of us on those grounds. Will the value of *our* land rise also, do you think? And why do you suppose we objected to *you* as a neighbour?"

"I cannot imagine."

"The imagination can be cultivated, you know. Then tell me this: why do Kentuckians in this part of Kentucky think so much of themselves compared with the rest of the world?"

"Perhaps it's because they are Virginians. There may be various reasons."

"Do the people ever tell what the reasons are?"

"I have never heard one."

"And if we stayed here long enough, and imitated them very closely, do you suppose we would get to feel the same way?"

"I am sure of it."

"It must be so pleasant to consider Kentucky the best part of the world, and *your* part of Kentucky the best of the State, and *your* family the best of all the best families in that best part, and yourself the best member of your family. Ought not that to make one perfectly happy?"

"I have often observed that it seems to do so."

"It is delightful to remember that *you* approve of us. And we should feel *so* glad to be able to return the compliment. Goodbye!"

Any one would have to admit, however, that there is no sharpness in Georgiana's pleasantry. The child-nature in her is so sunny, sportive, so bent on harmless mischief. She still plays with life as a kitten with a ball of yarn. Some day Kitty will fall asleep with the Ball poised in the cup of one foot. Then, waking, when her dream is over, she will find that her plaything has become a rocky, thorny, storm-swept, immeasurable world, and that she, a woman, stands holding out towards it her imploring arms, and asking only for some littlest part in its infinite destinies.

After the last talk with Georgiana I felt renewed desire to see those Audubon drawings. So yesterday morning I sent over to her some things written by a Northern man, whom I call the young Audubon of the Maine woods. His name is Henry D. Thoreau, and it is, I believe, known only to me down here. Everything that I can find of his is as pure and cold and lonely as a wild cedar of the mountain rocks, standing far above its smokeless valley and hushed white river. She returned them today with word that she would thank me in person, and to-night I went over in a state of rather senseless eagerness.

Her mother and sister had gone out, and she sat on the dark porch alone. The things of Thoreau's have interested her, and she asked me to tell her all I knew of him, which was little enough. Then of her own accord she began to speak of her father and Audubon—of the one with the worship of love, of the other with the worship of greatness. I felt as though I were in a moonlit cathedral; for her voice, the whole revelation of

her nature, made the spot so impressive and so sacred. She scarcely addressed *me;* she was communing with them. Nothing that her father told her regarding Audubon appears to have been forgotten; and, brought nearer than ever before to that lofty, tireless spirit in its wanderings through the Kentucky forests, I almost forgot her to whom I was listening. But in the midst of it she stopped, and it was again kitten and yarn. I left quite as abruptly. Upon my soul, I believe that Georgiana doesn't think me worth talking to seriously.

VII

JULY has dragged like a log across a wet field.

There was the Fourth, which is always the grandest occasion of the year with us. Society has taken up Sylvia and rejected Georgiana; and so with its great gallantry, and to her boundless delight, Sylvia was invited to sit with a bevy of girls in a large furniture wagon covered with flags and bunting. The girls were to be dressed in white, carry flowers and flags, and sing "The Star-spangled Banner" in the procession, just before the fire-engine. I wrote a note to Georgiana, asking whether it would interfere with Sylvia's Greatest Common Divisor if I presented her with a profusion of elegant flowers on that occasion. Georgiana herself had equipped Sylvia with a truly exquisite silken flag on a silver staff; and as Sylvia both sang and waved with all her might, not only to keep up the Green River reputation in such matters, but with a mediæval determination to attract a young man on the fire-engine behind, she quite eclipsed every other miss in the wagon, and was not even hoarse when persuaded at last to stop. So that several of the representatives of the other States voted afterwards in a special congress that she was loud, and in no way as nice as they had fancied, and that they ought never to recognize her again except in church and at funerals.

And then the month brought down from West Point the son of the family, who cut off—or cut *at*—Georgiana's toes, I remember. With him a sort of cousin, who lives in New York State; and after a few days of toploftical strutting around town, and a pusillanimous crack or two over the back-garden fence at my birds, they went away again, to the home of this New York cousin, carrying Georgiana with them to spend the summer.

Nothing has happened since. Only Sylvia and I have been making hay while the sun shines—or does not shine, if one chooses to regard Georgiana's absence in that cloudy fashion. Sylvia's ordinary armour consists of a slate-pencil for a spear, a slate for a shield, and a volume of Sir Walter for a battle-axe. Now and then I have found her sitting alone in the arbour with the drooping air of Lucy Ashton beside the fountain; and she would be better pleased if I met her clandestinely there in cloak and plume with the deadly complexion of Ravenswood.

The other day I caught her toiling at something, and she admitted being at work on a poem which would be about half as long as the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." She read me the opening lines, after that bland habit of young writers; and as nearly as I recollect, they began as follows:

> "I love to have gardens, I love to have plants,
> I love to have air, and I love to have ants."

When not under the spell of mediæval chivalry she prattles needlessly of Georgiana, early life, and their old home in Henderson. Although I have pointed out to her the gross impropriety of her conduct, she has persisted in reading me some of Georgiana's letters, written from the home of that New York cousin, whose mother they are now visiting. I didn't like *him* particularly. Sylvia relates that he was a favourite of her father's.

The dull month passes to-day. One thing I have secretly wished to learn: did her brother cut Georgiana's toes entirely off?

VIII

IN August the pale and delicate poetry of the Kentucky land makes itself felt as silence and repose. Still skies, still woods, still sheets of forest water, still flocks and herds, long lanes winding without the sound of a traveller through fields of the universal brooding stillness. The sun no longer blazing, but muffled in a veil of palest blue. No more black clouds rumbling and rushing up from the horizon, but a single white one brushing slowly against the zenith like the lost wing of a swan. Far beneath it the silver-breasted hawk, using the cloud as his lordly parasol. The eagerness of spring gone, now all but incredible as having ever existed; the birds hushed and hiding; the bee, so nimble once, fallen asleep over his own cider-press in the shadow of the golden apple. From the depths of the woods may come the notes of the cuckoo; but they strike the air more and more slowly, like

the clack, clack, clack of a distant wheel that is being stopped at the close of harvest. The whirring wings of the locust let themselves go in one long wave of sound, passing into silence. All nature is a vast sacred goblet, filling drop by drop to the brim, and not to be shaken. But the stalks of the later flowers begin to be stuffed with hurrying bloom lest they be too late; and the night-hawk rapidly mounts his stairway of flight higher and higher, higher and higher, as though he would rise above the warm white sea of atmosphere and breathe in cold ether.

Always in August my nature will go its own way and seek its own peace. I roam solitary, but never alone, over this rich pastoral land, crossing farm after farm, and keeping as best I can out of sight of the labouring or loitering negroes. For the sight of them ruins every landscape, and I shall never feel myself free till they are gone. What if they sing? The more is the pity that any human being could be happy enough to sing so long as he was a slave in any thought or fibre of his nature.

Sometimes it is through the aftermath of fat wheat-fields, where float like myriad little nets of silver gauze the webs of the crafty weavers, and where a whole world of winged small folk flit from tree-top to tree-top of the low weeds. They are all mine—these Kentucky wheat-fields. After the owner has taken from them his last sheaf I come in and gather my harvest also—one that he did not see, and doubtless would not begrudge me—the harvest of beauty. Or I walk beside tufted aromatic hemp-fields, as along the shores of softly foaming emerald seas; or past the rank and file of fields of Indian-corn, which stand like armies that had gotten ready to march, but been kept waiting for further orders, until at last the soldiers had gotten tired, as the gayest will, of their yellow plumes and green ribbons, and let their big hands fall heavily down at their sides. There the white and the purple morning-glories hang their long festoons and open to the soft midnight winds their elfin trumpets.

This year as never before I have felt the beauty of the world. And with the new brightness in which every common scene has been apparelled there has stirred within me a need of human companionship unknown in the past. It is as if Nature had spread out her last loveliness and said: "See! You have before you now all that you can ever get from me! It is not enough. Realize this in time. I am your Mother. Love me as a child. But remember! such love can be only a little part of your life."

Therefore I have spent the month restless, on the eve of change, drawn to Nature, driven from her. In September it will be different, for then there are more things to do on my small farm, and I see people on account of my grapes and pears. My malady this August has been an idle mind—so idle that a letter from Georgiana seems its main event. This was written from the old home of Audubon on the Hudson, whither they had gone sight-seeing. It must have been to her much like a pilgrimage to a shrine. She wrote informally, telling me about the place and enclosing a sprig of cedar from one of the trees in the yard. Her mind was evidently overflowing on the subject. It was rather pleasant to have the overflow turned my way. I shall plant the cedar where it will stay always green.

I saw Georgiana once more before her leaving. The sudden appearance of her brother and cousin, and the news that she would return with them for the summer, spurred me up to make another attempt at those Audubon drawings.

How easy it was to get them! It is what a man thinks a woman will be willing to do that she seldom does. But she made a confession. When she first found that I was a smallish student of birds, she feared I would not like Audubon, since men so often sneer at those who do in a grand way what they can do only in a poor one. I had another revelation of Georgiana's more serious nature, which is always aroused by the memory of her father. There is something beautiful and steadfast in this girl's soul. In our hemisphere vines climb round from left to right; if Georgiana loved you she would, if bidden, reverse every law of her nature for you as completely as a vine that you had caused to twine from right to left.

Sylvia enters school the 1st of September, and Georgiana is to be at home then to see to that. How surely she drives this family before her—and with as gentle a touch as that of a slow south wind upon the clouds.

Those poor first drawings of Audubon! He succeeded; we study his early failures. The world never studies the failures of those who do not succeed in the end.

The birds are moulting. If man could only moult also—his mind once a year its errors, his heart once a year its useless passions! How fine we should all look if every August the old plumage of our natures would drop out and be blown away, and

fresh quills take the vacant places! But we have one set of feathers to last us through our threescore years and ten—one set of spotless feathers, which we are told to keep spotless through all our lives in a dirty world. If one gets broken, broken it stays; if one gets blackened, nothing will cleanse it. No doubt we shall all fly home at last, like a flock of pigeons that were once turned loose snow-white from the sky, and made to descend and fight one another and fight everything else for a poor living amid soot and mire. If then the hand of the unseen Fancier is stretched forth to draw us in, how can he possibly smite any one of us, or cast us away, because we came back to him black and blue with bruises and besmudged and bedraggled past all recognition?

IX

To-day, the 7th of September, I made a discovery. The pair of red-birds that built in my cedar-trees last winter got duly away with the brood. Several times during summer rambles I cast my eye about, but they were not to be seen. Early this afternoon I struck out across the country towards a sink-hole in a field two miles away, some fifty yards in diameter, very deep, and enclosed by a fence. A series of these circular basins, at regular distances apart, runs across the country over there, suggesting the remains of ancient earthworks. The bottom had dropped out of this one, probably communicating with the many caves that are characteristic of this blue limestone.

Within the fence everything is an impenetrable thicket of weeds and vines—blackberry, thistle, ironweed, pokeweed, elder, golden-rod. As I drew near, I saw two or three birds dive down, with the shy way they have at this season; and when I came to the edge, everything was quiet. But I threw a stone at a point where the tangle was deep, and there was a great fluttering and scattering of the pretenders. And then occurred more than I had looked for. The stone had hardly struck the brush when what looked like a tongue of vermilion flame leaped forth near by, and, darting across, stuck itself out of sight in the green vines on the opposite slope. A male and a female cardinal flew up also, balancing themselves on sprays of the blackberry, and uttering excitedly their quick call-notes. I whistled to the male as I had been used, and he recognized me by shooting up his crest and hopping to nearer twigs with louder inquiry. All at once, as if an idea had struck him, he sprang across to the spot where the first frightened male had disappeared. I could still hear him under the vines, and presently he reappeared and flew up into a locust-tree on the farther edge of the basin, followed by the other. What had taken place or took place then I do not know; but I wished he might be saying: "My son, that man over there is the one who was very good to your mother and me last winter, and who owns the tree you were born in. I have warned you, of course, never to trust Man; but I would advise you, when you have found your sweetheart, to give him a trial, and take her to his cedar-trees."

If he said anything like this, it certainly had a terrible effect on the son; for, having mounted rapidly to the tree-top, he clove the blue with his scarlet wings as though he were flying from death. I lost sight of him over a corn-field.

One fact pleased me: the father returned to his partner under the briers, for he is not of the lower sort who forget the mother when the children are reared. They hold faithfully together during the ever more silent, ever more shadowy autumn days; his warming breast is close to hers through frozen winter nights; and if they both live to see another May she is still all the world to him, and woe to any brilliant vagabond who should warble a wanton love-song under her holy windows.

Georgiana returned the last of August. The next morning she was at her window, looking across into my yard. I was obliged to pass that way, and welcomed her gayly, expressing my thanks for the letter.

"I had to come back, you see," she said, with calm simplicity. I lingered awkwardly, stripping upward the stalks of some weeds.

"Very few Kentucky birds are migratory," I replied at length, with desperate brilliancy and an overwhelming grimace.

"I shall go back some time—to stay," she said, and turned away with a parting faintest smile.

Is that West Point brother giving trouble? If so, the sooner a war breaks out and he gets killed, the better. One thing is certain: if, for the next month, fruit and flowers will give Georgiana any pleasure, she shall have a good deal of pleasure. She is so changed! But why need I take on about it?

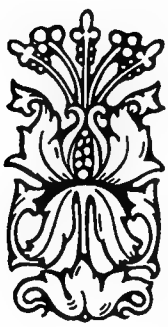
They have been cleaning out a drain under the streets along the Town Fork of Elkhorn, and several people are down with fever.

. . . . . .

(To be concluded)

Odin's Rune-Song

From "The Elder Edda" of SAEMUND SIGFUSSON



I KNOW that I hung, on a wind-rocked tree, nine whole nights, with a spear wounded, and to Odin offered, myself to myself: on that tree, of which no one knows from what root it springs.

Bread no one gave me, nor a horn of drink; downward I peered, to runes applied myself, wailing learnt them, then fell down thence.

Potent songs nine from the famed son I learned of Bolthorn, Bestla's sire, and a draught obtained of the precious mead, drawn from Odhrærir.

Then I began to bear fruit, and to know many things, to grow and well thrive: word by word I sought out words, fact by fact I sought out facts.

Runes thou wilt find, and explained characters, very large characters, very potent characters, which the great speaker depicted, and the high powers formed, and the powers' prince graved:

Odin among the Æsir, but among the Alfar, Dain, and Dvalin for the dwarfs, Asvid for the Jotuns: some I myself graved.

Knowest thou how to grave them? Knowest thou how to expound them? Knowest thou how to depict them? Knowest thou how to prove them? Knowest thou how to pray? Knowest thou how to offer? Knowest thou how to send? Knowest thou how to consume?

'Tis better not to pray than too much offer; a gift ever looks to a return. 'Tis better not to send than too much consume. So Thund graved before the origin of men, where he ascended, to whence he afterwards came.

Those songs I know which the king's wife knows not nor son of man. Help the first is called, for that will help thee against strifes and cares.

For the second I know, what the sons of men require, who will as leeches live. . . .

For the third I know, if I have great need to restrain my foes, the weapons' edge I deaden; of my adversaries nor arms nor wiles harm aught.

For the fourth I know, if men place bonds on my limbs, I so sing that I can walk; the fetter starts from my feet, and the manacle from my hands.

For the fifth I know, if I see a shot from a hostile hand, a shaft flying amid the host, so swift it cannot fly that I cannot arrest it, if only I get sight of it.

For the sixth I know, if one wounds me with a green tree's roots; also if a man declares hatred to me, harm shall consume them sooner than me.

For the seventh I know, if a lofty house I see blaze o'er its inmates, so furiously it shall not burn that I cannot save it. That song I can sing.

For the eighth I know, what to all is useful to learn: where hatred grows among the sons of men — that I can quickly assuage.

For the ninth I know, if I stand in need my bark on the water to save, I can the wind on the waves allay, and the sea lull.

For the tenth I know, if I see troll-wives sporting in air, I can so operate that they will forsake their own forms, and their own minds.

For the eleventh I know, if I have to lead my ancient friends to battle, under their shields I sing, and with power they go safe to the fight, safe from the fight; safe on every side they go.

For the twelfth I know, if on a tree I see a corpse swinging from a halter, I can so grave and in runes depict, that the man shall walk, and with me converse.

For the thirteenth I know, if on a young man I sprinkle water, he shall not fall, though he into battle come: that man shall not sink before swords.

For the fourteenth I know, if in the society of men I have to enumerate the gods, Æsir and Alfar, I know the distinctions of all. This few unskilled can do.

For the fifteenth I know what the dwarf Thiodreyrir sang before Delling's doors. Strength he sang to the Æsir, and to the Alfar prosperity, wisdom to Hroptatyr.

For the sixteenth I know, if a modest maiden's favour and affection I desire to possess, the soul I change of the white-armed damsel, and wholly turn her mind.

For the seventeenth I know, that that young maiden will reluctantly avoid me. These songs, Loddfafnir! thou wilt long have lacked; yet it may be good if thou understandest them, profitable if thou learnest them.

For the eighteenth I know that which I never teach to maid or wife of man, (all is better what only one knows. This is the closing of the songs) save her alone who clasps me in her arms, or is my sister.

Now are sung the High-one's songs, in the High-one's hall, to the sons of men all-useful, but useless to the Jotuns' sons. Hail to him who has sung them! Hail to him who knows them! May he profit who has learnt them! Hail to those who have listened to them! [BENJAMIN THORPE.]

Iron — From the Yiddish of Glyeb Uspenski

Translated by Hannah Berman

LISTEN to a story about iron.

It lay a thousand years, perhaps a hundred thousand years, under the ground, in a terrible deepness—an exceptionally large mass of iron. It lay cold, immobile, dead. A coldness spread forth from it up and down, right and left. On all sides, there came forth from it death and coldness. It lay there like a carcass. And on it, on top of it, God had flung down whole valleys and mountains. On the ground, on top of the iron, green grass sprouted forth, bright flowers blossomed. Bread grew there; oats, flax, forests. And cities, villages and houses stood there. And the people who lived in them were pious, and served God.— It was tillers of the soil, and their wives and children who lived there. And they lived by their own work, in their own houses.— Each man was his own master, the husband and the father. When they were small, the children used to go to school. When they grew older, they helped their fathers and their mothers. And that was how things went on, as the Lord has commanded, from generation to generation. Under the ground lay the iron carcass; and above the ground lived the living man—really as it ought to be.

And the day came on which Satan appeared. Satan arrived from all the black years; from over the seas. He appeared; and, without looking for anything, he stuck his nose into the ground! He stuck in his nose, and began to bore and drill. A wonderful thing resulted from this: the dead iron was warmed, began to grow hot, began to grow soft, to glow. It warmed itself, and came to life! It came to life, and came out from under the ground. . . . It arose—the resurrection of the dead! And it began to play! . . . It spread out its hands! The iron filled and filled every place! . . . A wire encircled the whole earth. And people spoke on it, from one end of the earth to the other. Iron ships flew, wagons ran, wheels went round, presses banged, lanterns illuminated, sparks flashed, pistons glittered. In a word, the iron began to play in the whole world, in the length and in the breadth.

But what became of the living man? It came to pass that the wires, pistons and presses dragged him out of his house, tore him away from his mastership, and compelled him to be a guardian to them, to keep watch over the winds, presses, pistons and ovens! Nurse them, mind them, tend them. . . . And, about themselves, forget even to think! . . . Men were torn from their sweethearts; women from their lovers; wives from their husbands; and tiny little children from their fathers and mothers. . . . Each individual was chained to his own, to the wire, to the piston, to the oven with the coals. And he dared not leave them! The moment he stepped away from them, there was nothing to eat! . . . If you cease from tending the machine—die! If you cease from stoking at the oven—die!

Satan laughs. The iron glitters. . . . And you become blackened as the earth, and bewail your years and your days. . . . That's how a man is! . . .

Trilby

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

Illustrated by the Author

PART SIXTH

"'Vraiment, la reine auprès d'elle était laide
Quand, vers le soir,
Elle passait sur le pont de Tolède
En corset noir!
Un chapelet du temps de Charlemagne
Ornait son cou. . . .
Le vent qui souffle à travers la montagne
Me rendra foul

"'Dansez, chantez, villageois! la nuit tombe. . . .
Sabine, un jour,
A tout donné—sa beauté de colombe,
Et son amour—
Pour un anneau du Comte de Saldagne,
Pour un bijou. . . .
Le vent qui souffle à travers la montagne
M'a rendu foul'"

BEHOLD our three musketeers of the brush once more reunited in Paris, famous, after long years.

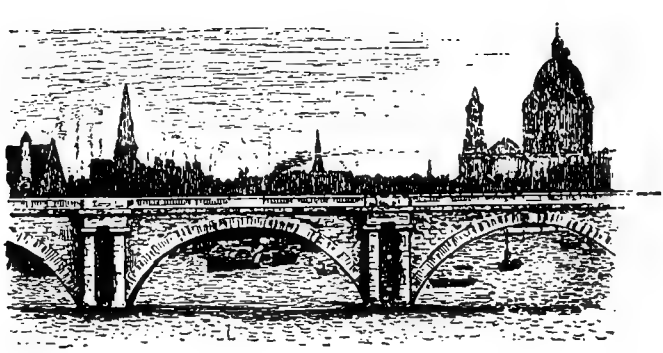
In emulation of the good Dumas, we will call it "cinq ans après." It was a little more.

Taffy stands for Porthos and Athos rolled into one, since he is big and good-natured, and strong enough to "assommer un homme d'un coup de poing," and also stately and solemn, of aristocratic and romantic appearance, and not too fat—not too much ongbong-pwang, as the Laird called it—and also he does not dislike a bottle of wine, or even two, and looks as if he had a history.

The Laird, of course, is d'Artagnan, since he sells his pictures well, and by the time we are writing of has already become an Associate of the Royal Academy; like Quentin Durward, this d'Artagnan was a Scotsman:

"Ah, was na he a Roguy, this piper of Dundee!"

And Little Billee, the dainty friend of duchesses, must stand for Aramis, I fear! It will not do to push the simile too far; besides, unlike the good Dumas, one has a conscience. One does not play ducks and drakes with historical facts, or tamper with historical personages. And if Athos, Porthos, & Co. are not historical by this time, I should like to know who are!



"A LITTLE PICTURE OF THE GOOD OLD THAMES"

"AN ATMOSPHERE OF BANK-NOTES AND GOLD"

Well, so are Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee—*tout ce qu'il y a de plus historiques!*

Our three friends, well-groomed, frock-coated, shirt-collared within an inch of their lives, duly scarfed and scarf-pinned, chimney-pot-hatted, and most beautifully trousered, and booted, and even gaitered, are breakfasting together on coffee, rolls, and butter at a little round table in the huge court-yard of an immense caravansérai, paved with asphalt, and covered in at the top with a glazed roof that admits the sun and keeps out the rain—and the air.

A magnificent old man as big as Taffy, in black velvet coat and breeches and black silk stockings, and a large gold chain round his neck and chest, looks down like Jove from a broad flight of marble steps—to welcome the coming guests, who arrive in cabs and railway omnibuses through a huge archway on the boulevard, or to speed those who part through a lesser archway opening on to a side street.

"Bon voyage, messieurs et dames!"

At countless other little tables other voyagers are breakfasting or ordering breakfast; or, having breakfasted, are smoking and chatting and looking about. It is a babel of tongues—the cheerfulest, busiest, merriest scene in the world, apparently the costly place of rendezvous for all wealthy Europe and America; an atmosphere of bank-notes and gold.

Already Taffy has recognized (and been recognized by) half a dozen old fellow-Crimeans, of unmistakable military aspect like himself; and three canny Scotsmen have discreetly greeted the Laird; and as for Little Billee, he is constantly jumping up from his breakfast and running to this table or that, drawn by some irresistible British smile of surprised and delighted female recognition: "What, *you* here? How nice! Come over to hear la Svengali, I suppose."

At the top of the marble steps is a long terrace, with seats and people sitting, from which tall glazed doors, elaborately carved and gilded, give access to luxurious drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, reading-rooms, lavatories, postal and telegraph offices; and all round and about are huge square green boxes, out of which grow tropical and exotic evergreens all the year round—with beautiful names that I have forgotten. And leaning against these boxes are placards announcing what theatrical or musical entertainments will take place in Paris that day or night; and the biggest of these placards (and the most fantastically decorated) informs the cosmopolite world that Madame Svengali intends to make her first appearance in Paris that very evening, at nine punctually, in the Cirque des Bashibazoucks, Rue St. Honoré!

Our friends had only arrived the previous night, but they had managed to secure

stalls a week beforehand. No places were any longer to be got for love or money. Many people had come to Paris on purpose to hear la Svengali—many famous musicians from England and everywhere else—but they would have to wait many days.

The fame of her was like a rolling snowball that had been rolling all over Europe for the last two years—wherever there was snow to be picked up in the shape of golden ducats.

Their breakfast over, Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee, cigar in mouth, arm in arm, the huge Taffy in the middle (*comme autrefois*), crossed the sunshiny boulevard into the shade, and went down the Rue de la Paix, through the Place Vendôme and the Rue Castiglione to the Rue de Rivoli—quite leisurely, and with a tender midrif-warming sensation of freedom and delight at almost every step.

Arrived at the corner pastry-cook's, they finished the stumps of their cigars as they looked at the well-remembered show in the window; then they went in and had, Taffy a Madeleine, the Laird a baba, and Little Billee a Savarin—and each, I regret to say, a liqueur-glass of *rhum de la Jamaïque.*

After this they sauntered through the Tuileries Gardens, and by the quay to their favourite Pont des Arts, and looked up and down the river—*comme autrefois!*

It is an enchanting prospect at any time and under any circumstances; but on a beautiful morning in mid-October, when you haven't seen it for five years, and are still young! and almost every stock and stone that meets your eye, every sound, every scent, has some sweet and subtle reminder for you——

Let the reader have no fear. I will not attempt to describe it. I shouldn't know where to begin (nor when to leave off!)

Not but what many changes had been wrought; many old landmarks were missing. And among them, as they found out a few minutes later, and much to their chagrin, the good old Morgue!

They inquired of a *gardien de la paix*, who told them that a new Morgue—"une bien jolie Morgue, ma foi!"—and much more commodious and comfortable than the old one, had been built beyond Notre Dame, a little to the right.

"Messieurs devraient voir ça—on y est très bien!"

But Notre Dame herself was still there, and la Sainte-Chapelle and Le Pont Neuf, and the equestrian statue of Henri IV. *C'est toujours ça!*

And as they gazed and gazed, each framed unto himself, mentally, a little picture of the Thames they had just left—and thought of Waterloo Bridge, and St. Paul's, and London—but felt no homesickness whatever, no desire to go back!

And looking down the river westward there was but little change.

On the left-hand side the terraces and garden of the Hôtel de la Rochemartel (the sculptured entrance of which was in the Rue de Lille) still overtopped the neighbouring houses and shaded the quay with tall trees, whose lightly falling leaves yellowed the pavement for at least a hundred yards of frontage—or backage, rather; for this was but the rear of that stately palace.

"I wonder if l'Zouzou has come into his dukedom yet?" said Taffy.

And Taffy the realist, Taffy the modern of moderns, also said many beautiful things about old historical French dukedoms; which, in spite of their plentifulness, were so much more picturesque than English ones, and constituted a far more poetical and romantic link with the past; partly on account of their beautiful, high-sounding names!

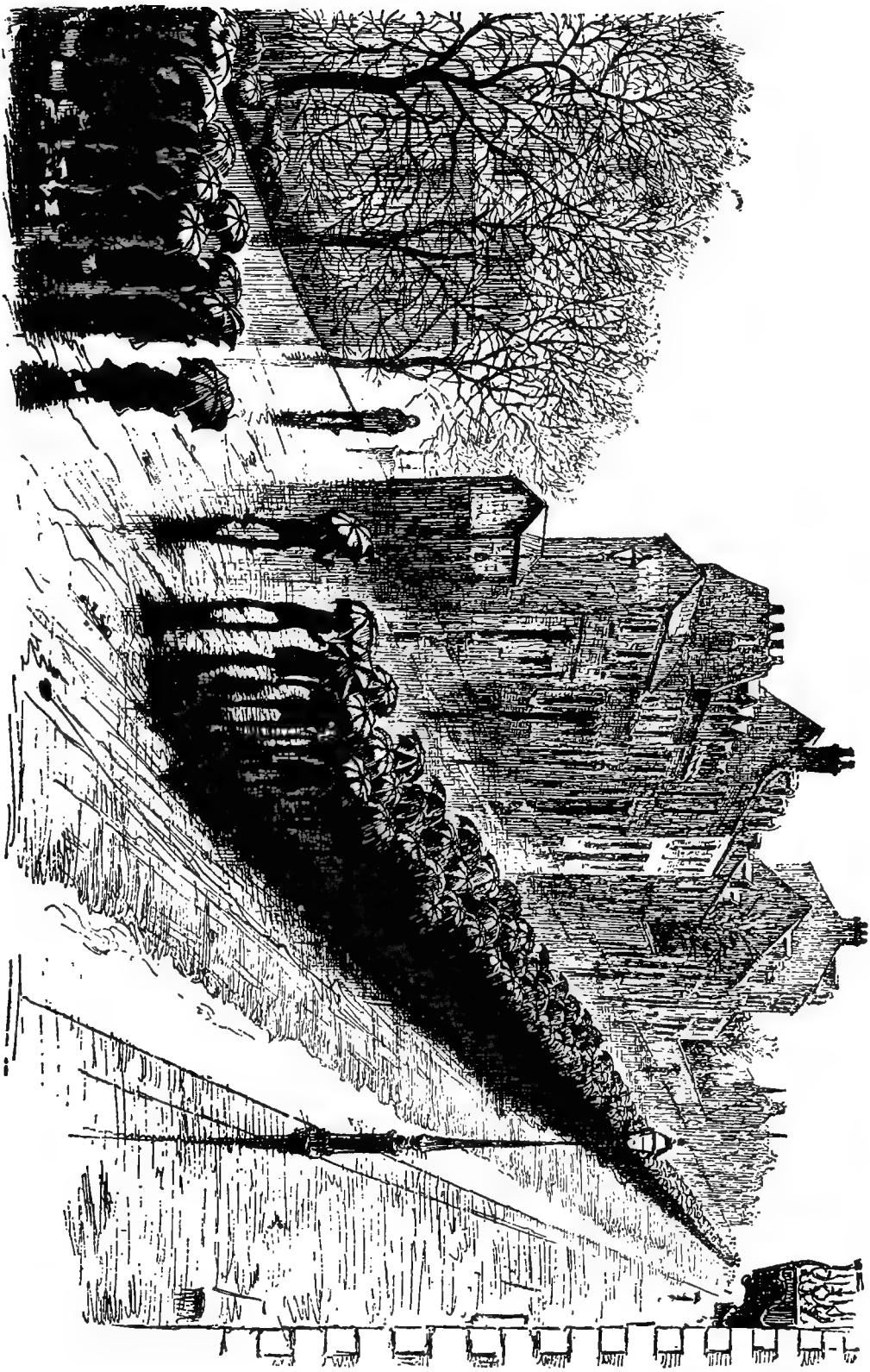
"Amaury de Brissac de Roncesvaulx de la Rochemartel-Boisségur was a generous mouthful! Why, the very sound of it is redolent of the twelfth century! Not even Howard of Norfolk can beat that!"

For Taffy was getting sick of "this ghastly thin-faced time of ours," as he sadly called it (quoting from a strange and very beautiful poem called "Faustine" which had just appeared in the *Spectator*—and which our three enthusiasts already knew by heart), and beginning to love all things that were old and regal and rotten and forgotten and of bad repute, and to long to paint them just as they really were.

"Ah! they managed these things better in France, especially in the twelfth century, and even the thirteenth!" said the Laird. "Still, Howard of Norfolk isn't bad at a pinch—*fote de myoo!*" he continued, winking at Little Billee. And they promised themselves that they would leave cards on Zouzou, and if he wasn't a duke, invite him to dinner; and also Dodor, if they could manage to find him.

Then along the quay and up the Rue de Seine, and by well-remembered little mystic ways to the old studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts.

Here they found many changes. A row of new houses on the north side, by Baron Haussmann—the well-named—a boulevard



"AH! THE BEAUTIFUL INTERMENT, MESSIEURS!"

"PAUVRE TRILBY"

was being constructed right through the place. But the old house had been respected; and looking up, they saw the big north window of their good old abode blindless and blank and black, but for a white placard in the middle of it, with the words: "À louer. Un atelier, et une chambre à coucher."

They entered the court-yard through the little door in the porte cochère, and beheld Madame Vinard standing on the step of her loge, her arms akimbo, giving orders to her husband—who was sawing logs for firewood, as usual at that time of the year—and telling him he was the most helpless log of the lot.

She gave them one look, threw up her arms, and rushed at them saying, "Ah, mon Dieu! les trois Angliches!"

And they could not have complained of any lack of warmth in her greeting, or in Monsieur Vinard's.

"Ah! mais quel bonheur de vous revoir! Et comme vous avez bonne mine, tous! Et Monsieur Litrebili, donc! il a grandi!" etc., etc. "Mais vous allez boire la goutte avant tout—vite, Vinard! Le ratafia de cassis que Monsieur Durien nous a envoyé la semaine dernière!"

And they were taken into the loge and made free of it—welcomed like prodigal sons; a fresh bottle of black-currant brandy was tapped, and did duty for the fatted calf. It was an ovation, and made quite a stir in the quartier.

Le Retour des trois Angliches—cinq ans après!

She told them all the news: about Bouchardy; Papelard; Jules Guinot, who was now in the Ministère de la Guerre; Barizel, who had given up the arts and gone into his father's business (umbrellas); Durien, who had married six months ago, and had a superb atelier in the Rue Taitbout, and was coining money; about her own family—Aglaë, who was going to be married to the son of the charbonnier at the corner of the Rue de la Canicule—"un bon mariage; bien solide!" Niniche, who was studying the piano at the Conservatoire, and had

won the silver medal; Isidore, who, alas! had gone to the bad—"perdu par les femmes! un si joli garçon, vous concevez! ça ne lui a pas porté bonheur, par exemple!" And yet she was proud! and said his father would never have had the pluck!

"À dix-huit ans, pensez donc!

"And that good Monsieur Carrel; he is dead, you know! Ah, messieurs savaient ça? Yes, he died at Dieppe, his natal town, during the winter, from the consequences of an indigestion—que voulez-vous! He always had the stomach so feeble! . . . Ah! the beautiful interment, messieurs! Five thousand people, in spite of the rain! Car il pleuvait averse! And M. le Maire and his adjunct walking behind the hearse, and the gendarmerie and the douaniers, and a bataillon of the douzième chasseurs-à-pied, with their music, and all the sapper-pumpers, en grande tenue with their beautiful brass helmets! All the town was there, following: so there was nobody left to see the procession go by! q'c'était beau! Mon Dieu, q'c'était beau! c'que j'ai pleuré, d'voir ça! n'est-ce-pas, Vinard?"

"Dame, oui, ma biche! j'crois bien! It might have been Monsieur le Maire himself that one was interring in person!"

"Ah, ça! voyons, Vinard; thou'rt not going to compare the Maire of Dieppe to a painter like Monsieur Carrel?"

"Certainly not, ma biche! But still, M. Carrel was a great man all the same, in his way. Besides, I wasn't there—nor thou either, as to that!"

"Mon Dieu! comme il est idiot, ce Vinard—of a stupidity to cut with a knife! Why, thou might'st almost be a Mayor thyself, sacred imbecile that thou art!"

And an animated discussion arose between husband and wife as to the respective merits of a country mayor on one side and a famous painter and member of the Institute on the other, during which *les trois Angliches* were left out in the cold. When Madame Vinard had sufficiently routed her husband, which did not take very long, she turned to them again, and told them that she had started a *magasin de bric-à-brac*, "vous verrez ça!"

Yes, the studio had been to let for three months. Would they like to see it? Here were the keys. They would, of course, prefer to see it by themselves, alone; "je comprends ça! et vous verrez ce que vous verrez!" Then they must come and drink once more again the drop, and inspect her *magasin de bric-à-brac.*

"JE PRONG!"

So they went up, all three, and let themselves into the old place where they had been so happy—and one of them for a while so miserable!

It was changed indeed.

Bare of all furniture, for one thing; shabby and unswept, with a pathetic air of dilapidation, spoliation, desecration, and a musty, shut-up smell; the window so dirty you could hardly see the new houses opposite; the floor a disgrace!

All over the walls were caricatures in charcoal and white chalk, with more or less incomprehensible legends; very vulgar and trivial and coarse, some of them, and pointless for *trois Angliches*.

But among these (touching to relate) they found, under a square of plate-glass that had been fixed on the wall by means of an oak frame, Little Billee's old black-and-white-and-red chalk sketch of Trilby's left foot, as fresh as if it had been done only yesterday! Over it was written: "Souvenir de la Grande Trilby, par W. B. (Litrebili)." And beneath, carefully engrossed on imperishable parchment, and pasted on the glass, the following stanzas:

"Pauvre Trilby—la belle et bonne et chère!
Je suis son pied. Devine qui voudra
Quel tendre ami, la chérissant naguère,
Encadra d'elle (et d'un amour sincère)
Ce souvenir charmant qu'un caprice inspira—
Qu'un souffle emportera!

"J'étais jumeau: qu'est devenu mon frère?
Hélas! Hélas! L'Amour nous égara.
L'Éternité nous unira, j'espère;
Et nous ferons comme autrefois la paire
Au fond d'un lit bien chaste où nul ne troublera
Trilby—qui dormira.

"O tendre ami, sans nous qu'allez-vous faire?
La porte est close où Trilby demeura.
Le Paradis est loin . . . et sur la terre
(Qui nous fut douce et lui sera légère)
Pour trouver nos pareils, si bien qu'on cherchera—
Beau chercher l'on aura!"

Taffy drew a long breath into his manly bosom, and kept it there as he read this characteristic French doggerel (for so he chose to call this touching little symphony in *ère* and *ra*). His huge frame thrilled with tenderness and pity and fond remembrance, and he said to himself (letting out his breath): "Dear, dear Trilby! Ah! if you had only cared for *me*, *I* wouldn't have let you give me up—not for any one on earth. *You* were the mate for *me!*"

And that, as the reader has guessed long ago, was big Taffy's "history."

The Laird was also deeply touched, and could not speak. Had he been in love with Trilby, too? Had he ever been in love with any one?

He couldn't say. But he thought of Trilby's sweetness and unselfishness, her gayety, her innocent kissing and caressings, her drollery and frolicsome grace, her way of filling whatever place she was in with her presence, the charming sight and the genial sound of her; and felt that no girl, no woman, no lady he had ever seen yet was a match for this poor waif and stray, this long-legged, cancan-dancing, quartier-latin grisette, blanchisseuse de fin, "and Heaven knows what besides!"

"Hang it all!" he mentally ejaculated, "I wish to goodness I'd married her *myself!*"

Little Billee said nothing, either. He felt unhappier than he had ever once felt for five long years—to think that he could gaze on such a memento as this, a thing so strongly personal to himself, with dry eyes and a quiet pulse! and he unemotionally, dispassionately, wished himself dead and buried for at least the thousand and first time!

All three possessed casts of Trilby's hands and feet and photographs of herself. But nothing so charmingly suggestive of Trilby as this little masterpiece of a true artist, this happy fluke of a happy moment. It was Trilbiness itself, as the Laird thought, and should not be suffered to perish.

They took the keys back to Madame Vinard in silence.

She said: "Vous avez vu—n'est-ce pas, messieurs?—le pied de Trilby! c'est bien gentil! C'est Monsieur Durien qui a fait mettre le verre, quand vous êtes partis; et Monsieur Guinot qui a composé *l'épitaphe*. Pauvre Trilby! qu'est-ce qu'elle est devenue! comme elle était bonne fille, hein? et si belle! et comme elle était vive, elle était vive, elle était vive! Et comme elle vous aimait tous bien—et surtout Monsieur Litrebili—n'est-ce pas?"

Then she insisted on giving them each another liqueur-glass of Durien's ratafia de cassis, and took them to see her collection of bric-à-brac across the yard, a gorgeous show, and explained everything about it—how she had begun in quite a small way, but was making it a big business.

"Voyez cette pendule! It is of the time of Louis Onze, who gave it with his own hands to Madame de Pompadour (!). I bought it at a sale in——"

"Combiang?" said the Laird.

"C'est cent-cinquante francs, monsieur—

"OON PAIR DE GONG BLONG!"

c'est bien bon marché—une véritable occasion, et——"

"Je prong!" said the Laird, meaning "I take it!"

Then she showed them a beautiful brocade gown "which she had picked up at a bargain at——"

"Combiang?" said the Laird.

"Ah, ça, c'est trois cents francs, monsieur. Mais——"

"Je prong!" said the Laird.

"Et voici les souliers qui vont avec, et que——"

"Je pr——"

But here Taffy took the Laird by the arm and dragged him by force out of this too seductive siren's cave.

The Laird told her where to send his purchases; and with many expressions of love and good-will on both sides, they tore themselves away from Monsieur et Madame Vinard.

The Laird, however, rushed back for a minute, and hurriedly whispered to Madame Vinard: "Oh—er—le piay de Trilby—sur le mure, vous savvy—avec le verre et toot le reste—coopy le mure—comprenny? . . . Combiang?"

"Ah, monsieur!" said Madame Vinard—"c'est un peu difficile, vous savez—couper un mur comme ça! On parlera au propriétaire si vous voulez, et ça pourrait peut-être s'arranger, si c'est en bois! seulement il fau——"

"Je prong!" said the Laird, and waved his hand in farewell.

They went up the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres, and found that about twenty yards of a high wall had been pulled down—just at the bend where the Laird had seen the last of Trilby, as she turned round and kissed her hand to him—and they beheld, within, a quaint and ancient long-neglected garden; a gray old garden, with tall, warty, black-boled trees, and damp, green, mossy paths that lost themselves under the brown and yellow leaves and mould and muck which had drifted into heaps here and there, the accumulation of years—a queer old faded pleasance, with wasted bowers and dilapidated carved stone benches and weather-beaten discoloured marble statues—noseless, armless, earless fauns and hamadryads! And at the end of it, in a tumble-down state of utter ruin, a still inhabited little house, with shabby blinds and window-curtains, and broken window-panes mended with brown paper—a Pavillon de Flore, that must have been quite beautiful a hundred years ago—the once mysterious love-resort of long-buried abbés with light hearts, and well-forgotten lords and ladies gay—red-heeled, patched, powdered, frivolous, and shameless, but oh! how charming

to the imagination of the nineteenth century! And right through the ragged lawn (where lay, upset in the long dewy grass, a broken doll's perambulator by a tattered Punchinello) went a desecrating track made by cart-wheels and horses' hoofs; and this, no doubt, was to be a new street—perhaps, as Taffy suggested, "La Rue *Neuve* des Mauvais Ladres!" (The *new* street of the bad lepers!)

"Ah, Taffy!" sententiously opined the Laird, with his usual wink at Little Billee—"I've no doubt the *old* lepers were the best, bad as they were!"

"I'm quite *sure* of it!" said Taffy, with sad and sober conviction and a long-drawn sigh. "I only wish I had a chance of painting one—just as he really was!"

How often they had speculated on what lay hidden behind that lofty old brick wall! and now this melancholy little peep into the once festive past, the touching sight of this odd old poverty-stricken abode of Heaven knows what present grief and desolation, which a few strokes of the pickaxe had laid bare, seemed to chime in with their own gray mood that had been so bright and sunny an hour ago; and they went on their way quite dejectedly, for a stroll through the Luxembourg Gallery and Gardens.

The same people seemed to be still copying the same pictures in the long, quiet, genial room, so pleasantly smelling of oil-paint—Rosa Bonheur's "Labourage Nivernais" — Hébert's "Malaria" —Couture's "Decadent Romans."

GECKO

And in the formal dusty gardens were the same pioupious and zouzous still walking with the same nounous, or sitting by their sides on benches by formal ponds with gold and silver fish in them—and just the same old couples petting the same toutous and loulous!*

Then they thought they would go and lunch at le père Trin's—the Restaurant de la Couronne, in the Rue du Luxembourg—for the sake of auld lang syne! But when they got there, the well-remembered fumes of that humble refectory, which had once seemed not unappetizing, turned their stomachs. So they contented themselves with warmly greeting le père Trin, who was quite overjoyed to see them again, and anxious to turn the whole establishment topsy-turvy that he might entertain such guests as they deserved.

Then the Laird suggested an omelet at the Café de l'Odéon. But Taffy said, in his masterful way, "D— the Café de l'Odéon!"

And hailing a little open fly, they drove to Ledoyen's, or some such place, in the Champs Élysées, where they feasted as became three prosperous Britons out for a holiday in Paris—three irresponsible musketeers, lords of themselves and Lutetia, *beati possidentes!*—and afterwards had themselves driven in an open carriage and pair through the Bois de Boulogne to the fête de St. Cloud (or what still remained of it, for it lasts six weeks), the scene of so many of Dodor's and Zouzou's exploits in past years, and found it more amusing than the Luxembourg Gardens; the lively and irrepressible spirit of Dodor seemed to pervade it still.

But it doesn't want the presence of a Dodor to make the blue-bloused sons of the Gallic people (and its neatly shod, white-capped daughters) delightful to watch as they take their pleasure. And the Laird (thinking perhaps of Hampstead Heath on an Easter Monday) must not be blamed for once more quoting his favourite phrase—the pretty little phrase with which the most humourous and least exemplary of British parsons began his famous journey to France.

When they came back to the hotel to dress and dine, the Laird found he wanted a pair of white gloves for the concert—"Oon pair de gong blong," as he called it—and they walked along the boulevards till they came to a haberdasher's shop of very good and prosperous appearance, and, going in, were received graciously by the "patron," a portly little bourgeois, who waved them

* *Glossary.* Pioupiou (*alias* pousse-caillou, *alias* tourlourou)—a private soldier of the line. Zouzou—a Zouave. Nounou—a wet-nurse with a pretty ribboned cap and long streamers. Toutou—a nondescript French lapdog, of no breed known to Englishmen (a regular little beast!) Loulou—a Pomeranian dog not much better.

to a tall and aristocratic and very well-dressed young commis behind the counter, saying, "Une paire de gants blancs pour monsieur."

And what was the surprise of our three friends in recognizing Dodor!

The gay Dodor, Dodor l'irrésistible, quite unembarrassed by his position, was exuberant in his delight at seeing them again, and introduced them to the patron and his wife and daughter, Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Passefil. And it soon became pretty evident that, in spite of his humble employment in that house, he was a great favourite in that family, and especially with mademoiselle.

Indeed, Monsieur Passefil invited our three heroes to stay and dine then and there; but they compromised matters by asking Dodor to come and dine with *them* at the hotel, and he accepted with alacrity.

Thanks to Dodor, the dinner was a very lively one, and they soon forgot the regretful impressions of the day.

They learned that he hadn't got a penny in the world, and had left the army, and had for two years kept the books at le père Passefil's and served his customers, and won his good opinion and his wife's, and especially his daughter's; and that soon he was to be not only his employer's partner, but his son-in-law; and that, in spite of his impecuniosity, he had managed to impress them with the fact that in marrying a Rigolot de Lafarce she was making a very splendid match indeed!

"IT WAS TRILBY"

His brother-in-law, the Honourable Jack Reeve, had long cut him for a bad lot. But his sister, after a while, had made up her mind that to marry Mlle. Passefil wasn't the worst he could do; at all events, it would keep him out of England, and *that* was a comfort! And passing through Paris, she had actually called on the Passefil family, and they had fallen prostrate before such splendour; and no wonder, for Mrs. Jack Reeve was one of the most beautiful, elegant, and fashionable women in London, the smartest of the smart.

"And how about l' Zouzou?" asked Little Billee.

"Ah, old Gontran! I don't see much of nim. We no longer quite move in the same circles, you know; not that he's proud, or me either! but he's a sub-lieutenant in the Guides—an officer! Besides, his brother's dead, and he's the Duc de la Rochemartel, and a special pet of the Empress; he makes her laugh more than anybody! He's looking out for the biggest heiress he can find, and he's pretty safe to catch her, with such a name as that! In fact, they say he's caught her already—Miss Lavinia Hunks, of Chicago. Twenty million dollars!—at least, so the *Figaro* says!"

Then he gave them news of other old friends; and they did not part till it was time for them to go to the Cirque des Bashibazoucks, and after they had arranged to dine with his future family on the following day.

In the Rue St. Honoré was a long double file of cabs and carriages slowly moving along to the portals of that huge hall, Le Cirque des Bashibazoucks. Is it there still, I wonder? I don't mind betting not! Just at this period of the Second Empire there

"AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE"

was a mania for demolition and remolition (if there is such a word), and I have no doubt my Parisian readers would search the Rue St. Honoré for the Salle des Bashibazoucks in vain!

Our friends were shown to their stalls, and looked round in surprise. This was before the days of the Albert Hall, and they had never been in such a big place of the kind before, or one so regal in aspect, so gorgeously imperial with white and gold and crimson velvet, so dazzling with light, so crammed with people from floor to roof, and cramming itself still.

A platform carpeted with crimson cloth had been erected in front of the gates where the horses had once used to come in, and their fair riders, and the two jolly English clowns; and the beautiful nobleman with the long frock-coat and brass buttons, and soft high boots, and four-in-hand whip—"la chambrière."

In front of this was a lower stand for the orchestra. The circus itself was filled with stalls—stalles d'orchestre. A pair of crimson curtains hid the entrance to the platform at the back, and by each of these stood a small page, ready to draw it aside and admit the diva.

The entrance to the orchestra was by a small door under the platform, and some thirty or forty chairs and music-stands grouped around the conductor's estrade, were waiting for the band.

Little Billee looked round, and recognized many countrymen and countrywomen of his own—many great musical celebrities especially, whom he had often met in London. Tiers upon tiers of people rose up all round in a widening circle and lost themselves in a dazy mist of light at the top—it was like a picture by Martin! In the imperial box were the English ambassador and his family, with an august British personage sitting in the middle, in front, his broad blue ribbon across his breast and his opera-glass to his royal eyes.

Little Billee had never felt so excited, so exhilarated by such a show before, nor so full of eager anticipation. He looked at his program, and saw that the Hungarian band (the first that had yet appeared in western Europe, I believe) would play an overture of gypsy dances. Then Madame Svengali would sing "un air connu, sans accompagnement," and afterwards other airs, including the "Nussbaum" of Schumann (for the first time in Paris, it seemed). Then a rest of ten minutes; then more csárdás; then the diva would sing "Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre," of all things in the world! and finish up with "un impromptu de Chopin, sans paroles."

Truly a somewhat incongruous bill of fare!

Close on the stroke of nine the musicians came in and took their seats. They were dressed in the foreign hussar uniform that has now become so familiar. The first violin had scarcely sat down before our friends recognized in him their old friend Gecko.

Just as the clock struck, Svengali, in irreproachable evening dress, tall and stout and quite splendid in appearance, notwithstanding his long black mane (which had been curled), took his place at his desk. Our friends would have known him at a glance, in spite of the wonderful alteration time and prosperity had wrought in his outward man.

He bowed right and left to the thunderous applause that greeted him, gave his three little bâton-taps, and the lovely music began at once. We have grown accustomed to strains of this kind during the last twenty years; but they were new then, and their strange seduction was a surprise as well as an enchantment.

Besides, no such band as Svengali's had ever been heard; and in listening to this overture the immense crowd almost forgot that it was a mere preparation for a great musical event, and tried to encore it. But Svengali merely turned round and bowed—there were to be no encores that night.

Then a moment of silence and breathless suspense—curiosity on tiptoe!

Then the two little page-boys each drew a silken rope, and the curtains parted and looped themselves up on each side symmetrically; and a tall female figure appeared, clad in what seemed like a classical dress of cloth of gold, embroidered with garnets and beetles' wings; her snowy arms and shoulders bare, a gold coronet of stars on her head, her thick, light-brown hair tied behind and flowing all down her back to nearly her knees, like those ladies in hairdressers' shops who sit with their backs to the plate-glass window to advertise the merits of some particular hair-wash.

She walked slowly down to the front, her hands hanging at her sides in quite a simple fashion, and made a slight inclination of her head and body towards the imperial box, and then to right and left. Her lips and cheeks were rouged; her dark level eyebrows nearly met at the bridge of her short high nose. Through her parted lips you could see her large glistening white teeth; her gray eyes looked straight at Svengali.

Her face was thin, and had a rather haggard expression, in spite of its artificial freshness; but its contour was divine, and its character so tender, so humble, so touchingly simple and sweet, that one melted at the sight of her. No such magnificent or seductive apparition has ever been seen before or since on any stage or platform—not even Miss Ellen Terry as the priestess of Artemis in the late Laureate's play, "The Cup."

The house rose at her as she came down to the front; and she bowed again to right and left, and put her hand to her heart quite simply and with a most winning natural gesture, an adorable gaucherie—like a graceful and unconscious school-girl quite innocent of stage deportment.

It was Trilby!

Trilby the tone-deaf, who couldn't sing one single note in tune! Trilby, who couldn't tell a C from an F!!

What was going to happen?

Our three friends were almost turned to stone in the immensity of their surprise.

Yet the big Taffy was trembling all over; the Laird's jaw had all but fallen on to his chest; Little Billee was staring, staring his eyes almost out of his head. There was something, to them, so strange and uncanny about it all; so oppressive, so anxious, so momentous!

The applause had at last subsided. Trilby stood with her hands behind her, one foot (the left one) on a little stool that had been left there on purpose, her lips parted, her eyes on Svengali's, ready to begin.

He gave his three beats, and the band struck a chord. Then, at another beat from him, but in her direction, she began, without the slightest appearance of effort, without any accompaniment whatever, he

"OUVRE-MOI TA PORTE
POUR L'AMOUR DE DIEU!"

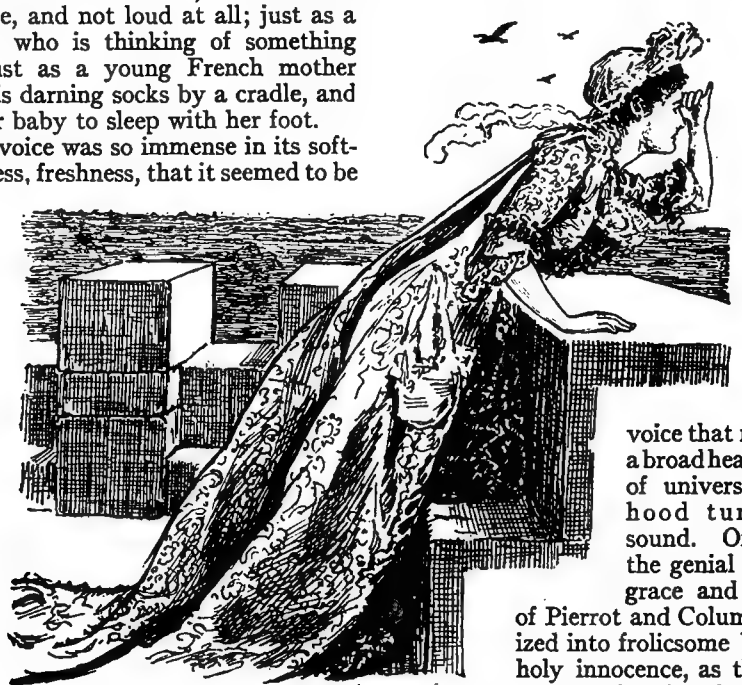
still beating time—conducting her, in fact, just as if she had been an orchestra herself:

"Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot!
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot.
Ma chandelle est morte . . .
Je n'ai plus de feu!
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu!"

This was the absurd old nursery rhyme with which la Svengali chose to make her début before the most critical audience in the world! She sang it three times over—the same verse. There is but one.

The first time she sang it without any expression whatever—not the slightest. Just the words and the tune; in the middle of her voice, and not loud at all; just as a child sings who is thinking of something else; or just as a young French mother sings who is darning socks by a cradle, and rocking her baby to sleep with her foot.

But her voice was so immense in its softness, richness, freshness, that it seemed to be pouring itself out from all around; its intonation absolutely, mathematically pure; one felt it to be not only faultless, but infallible; and the seduction, the novelty of it, the strangely sympathetic quality! How can one describe the quality of a peach or a nectarine to those who have only known apples?



"MALBROUCK S'EN VA-T'EN GUERRE"

Until la Svengali appeared, the world had only known apples—Catalanis, Jenny Linds, Grisis, Albonis, Pattis! The best apples that can be, for sure—but still only apples!

If she had spread a pair of large white wings and gracefully fluttered up to the roof and perched upon the chandelier, she could not have produced a greater sensation. The like of that voice has never been heard, nor ever will be again. A woman archangel might sing like that, or some enchanged princess out of a fairy-tale.

Little Billee had already dropped his face into his hands and hid his eyes in his pocket-handkerchief; a big tear had fallen on to Taffy's left whisker; the Laird was trying hard to keep his tears back.

She sang the verse a second time, with but little added expression and no louder; but with a sort of breathy widening of her voice that made it like a broad heavenly smile of universal motherhood turned into sound. One felt all the genial gayety and grace and impishness of Pierrot and Columbine idealized into frolicsome beauty and holy innocence, as though they were performing for the saints in Paradise—a baby Columbine, with a cherub for clown! The dream of it all came over you for a second or two—a revelation of some impossible golden age—priceless—never to be forgotten! How on earth did she do it?

Little Billee had lost all control over himself, and was shaking with his suppressed sobs—Little Billee, who hadn't shed a single tear for five long years! Half the people in the house were in tears, but tears of sheer delight, of delicate inner laughter.

Then she came back to earth, and saddened and veiled and darkened her voice as she sang the verse for the third time; and it was a great and sombre tragedy, too deep for any more tears; and somehow or other poor Columbine, forlorn and betrayed and dying, out in the cold at midnight—sinking down to hell, perhaps—was making her last frantic appeal! It was no longer Pierrot and Columbine—it was Marguerite—it was Faust! It was the most terrible and pathetic of all possible human tragedies, but expressed with no dramatic or histrionic

exaggeration of any sort; by mere tone, slight, subtle changes in the quality of the sound—too quick and elusive to be taken count of, but to be felt with, oh, what poignant sympathy!

When the song was over, the applause did not come immediately, and she waited with her kind wide smile, as if she were well accustomed to wait like this; and then the storm began, and grew and spread and rattled and echoed—voice, hands, feet, sticks, umbrellas!—and down came the bouquets, which the little page-boys picked up; and Trilby bowed to front and right and left in her simple *débonnaire* fashion. It was her usual triumph. It had never failed, whatever the audience, whatever the country, whatever the song.

Little Billee didn't applaud. He sat with his head in his hands, his shoulders still heaving. He believed himself to be fast asleep and in a dream, and was trying his utmost not to wake; for a great happiness was his. It was one of those nights to be marked with a white stone!

As the first bars of the song came pouring out of her parted lips (whose shape he so well remembered), and her dove-like eyes looked straight over Svengali's head, straight in his own direction—nay, *at* him—something melted in his brain, and all his long-lost power of loving came back with a rush.

It was like the sudden curing of a deafness that has been lasting for years. The doctor blows through your nose into your Eustachian tube with a little India-rubber machine; some obstacle gives way, there is a snap in your head, and straightway you hear better than you had ever heard in all your life, almost too well; and all your life is once more changed for you!

At length he sat up again, in the middle of la Svengali's singing of the "Nussbaum," and saw her; and saw the Laird sitting by him, and Taffy, their eyes riveted on Trilby, and knew for certain that it was *no* dream this time, and his joy was almost a pain!

She sang the "Nussbaum" (to its heavenly accompaniment) as simply as she had sung the previous song. Every separate note was a highly finished gem of sound, linked to the next by a magic bond. You did not require to be a lover of music to fall beneath the spell of such a voice as that; the mere melodic phrase had all but ceased to matter. Her phrasing, consummate as it was, was as simple as a child's.

It was as if she said: "See! what does the composer count for? Here is about as beautiful a song as was ever written, with beautiful words to match, and the words have been made French for you by one of your smartest poets! But what do the

"AUX NOUVELLE QUE J'APPORTE
VOS BEAUX YEUX VONT PLEURER!"

words signify, any more than the tune, or even the language? The 'Nussbaum' is neither better nor worse than 'Mon ami Pierrot' when *I* am the singer; for I am *Svengali;* and you shall hear nothing, see nothing, think of nothing, but *Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!*"

It was the apotheosis of voice and virtuosity! It was "il bel canto" come back to earth after a hundred years—the bel canto of Vivarelli, let us say, who sang the same song every night to the same King of Spain for a quarter of a century, and was rewarded with a dukedom, and wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

And, indeed, here was this immense audience, made up of the most cynically critical people in the world, and the most anti-German, assisting with rapt ears and streaming eyes at the imagined spectacle of a simple German damsel, a Mädchen, a Fräulein, just "verlobte"—a future Hausfrau—sitting under a walnut-tree in some suburban garden—à Berlin!—and around her, her family and their friends, probably drinking beer and smoking long porcelain pipes, and talking politics or business, and cracking innocent elaborate old German jokes; with bated breath, lest they should disturb her maiden dream of love! And all as though it were a scene in Elysium, and the Fräulein a nymph of many-fountained Ida, and her people Olympian gods and goddesses.

And such, indeed, they were when Trilby sang of them!

After this, when the long, frantic applause had subsided, she made a gracious bow to the royal British opera-glass (which had never left her face), and sang "Ben Bolt" in English!

And then Little Billee remembered there was such a person as Svengali in the world, and recalled his little flexible flageolet!

"That is how I teach Gecko; that is how I teach la bedite Honorine; that is how I teach il bel canto. . . . It was lost, il bel canto—and I found it in a dream—I, Svengali!"

And his old cosmic vision of the beauty and sadness of things, the very heart of them, and their pathetic evanescence, came back with a tenfold clearness—that heavenly glimpse beyond the veil! And with it a crushing sense of his own infinitesimal significance by the side of this glorious pair of artists, one of whom had been his friend and the other his love—a love who had offered to be his humble mistress and slave, not feeling herself good enough to be his wife!

It made him sick and faint to remember, and filled him with hot shame, and then and there his love for Trilby became as that of a dog for its master!

She sang once more—"Chanson de Printemps," by Gounod (who was present, and seemed very hysterical), and the first part of the concert was over, and people had time to draw breath and talk over this new wonder, this revelation of what the human voice could achieve; and an immense hum filled the hall—astonishment, enthusiasm, ecstatic delight!

But our three friends found little to say—for what *they* felt there were as yet no words!

Taffy and the Laird looked at Little Billee, who seemed to be looking inward at some transcendent dream of his own; with red eyes, and his face all pale and drawn, and his nose very pink, and rather thicker than usual; and the dream appeared to be out of the common blissful, though his eyes were swimming still, for his smile was almost idiotic in its rapture!

The second part of the concert was still shorter than the first, and created, if possible, a wilder enthusiasm.

Trilby sang only twice.

Her first song was "Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre."

She began it quite lightly and merrily, like a jolly march; in the middle of her voice, which had not as yet revealed any exceptional compass or range. People laughed quite frankly at the first verse:

"Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre. . . .
Ne sais quand reviendra!
Ne sais quand reviendra!
Ne sais quand reviendra!"

The *mironton, mirontaine* was the very essence of high martial resolve and heroic self-confidence; one would have led a forlorn hope after hearing it once!

"Il reviendra-z à Pâques—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Il reviendra-z-à Pâques. . . .
Ou . . . à la Trinité!"

People still laughed, though the *mironton, mirontaine,* betrayed an uncomfortable sense of the dawning of doubts and fears—vague forebodings!

"La Trinité se passe—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
La Trinité se passe. . . .
Malbrouck ne revient pas!"

And here, especially in the *mironton, mirontaine,* a note of anxiety revealed

"UN IMPROMPTU DE CHOPIN"

itself—so poignant, so acutely natural and human, that it became a personal anxiety of one's own, causing the heart to beat, and one's breath was short.

"Madame à sa tour monte—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'elle peut monter!"

Oh! How one's heart went with her! Anne! Sister Anne! Do you see anything?

"Elle voit de loin son page—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Elle voit de loin son page,
Tout de noir habillé!"

One is almost sick with the sense of impending calamity—it is all but unbearable!

"Mon page—mon beau page!—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Mon page—mon beau page!
Quelle nouvelles apportez?"

And here Little Billee begins to weep again, and so does everybody else! The *mironton, mirontaine,* is an agonized wail of suspense—poor bereaved duchess!—poor Sarah Jennings! Did it all announce itself to you just like that?

All this while the accompaniment had been quite simple—just a few obvious ordinary chords.

But now, quite suddenly, without a single modulation or note of warning, down goes the tune a full major third, from E to C—into the graver depths of Trilby's great contralto—so solemn and ominous that there is no more weeping, but the flesh creeps; the accompaniment slows and elaborates itself; the march becomes a funeral march, with muted strings, and quite slowly:

"Aux nouvelles que j'apporte—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer!"

Richer and richer grows the accompaniment. The *mironton, mirontaine,* becomes a dirge!

"Quittez vos habits roses—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Quittez vos habits roses,
Et vos satins brochés!"

Here the ding-donging of a big bell seems to mingle with the score; . . . and very slowly, and so impressively that the news will ring forever in the ears and hearts of those who hear it from la Svengali's lips:

"Le Sieur Malbrouck est mort—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Le Sieur—Malbrouck—est—mort!
Est mort—et enterré!"

And thus it ends quite abruptly!

And this heart-rending tragedy, this great historical epic in two dozen lines, at which some five or six thousand gay French people are sniffling and mopping their eyes like so many Niobes, is just a common old French

comic song—a mere nursery ditty, like "Little Bo-peep"—to the tune,

"We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

And after a second or two of silence (oppressive and impressive as that which occurs at a burial when the handful of earth is being dropped on the coffin-lid) the audience bursts once more into madness; and la Svengali, who accepts no encores, has to bow for nearly five minutes, standing amid a sea of flowers. . . .

Then comes her great and final performance. The orchestra swiftly plays the first four bars of the bass in Chopin's Impromptu (A flat); and suddenly, without words, as a light nymph catching the whirl of a double skipping-rope, la Svengali breaks in, and vocalizes that astounding piece of music that so few pianists can even play; but no pianist has ever played it like this; no piano has ever given out such notes as these!

Every single phrase is a string of perfect gems, of purest ray serene, strung together on a loose golden thread! The higher and shriller she sings, the sweeter it is; higher and shriller than any woman had ever sung before.

Waves of sweet and tender laughter, the very heart and essence of innocent, high-spirited girlhood, alive to all that is simple and joyous and elementary in nature—the freshness of the morning, the ripple of the stream, the click of the mill, the lisp of wind in the trees, the song of the lark in the cloudless sky—the sun and the dew, the scent of early flowers and summer woods and meadows—the sight of birds and bees and butterflies and frolicsome young animals at play—all the sights and scents and sounds that are the birthright of happy children, happy savages in favoured climes—things within the remembrance and the reach of most of us! All this, the memory and the feel of it, are in Trilby's voice as she warbles that long, smooth, lilting, dancing laugh, that wondrous song without words; and those who hear feel it all, and remember it with her. It is irresistible; it forces itself on you; no words, no pictures, could ever do the like! So that the tears that are shed out of all these many French eyes are tears of pure, unmixed delight in happy reminiscence! (Chopin, it is true, may have meant something quite different—a hot-house, perhaps, with orchids and arum lilies and tuberoses and hydrangeas—but that is neither here nor there.)

Then comes the slow movement, the sudden adagio, with its capricious ornaments—the waking of the virgin heart, the stirring of the sap, the dawn of love; its doubts and fears and questionings; and the mellow, powerful, deep chest notes are like the pealing of great golden bells, with a light little pearl shower tinkling round—drops from the upper fringe of her grand voice as she shakes it. . . .

Then back again the quick part, childhood once more, da capo, only quicker! hurry, hurry! but distinct as ever. Loud and shrill and sweet beyond compare—drowning the orchestra; of a piercing quality quite ineffable; a joy there is no telling; a clear, purling, crystal stream that gurgles and foams and bubbles along over sunlit stones; " a wonder, a world's delight!"

And there is not a sign of effort, of difficulty overcome. All through, Trilby smiles her broad, angelic smile; her lips well parted, her big white teeth glistening as she gently jerks her head from side to side in time to Svengali's bâton, as if to shake the willing notes out quicker and higher and shriller. . . .

And in a minute or two it is all over, like the lovely bouquet of fireworks at the end of the show, and she lets what remains of it die out and away like the afterglow of fading Bengal fires—her voice receding into the distance—coming back to you like an echo from all round, from anywhere you please—quite soft—hardly more than a breath; but *such* a breath! Then one last chromatically ascending rocket, pianissimo, up to E in alt, and then darkness and silence!

And after a little pause the many-headed rises as one, and waves its hats and sticks and handkerchiefs, and stamps and shouts. . . . "Vive la Svengali! Vive la Svengali!"

Svengali steps on to the platform by his wife's side and kisses her hand; and they both bow themselves backward through the curtains, which fall, to rise again and again and again on this astounding pair!

Such was la Svengali's début in Paris.

It had lasted little over an hour, one quarter of which, at least, had been spent in plaudits and courtesies!

The writer is no musician, alas! (as, no doubt, his musical readers have found out by this) save in his thraldom to music of not too severe a kind, and laments the clumsiness and inadequacy of this wild (though somewhat ambitious) attempt to recall an impression received more than thirty years ago; to revive the ever-blessed memory of that unforgettable first night at the Cirque des Bashibazoucks.

Would that I could transcribe here Berlioz's famous series of twelve articles, entitled "La Svengali," which were republished from *La Lyre Éolienne*, and are now out of print!

Or Théophile Gautier's elaborate rhapsody, "Madame Svengali — Ange, ou Femme?" in which he proves that one need not have a musical ear (he hadn't) to be enslaved by such a voice as hers, any more than the eye for beauty (this he *had*) to fall the victim of "her celestial form and face." It is enough, he says, to be simply human! I forget in which journal this eloquent tribute appeared; it is not to be found in his collected works.

Or the intemperate diatribe by Herr Blagner (as I will christen him) on the tyranny of the prima donna called "Svengalismus"; in which he attempts to show that mere virtuosity carried to such a pitch is mere viciosity—base acrobatismus of the vocal chords, a hysteric appeal to morbid Gallic "sentimentalismus"; and that this monstrous development of a phenomenal larynx, this degrading cultivation and practice of the abnormalismus of a mere physical peculiarity, are death and destruction to all true music; since they place Mozart and Beethoven, and even *himself*, on a level with Bellini, Donizetti, Offenbach —any Italian tune-tinkler, any ballad-monger of the hated Paris pavement! and can make the highest music of all (even *his own*) go down with the common French herd at the very first hearing, just as if it were some idiotic refrain of the café chantant!

So much for Blagnerismus *v.* Svengalismus.

But I fear there is no space within the limits of this humble tale for these masterpieces of technical musical criticism.

Besides, there are other reasons.

Our three heroes walked back to the boulevards, the only silent ones amid the throng that poured through the Rue St. Honoré, as the Cirque des Bashibazoucks emptied itself of its over-excited audience.

They went arm in arm, as usual; but this time Little Billee was in the middle. He wished to feel on each side of him the warm and genial contact of his two beloved old friends. It seemed as if they had suddenly been restored to him, after five long years of separation; his heart was overflowing with affection for them, too full to speak just yet! Overflowing, indeed, with the love of love, the love of life, the love of death—the love of all that is, and ever was, and ever will be! just as in his old way.

He could have hugged them both in the open street, before the whole world; and the delight of it was that this was no dream; about that there was no mistake. He was himself again at last, after five years, and wide awake; and he owed it all to Trilby!

And what did he feel for Trilby? He couldn't tell yet. It was too vast as yet to be measured; and, alas! it was weighted with such a burden of sorrow and regret

"AND THE REMEMBRANCE OF THEM—HAND IN HAND"

that he might well put off the thought of it a little while longer, and gather in what bliss he might: like the man whose hearing has been restored after long years, he would revel in the mere physical delight of hearing for a space, and not go out of his way as yet to listen for the bad news that was already in the air, and would come to roost quite soon enough.

Taffy and the Laird were silent also; Trilby's voice was still in their ears and hearts, her image in their eyes, and utter bewilderment still oppressed them and kept them dumb.

It was a warm and balmy night, almost like mid-summer; and they stopped at the first café they met on the Boulevard de la Madeleine (*comme autrefois*), and ordered bocks of beer, and sat at a little table on the pavement, the only one unoccupied; for the café was already crowded, the hum of lively talk was great, and "la Svengali" was in every mouth.

The Laird was the first to speak. He emptied his bock at a draught, and called for another, and lit a cigar, and said, "I don't believe it was Trilby, after all!" It was the first time her name had been mentioned between them that evening—and for five years!

"Good heavens!" said Taffy. "Can you doubt it?"

"Oh, yes! that was Trilby," said Little Billee.

Then the Laird proceeded to explain that, putting aside the impossibility of Trilby's ever being taught to sing in tune, and her well-remembered loathing for Svengali, he had narrowly scanned her face through his opera-glass, and found that in spite of a likeness quite marvellous, there were well-marked differences. Her face was narrower and longer, her eyes larger, and their expression not the same; then she seemed taller and stouter, and her shoulders broader and more drooping, and so forth.

But the others wouldn't hear of it, and voted him cracked, and declared they even recognized the peculiar twang of her old speaking voice in the voice she now sang with, especially when she sang low down. And they all three fell to discussing the wonders of her performance like everybody else all round; Little Billee leading, with an eloquence and a seeming of technical musical knowledge that quite impressed them, and made them feel happy and at ease; for they were anxious for his sake about the effect this sudden and so unexpected sight of her would have upon him after all that had passed.

He seemed transcendently happy and elate—incomprehensibly so, in fact—and looked at them both with quite a new light in his eyes, as if all the music he had heard had trebled not only his joy in being alive, but his pleasure at being with them. Evidently he had quite outgrown his old passion for her, and that was a comfort indeed!

But Little Billee knew better.

He knew that his old passion for her had all come back, and was so overwhelming and immense that he could not feel it just yet, nor yet the hideous pangs of a jealousy so consuming that it would burn up his life. He gave himself another twenty-four hours.

But he had not to wait so long. He woke up after a short, uneasy sleep that very night, to find that the flood was over him; and he realized how hopelessly, desperately, wickedly, insanely he loved this woman, who might have been his, but was now the wife of another man; a greater than he, and one to whom she owed it that she was more glorious than any other woman on earth—a queen among queens—a goddess! for what was any earthly throne compared to that she established in the hearts and souls of all who came within the sight and hearing of her! beautiful as she was besides—beautiful, beautiful! And what must be her love for the man who had taught her and trained her, and revealed her towering genius to herself and to the world!—a man resplendent also, handsome and tall and commanding—a great artist from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot!

And the remembrance of them—hand in hand, master and pupil, husband and wife—smiling and bowing in the face of all that splendid tumult they had called forth and could not quell, stung and tortured and maddened him so that he could not lie still, but got up and raged and rampaged up and down his hot, narrow, stuffy bedroom, and longed for his old familiar brain-disease to come back and narcotize his trouble, and be his friend, and stay with him till he died!

Where was he to fly for relief from such new memories as these, which would never cease; and the old memories, and all the glamour and grace of them that had been so suddenly called out of the grave? And how could he escape, now that he felt the sight of her face and the sound of her voice

"I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOY!"

would be a craving—a daily want—like that of some poor starving outcast for warmth and meat and drink?

And little innocent, pathetic, ineffable, well-remembered sweetnesses of her changing face kept painting themselves on his retina; and incomparable tones of this new thing, her voice, her infinite voice, went ringing in his head, till he all but shrieked aloud in his agony.

And then the poisoned and delirious sweetness of those mad kisses,

> "by hopeless fancy feigned
> On lips that are for others!"

And then the grewsome physical jealousy, that miserable inheritance of all artistic sons of Adam, that plague and torment of the dramatic, plastic imagination, which can idealize so well, and yet realize, alas! so keenly. After three or four hours spent like this, he could stand it no longer; madness was lying his way. So he hurried on a garment, and went and knocked at Taffy's door.

"Good God! what's the matter with you?" exclaimed the good Taffy, as Little Billee tumbled into his room calling out:

"Oh, Taffy, Taffy, I've g-g-gone mad, I think!" And then, shivering all over, and stammering incoherently, he tried to tell his friend what was the matter with him, with great simplicity.

Taffy, in much alarm, slipped on his trousers and made Little Billee get into his bed, and sat by his side holding his hand. He was greatly perplexed, fearing the recurrence of another attack like that of five years back. He didn't dare leave him for an instant to wake the Laird and send for a doctor.

Suddenly Little Billee buried his face in the pillow and began to sob, and some instinct told Taffy this was the best thing that could happen. The boy had always been a highly strung, emotional, over-excitable, over-sensitive, and quite uncontrolled mammy's darling, a cry-baby sort of chap, who had never been to school. It was all a part of his genius, and also a part of his charm. It would do him good once more to have a good blub after five years! After a while Little Billee grew quieter, and then suddenly he said: "What a miserable ass you must think me, what an unmanly duffer!"

"Why, my friend?"

"Why, for going on in this idiotic way. I really couldn't help it. I went mad, I tell you. I've been walking up and down my room all night, till everything seemed to go round."

"So have I."

"You? What for?"

"The very same reason."

"*What!*"

"I was just as fond of Trilby as you were. Only she happened to prefer *you*."

"*What!*" cried Little Billee again. "*You* were fond of Trilby?"

"I believe you, my boy!"

"In *love* with her?"

"I believe you, my boy!"

"She never knew it, then!"

"Oh yes, she did."

"She never told me, then!"

"Didn't she? That's like her. *I* told *her*, at all events. I asked her to marry me."

"Well—I *am* d——d! When?"

"That day we took her to Meudon, with Jeannot, and dined at the Garde Champêtre's, and she danced the cancan with Sandy."

"Well—I *am*— And she *refused* you?"

"Apparently so."

"Well, I— Why on earth did she refuse you?"

"Oh, I suppose she'd already begun to fancy *you*, my friend. *Il y en a toujours un autre!*"

"Fancy *me*—prefer *me*—to *you?*"

"Well, yes. It *does* seem odd—eh, old fellow? But there's no accounting for tastes, you know. She's built on such an ample scale herself, I suppose, that she likes little uns—contrast, you see. She's very maternal, I think. Besides, you're a smart little chap; and you ain't half bad; and you've got brains and talent, and lots of cheek, and all that. I'm rather a *ponderous* kind of party."

"Well—I *am* d——d!"

"*C'est comme ça!* I took it lying down, you see."

"Does the Laird know?"

"No; and I don't want him to—nor anybody else."

"Taffy, what a regular downright old trump you are!"

"Glad you think so; anyhow, we're both in the same boat, and we've got to make the best of it. She's another man's wife, and probably she's very fond of him. I'm sure she ought to be, cad as he is, after all he's done for her. So there's an end of it."

"Ah! there'll never be an end of it for *me*—never—never—oh, never, my God! She would have married me but for my mother's meddling, and that stupid old ass, my uncle. What a wife! Think of all she must have in her heart and brain, only to *sing* like that! And, O Lord! how beautiful she is—a goddess! Oh, the brow and cheek and chin, and the way her head's put on! did you *ever* see anything like it? Oh, if only I hadn't written and told my mother I was going to marry her! why, we should have been man and wife for five years by this time—living at Barbizon—painting away like mad! Oh, what a heavenly life! Oh, curse all officious meddling with other people's affairs! Oh! oh! . . . "

"There you go again! What's the good? and where do *I* come in, my friend? *I* should have been no better off, old fellow—worse than ever, I think."

Then there was a long silence.

At length Little Billee said:

"Taffy, I can't tell you what a trump you are. All I've ever thought of you—and God knows that's enough—will be nothing to what I shall always think of you after this."

"All right, old chap."

"And now I think *I*'m all right again, for a time—and I shall cut back to bed. Goodnight! Thanks more than I can ever express!" And Little Billee, restored to his balance, cut back to his own bed just as the day was breaking.

(*To be continued*)

Shamrocks

By LADY GILBERT (Rosa Mulholland)

I WEAR a shamrock in my heart.
Three in one, one in three—
Truth and love and faith,
Tears and pain and death;
O sweet my shamrock is to me!

Lay me in my hollow bed,
Grow the shamrocks over me.
Three in one, one in three,
Faith and hope and charity,
Peace and rest and silence be
With me where you lay my head:
O dear the shamrocks are to me!

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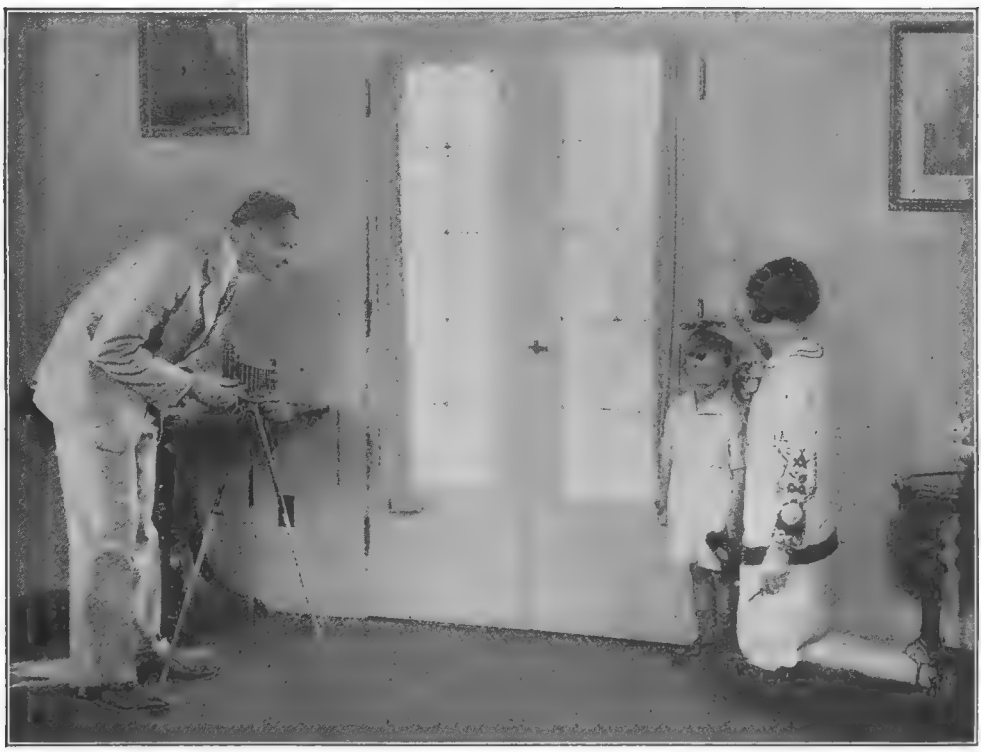

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Adventures in Investing

Some Actual Experiences in the Difficult Art of Making Money Work Adequately Yet Safely

As related to BRADLEY KELLY

Hardly an Investment

P. J., a young and prosperous manufacturer, was content to make money in his own business—the only one he knew. The stock market meant nothing to him until—

"It was back in 1918," said P. J. "I happened to meet one of the officers of the ——— ——— Oil Co. He described glowingly the great opportunity this stock offered for handsome returns.

"Although suspicious of all stock market speculation, and especially oil stock dealings, I became interested. I found out that the stock was then listed at 2¾ on the New York Curb Market.

"Without further investigation, I invested $4,000 in the stock. In eighteen months it went up to 42, with quarterly dividends in stock and cash.

"I was now reading the financial papers, and noticed that all of them advised selling this particular oil stock. After some hesitation I sold out at 42, making a profit of $39,000.

"The stock then advanced to 62, and I—unable to stay out, and in spite of the continued advice to leave it alone, bought 1000 shares at 62. Not being familiar with the market I was under the impression that prices of stocks could only go up.

"In February, 1920, I took my family on a pleasure trip to spend some of the oil stock earnings. Then came the shock—'the thrill that comes once in a lifetime.'

"Sitting in the brilliant sunshine of the winter resort playground, I opened my morning paper and found that the stock had broken from 62⅞ to 28! No vacation ever ended more abruptly.

"But even then I hung on to the stock. I followed the advice of the same company official, who cheerfully informed me that 'it was only a bear raid.'

"Finally I sold the shares at 16. This showed a loss of $46,000—or all my former profits and $7,000 beside. In addition, I had paid an income tax of $5,400 on those profits, so the net result of the 'investment' was a deficit of $12,400, plus a couple of years' interest on $4,000.

"It was fortunate I did sell even then, for later the stock dropped to 75 cents a share, the company going into the hands of a receiver."

P. J. threw away his cigar stub and bent forward. "The main thing to know," he declared, "is when to get in and when to get out."

[*Most conservative advisers would say, in this particular case, he should never have "gotten in" at all—unless he deliberately decided to risk his money for the gambling thrill of speculation.*]

"Government Bonds"

[*It sounds formidably secure and safe. But—this happened to be the Russian Imperial Government, just before its final fall. Since a Government cannot be sued, a bond-buyer must consider its character, stability and financial record in purchasing its securities—even though launched by a financial house of the first class, as in this case.*]

The World War was on. Enthusiasm for the Allies ran high. Americans were asked to take British, Italian, French and Russian bonds, to help bring to a victorious end the "war to end wars."

Mr. M., a New York hotel manager, answered the call. He bought $8,000 worth of Imperial Russian Government bonds. Even with all his enthusiasm for the Allied cause, he nevertheless had given careful thought to the investment. Eight thousand dollars

(*Continued on page 44*)

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(*Continued from page 42*)

was no mean sum to him and, besides a wife, he had a son just out of college. His affairs were such that their future must be guarded, even in placing this amount.

"But what safer investment could be made?" he thought, as he considered the great natural wealth of Russia and the power and stability of the Imperial Czarist Government. Then, too, the bonds were sold by the foremost financial house of America, and he understood that $75,000,000 in gold had been deposited by the Russian Government as security.

To-day, his widow (M. died in 1918, just a few days after the son—a Lieutenant of Infantry—was killed at Belleau Wood) holds a receipt for the bonds, now resting in the bankers' vaults. They are quoted at about $15 per $1,000.

"Repudiated," says the Russian Soviet Government of these Imperial Government bonds.

Naturally, Mrs. M. has some definite thoughts on the subject of "recognition" of the present government by the United States.

The Ice Stock That Melted Away

Before the war Mrs. B., lived in a New York hotel. Frequently after dinner the conversation of her fellow guests turned to investment.

"The best investment I know of to-day," said a well-to-do acquaintance, "is in an artificial ice company that is just being formed." And Mrs. B. listened attentively as the gentleman described the growth of this new industry in New York City, which, he stated with some degree of plausibility, was bound to take the place of the diminishing supply of natural ice. "New York has to have ice." Mrs. B. succumbed.

The gentleman was a friend of the family which was the organizer of the new ice company—a close corporation. A week later Mrs. B., was the owner of 23 shares of the ——— Ice Co., for which she had paid $2,300.

For a few years all went well. Dividends of 6% were paid, and now and then an extra dividend.

But then—came the war. There were no dividends; there were no reports from the concern; the stock dropped. Mrs. B. looked up her friend for advice. "Oh, are you still holding that ice stock?" he asked naïvely. "Why, I got rid of mine just before war was declared. I thought that everyone would know of the war restrictions, and that the company couldn't make ice without coal and ammonia."

It was then too late to sell. Mrs. B. held on to the stock. After the war, the plant started up again. The officer-members of the controlling family voted themselves fat salaries, but nothing in the way of returns came to the shareholders.

She still has the stock, which she says "is not worth the paper it is written on." In all, she figures her loss at $3,000. But she realizes that the value of advice depends upon the adviser—and that business conditions have a way of not "staying put."

Someone Else Knew Her Business Better Than She Did

"Buy a couple of these tax liens; you can get 7 per cent. on them, and I will look after the whole thing for you." The speaker was a lawyer friend of Mrs. D., a New York widow whose husband had left her a modest sum of money. She knew nothing of tax liens, but learned they were sold off when owners of property defaulted in their payments.

She bought three, thinking it must be a good, sound investment or her lawyer friend would not have recommended it. One was for a triangular-shaped piece of ground in a new development section of Brooklyn, where three new streets had been cut through by the city.

The owner let the property go, so for $200 paid to him, Mrs. D. obtained clear title and the deed. Next, the city, without her permission, sliced off a piece of the lot. Two years later, before the city had made an award for the piece taken, her lawyer friend died.

Another lawyer took over the matter. Then the city annexed another slice of the lot to widen a street. Lawyers were coming thick and fast, for still another (who had read a copy of the deed and found an "exception") went to the son of the former owner. He told him money could be obtained from Mrs. D. on the basis of this "exception."

The city made a $50 award for the first piece taken: this the widow's lawyer got for his services. After another appearance before a referee, the award was made for the second slice condemned. It amounted to $714. But her lawyer informed her half of this must be paid for a release of the exception referred to. Next she received a bill for $100 for this service from her lawyer.

As soon as a possible purchaser appeared she was ready to sell the property. He was a poor Italian, he said, who had worked hard to save a little money: he wanted to build a gas station for his son. Her lot was the site he wanted, but he could only pay $3,000 for it. Every Sunday the Italian appeared and pleaded. Mrs. D., sick and tired of the whole transaction, finally gave in. The elated Italian paid $200 cash and gave a mortgage for the balance.

Two days later a real estate firm called up Mrs. D. They had bought the lot from the Italian for $6,000.

The universal testimony is that, difficult as it may be to make money, it's harder to invest it safely and profitably.

Nobody knows everything about any particular investment: there are always elusive factors which may work one way or another. But the chances are that there are people who do know more than you do: better consult them before deciding.

Your banker will always give you his professional judgment. Every high-grade investment house or trust company has experts in various lines, whose knowledge is at your disposal.

If, by any chance, you don't know whom to ask, write The Golden Book Investment Bureau.

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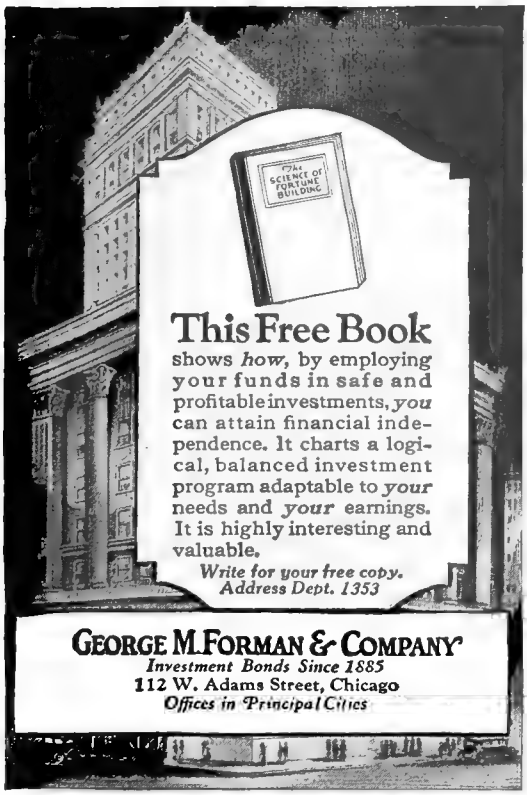

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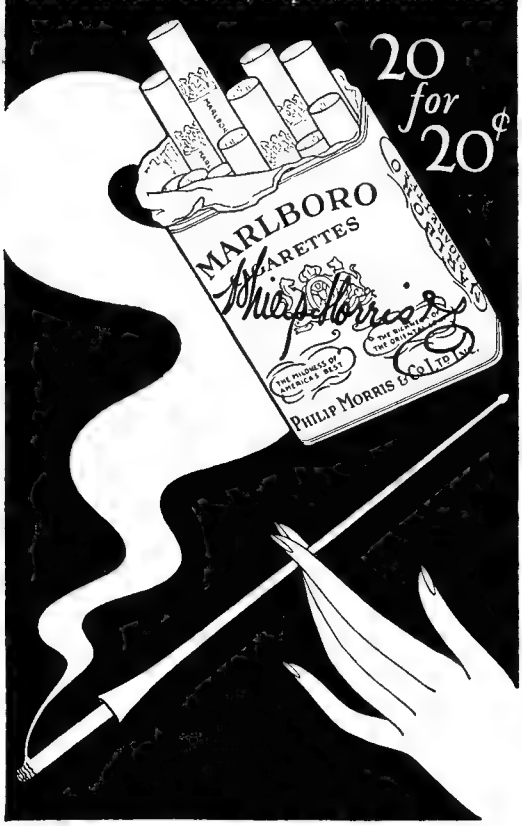

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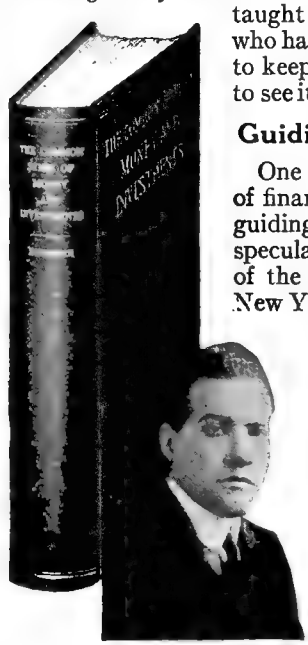

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Dealing with these multitudinous questions over a period of many years, he has come to see clearly *what the average person wants to know about money and investment;* and, in a desire to help the inexperienced and the unwary, he has written a book: "The Common Sense of Money and Investments."

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Yet, this is only incidental; above all, it is a book of guidance, *a book meant to be used*, a book meant to teach you how to earn more money than you do now, to save more money than you do, how to keep your money from being filched from you, legally or illegally, how to make your money increase instead of diminish.

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- Legitimate Objectives of Thrift
- Stocks, Bonds and Tangible Property
- The Mind of the Small Investor
- Tests of a Safe Investment
- Why Not Get Rich Quick?
- Investing Without Red Tape
- Specific Investment Programs for Various Classes of People
- When to Switch from Stocks to Bonds and Vice Versa
- How to Select an Honest Broker
- How to Detect a Security Charlatan
- Bucket Shops and How to Keep Out of Them
- High Finance and the Public Good
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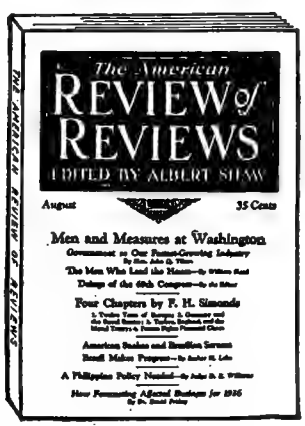

All these subjects, and many others, are treated not with the dryness of an economist, but with an insight *into what people want to know* which makes Finance as fascinating as it actually is in real life.

In addition, to enhance the usefulness of his book, Mr. Rukeyser includes a list of books by other authors, for those who wish to delve into the subject more deeply; and, also, the publishers have included, in the back of the book, personal record forms for investments, and income, which ordinarily sell for more than the price of the book.

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It was not in fact until after the piano began to be made in America near the historic date of 1776 that some of the greatest improvements in it were made: improvements that gave it a place of outstanding importance in the social and cultural life of the nation and that have placed it in one form or another in American homes everywhere.

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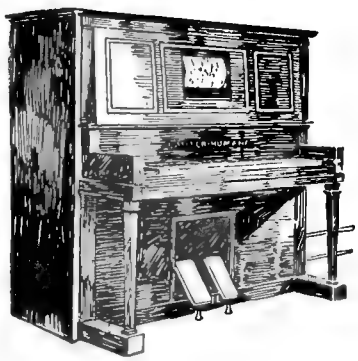

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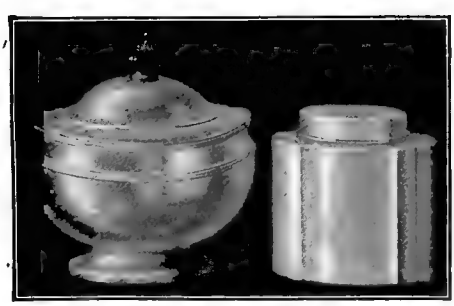

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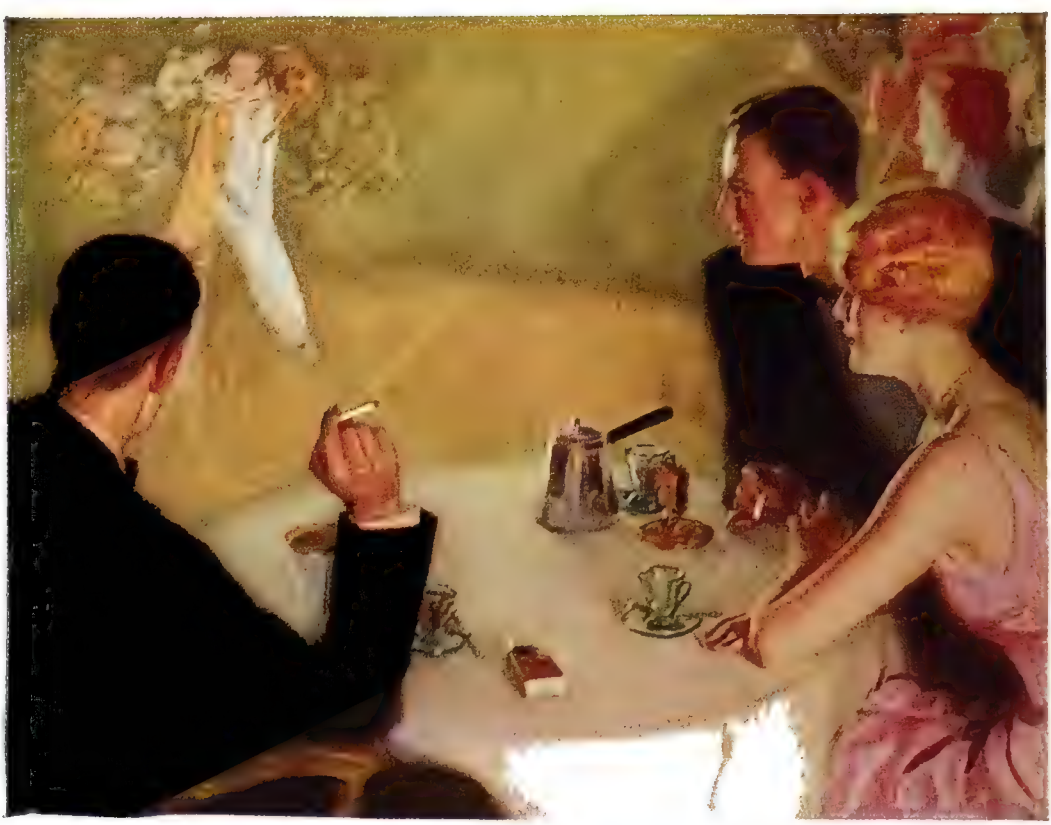

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At one end of the panorama are Chicago and the industrial cities of Wisconsin and Minnesota. At the other the highest mountains in America, covered with dark primeval forest sweeping to the edge of the Pacific, where Japanese ships dock by the side of beautiful cities that have sprung up from the wilderness.

Savagery and civilization touch with startling picturesqueness at almost every point.

The savage world beside the trail

Elk come down from the hills and feed among the white-faced cattle. Wild horses in Montana race beside the train. Wolves and deer watch curiously from the mountain slopes. Villages of prairie dogs stand at attention. Pronghorn antelope may still be seen upon the plain; and on some of the bigger ranches bison range free. Bears, cougar, mountain goat and bighorn sheep inhabit the forests. And the bald-headed eagle soars over all.

It is all startling in its vast primitiveness. The uplifting spaciousness of prairie and bench-land. Tremendous unnavigated rivers. Unnamed mountain peaks. And everywhere living evidence of the recent wars that submerged the Indians beneath the flood of white migration.

Here is a reservation where the sullen Sioux keeps to his wigwam. You cross the giant Missouri up which the traders came in flatboats. Here is the newly discovered Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone. Here Butte, gorged with copper and gold. Here is Spokane, heart of the Inland Empire, like Lombardy placed in the lap of the Rockies. Here dazzling Rainier looks down upon beautiful Puget Sound and the glories of the Olympics rising beyond. And here are the great ships connecting America with Alaska, the Orient and the South Seas!

The

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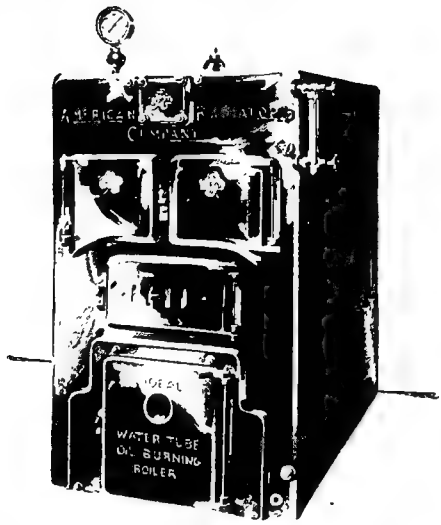

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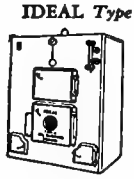

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A NEW ERA FOR RADIO LISTENERS

AFTER half a year of discussion, definite action has been taken by the Government to properly regulate radio broadcasting.

At this writing the bill finally agreed upon by the special committees appointed by the Senate and the House of Representatives has already been ratified by the House and there is every reason to believe it will have become a law by the time this is read.

Whatever its imperfections may prove to be it insures certain essential points that the radio public from one end of the country to the other have reason to be thankful for.

The passage of this bill means that a commission of five members, appointed by the President, will begin at once to untangle the confusion in the air that has been threatening the popularity and growth of radio for some months past. Had this legislation been put over until Fall, much valuable time would have been lost.

As it is, some of the problems to be solved are none too easy and cannot be worked out over night. But the passage of this law will undoubtedly mean a new and better era in radio reception and the eventual removal of all avoidable confusion in the air channels.

It means, too, that greater care will be given to the licensing of new broadcasting stations and to the continuing of licenses to those of least benefit to the public. And this can only result in redoubled efforts to eliminate worthless and objectionable features from broadcasting and to further strengthen the appeal of the countless worth while services radio can always offer.

One of the outstanding provisions of the bill is the stipulation that the commission may issue only so many licenses as public interest, convenience and necessity seem to demand. The station licensed must also waive all claim to right to the use of any wave length as against the regulatory power of the United States.

The intense interest that has been shown in all sections of the country in this subject is the best possible proof that the interest of the public in the radio is firmly established. Also that the time is past when it will be content with anything and everything that receivers succeed in capturing from the air.

The feeling is general that the services thus far rendered by radio have only paved the way for services of still more valuable character directed with a clearer understanding both of the limitations and the possibilities of this wonderful new factor in our daily life.

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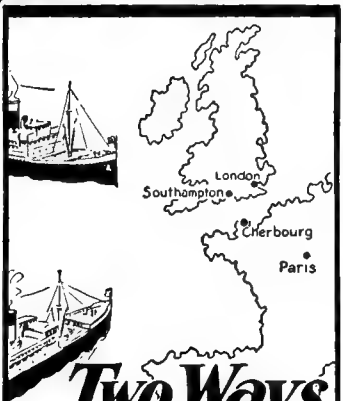

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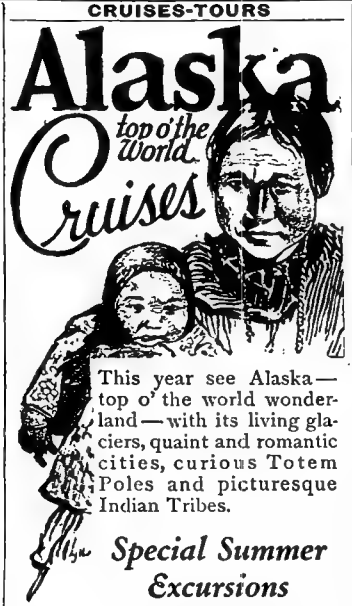

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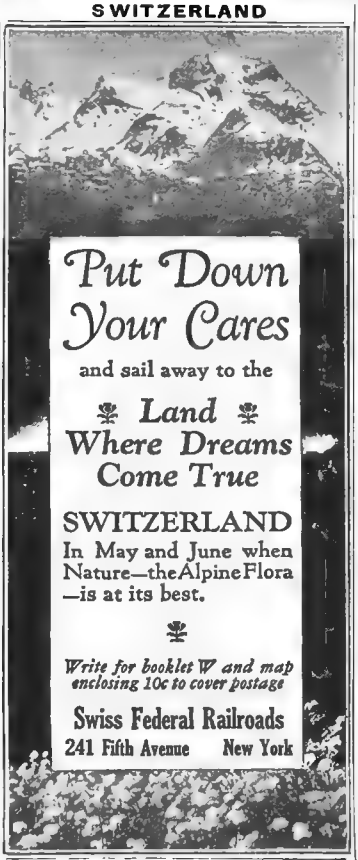
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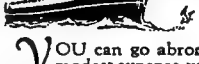

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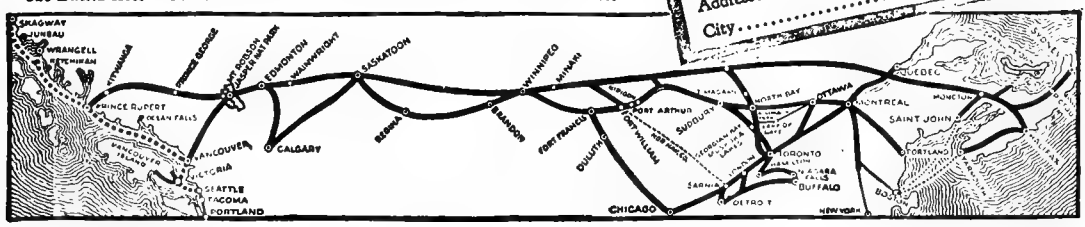

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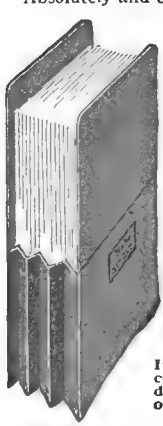

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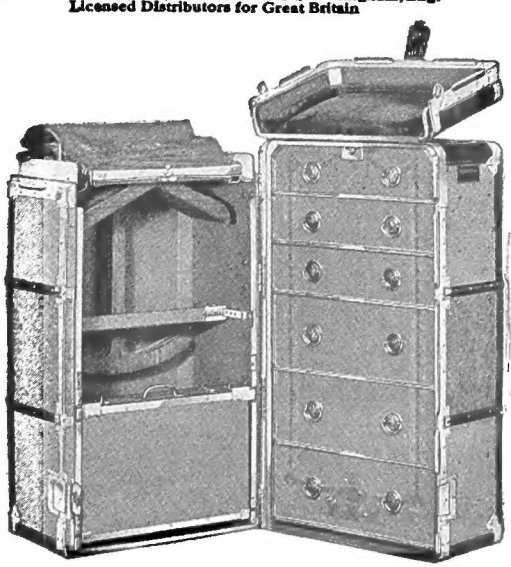

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